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THE NEW YORKER

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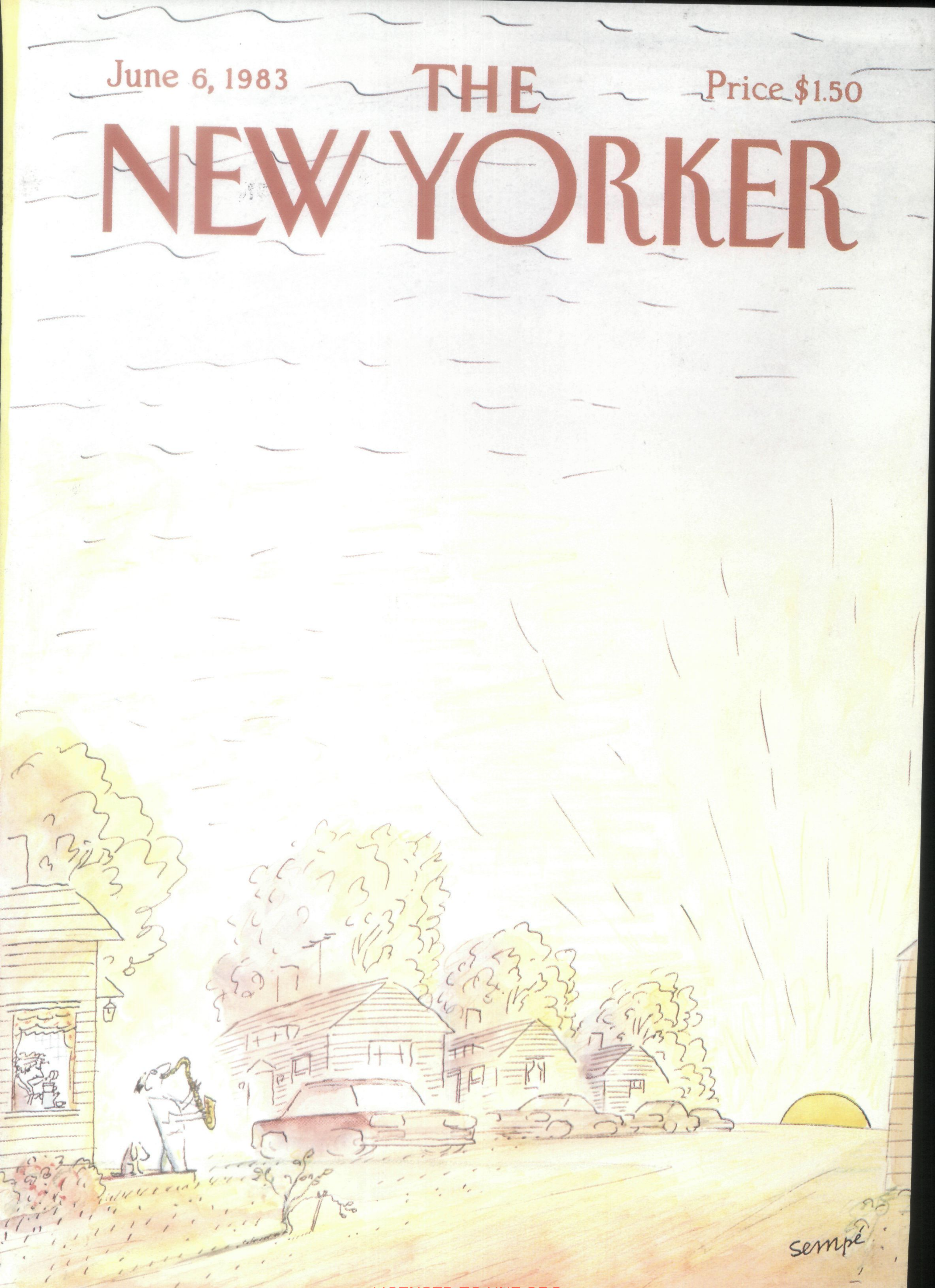

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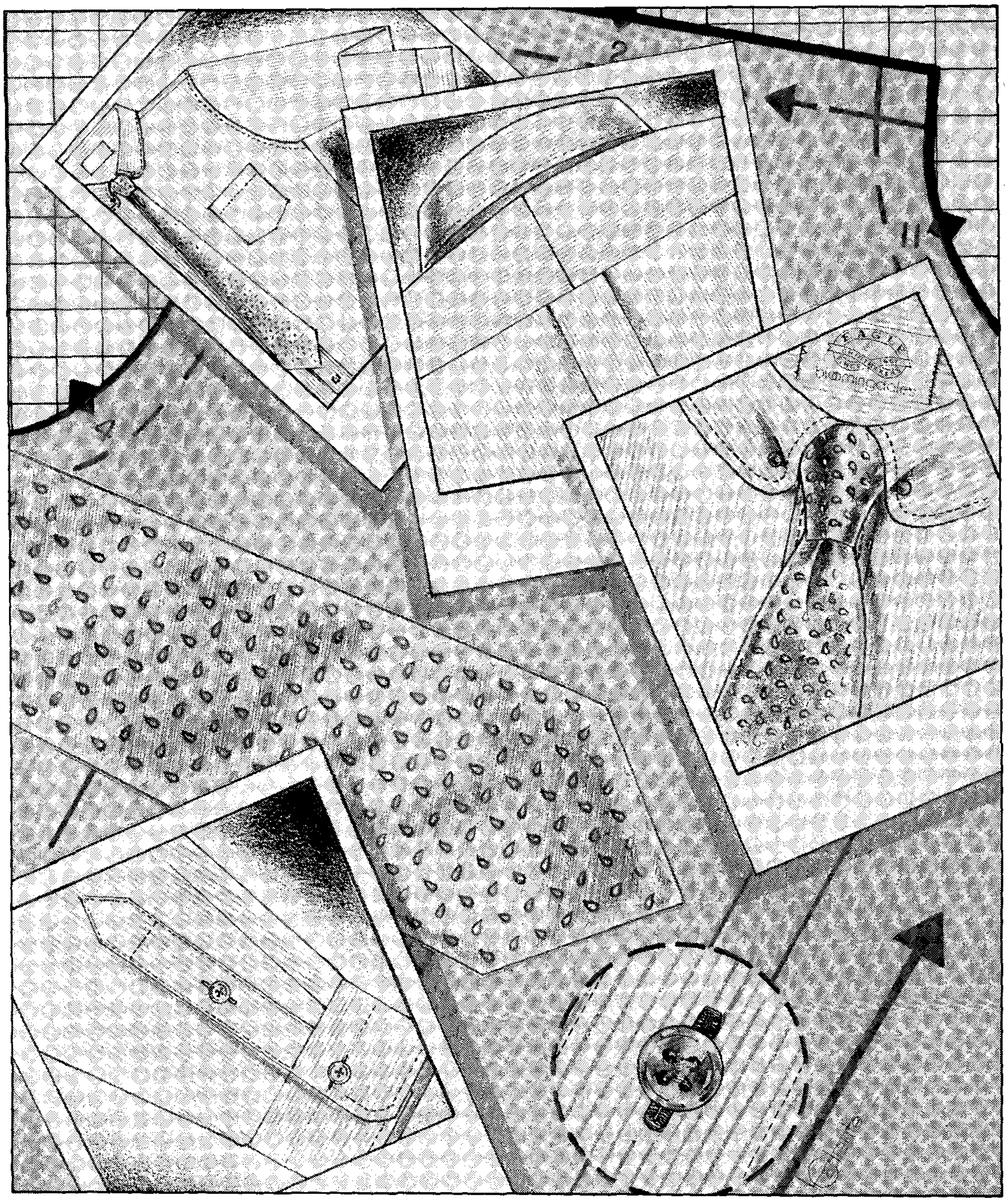

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Birds—*Aristophanes' comedy, adapted by* Walter Kerr. With songs by Evangelos Fampas and John Neil Harris. (Greek Theatre of New York, 120 W. 28th St. 807-0156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy is worth seeing for the performance by Matthew Broderick as its fifteen-year-old hero. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/83.) (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—An *excellent* revival of Herman Wouk's courtroom thriller about a dotty Navy captain in the Second World War. With Michael Moriarty, John Rubinstein, and half a dozen other admirable actors. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Conjur Woman—Sheila Dabney in a one-character play by Beatrice Manley-Blau, with music written and performed on stage by bassist Cecil McBee. Directed by George Ferencz. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Duet for One—A trashy play about a concert violinist who is stricken with multiple sclerosis. The setting is the office of her psychiatrist. With Eva Marie Saint and Milton Selzer. (5/9/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

Egyptology—Yet another abrasive exercise by Richard Foreman. Crash, bam! (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays, running through Monday, June 13. "I Love You, I Love You Not," by Wendy Kesselman; "Delusions of a Government Witness," by Louis Lippa; "Fast Women," by Willie Reale; and "Two Hot Dogs with Everything," by William Wise: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 1-2; Saturday evening, June 4; Sunday matinée, June 5; Friday evening, June 10; and Saturday matinée, June 11. . . . ¶ "Pastoral," by Peter Maloney; "Eulogy," by Jim Richardson; "Cash," by Stuart Spencer; and "Tender Offer," by Wendy Wasserstein: Friday evening, June 3; Saturday matinée, June 4; Sunday and Monday evenings, June 5-6; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 8-9; and Saturday evening, June 11. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **PROMISES, PROMISES,** with a book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David, is the last offering of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 5. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, June 8, at 2:30.)

Fen—In this British import by Caryl Churchill, six actors and actresses (doubling and tripling) portray the members of a farming community in England. The play bears some resemblance to "Under Milk Wood," but it is informed throughout by Miss Churchill's fierce, ironic, tender sensibility. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play, as performed by his own company from the Magic Theatre in San Francisco, is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Ed Harris and Kathy Baker are perfect in the leading roles, and they are ably supported by Dennis Ludlow and Will Marchetti. Mr. Shepard directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 19.)

Goodnight Ladies!—A play about European émigrés, performed by the British theatrical company Hesitate and Demonstrate. Opens Friday, June 3, and will run through Thursday, June 19. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a *pair of agile, clever actors, portray twenty* citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In the Beginning . . . Lucifer . . . The Bible—A musical by Estaban Fernandez Sanchez, with a

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ESTĒE LAUDER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cast of puppets. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 12.)

JEEVES TAKES CHARGE—Edward Duke plays master and servant and ten other roles in a comedy he has adapted from the stories of P. G. Wodehouse. Presented first in London. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturday, June 1, and Wednesday, June 8, at 2, and Sunday, June 5, at 3.)

K2—The designer Ming Cho Lee has provided an icy mountainside of startling verisimilitude as the setting for a dialogue between two mountain climbers facing death. The cast consists of Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson. The author is Patrick Meyers. (4/11/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Rudolf Friml's ROSE MARIE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MERLIN—Doug Henning is an excellent illusionist and a sorry musical-comedy star. He should forget the Druids and stick to sawing comely women in two. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE MIDDLE AGES—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Joe Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (4/4/83) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MY ASTONISHING SELF—Donal Donnelly as George Bernard Shaw in a revival of the one-man show devised by Michael Voysey from the writings of G.B.S. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

MY ONE AND ONLY—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—A satiric comedy by Gus Edwards, MANHATTAN MADE ME, is occasionally sharply written, but as produced by the N.E.C., it doesn't come off very well. (5/30/83) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3; and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

'NIGHT, MOTHER—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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ON YOUR TOES—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Natalia Makarova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PASSION—Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart head a fine cast in an oddly misshapen but always engrossing comedy about the perils of adultery. The author is Peter Nichols. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PRIVATE LIVES—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in an embarrassing betrayal of the classic Coward comedy. (5/16/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

QUARTERMAINE'S TERMS—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

RIDICULOUS THEATRICAL COMPANY—Presenting Charles Ludlam's LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE. (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

THE SENORITA FROM TACHA—Maria Tucci and Jaime Sanchez in the English-language première of Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa's play. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

SHOW BOAT—Age has not withered the Kern-Hammerstein score, but the book has its problems, and the present production is unable to cause us to forget them. The cast plays with the self-indulgence of amateurs. (5/9/83) (Gershwin Theatre, formerly the Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TRUE WEST—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Bruce Lyons and Dan Butler. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

UPSIDE DOWN ON THE HANDLEBARS—Douglass Watson in a play by Leslie Weiner. (Open Space Theatre Experiment, 133 Second Ave., at 8th St. 254-8630. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival, flawlessly cast and directed, of the Arthur Miller melodrama about an Italian longshoreman in Brooklyn who has the bad luck to fall in love with his niece. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

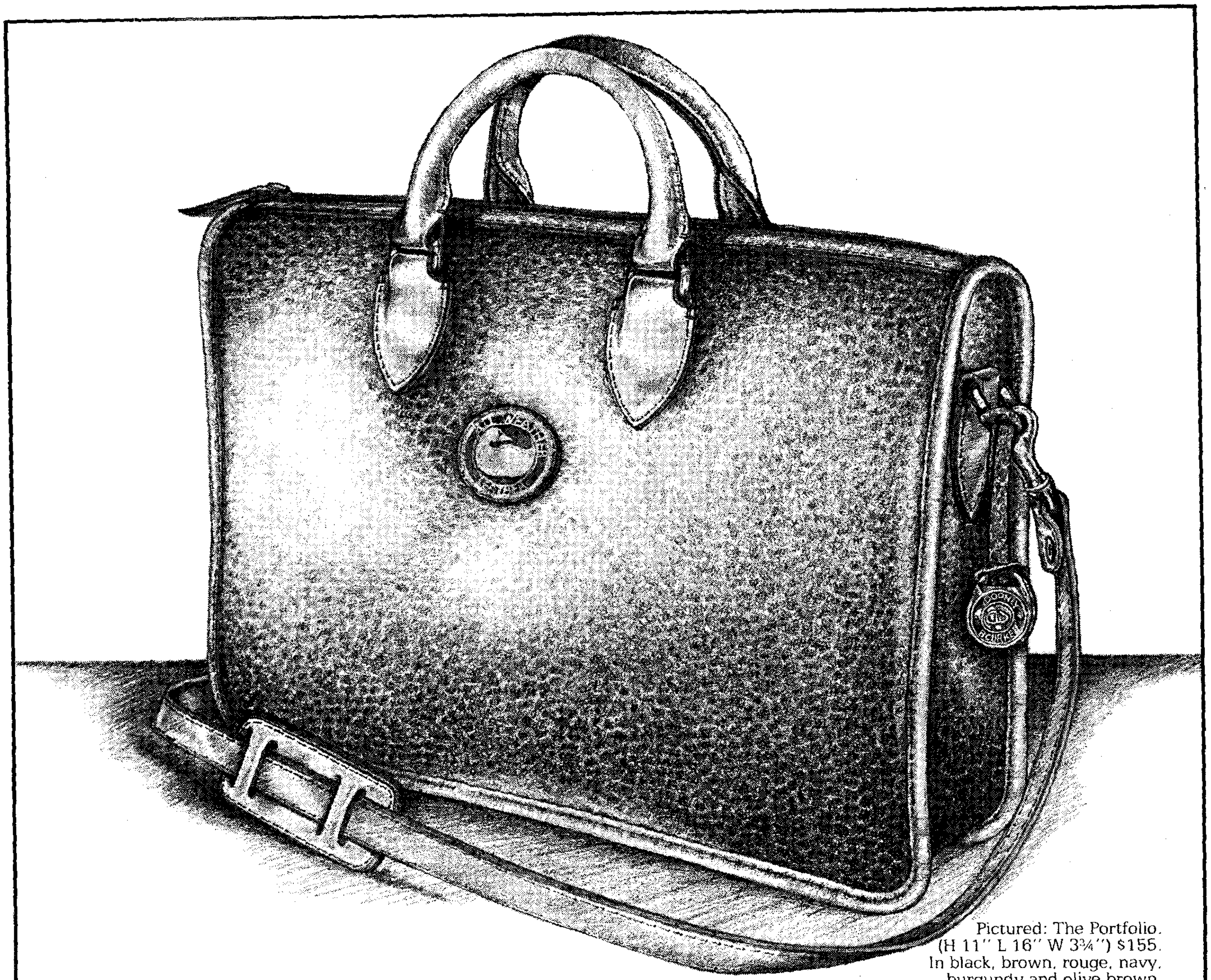
WILD LIFE—Four one-act comedies by Shel Silverstein. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. 675-0498. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WIN/LOSE/DRAW—Three one-act dialogues splendidly performed by Christine Estabrook and Lynn Milgrim. The authors—singly and combined—are Mary Gallagher and Ara Watson. The third and most substantial of the plays is "Chocolate Cake," by Miss Gallagher (about two secretly ravenous women), but the others are entertaining as well. All of them were first done at the Actors Theatre of Louisville. Amy Saltz was the good director. (5/9/83) (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

WINNERS—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. Kate Burton, Michael Butler, Tandy Cronyn, and Bernie McInerney are the adroit actors. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Jason Robards. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**AGNES OF GOD:** John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. David Birney plays the villainous Salieri, and Mark Hamill plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121



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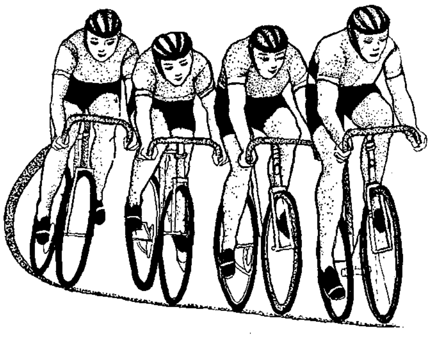
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room, over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through *Fridays* at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whizbang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. *239-6200.* Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. *239-6200.* Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,608 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, *245* W. 44th St. *246-0730.* Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote *the* lyrics. (*Royale, 242 W.* 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming *music and* lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing antifeminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a *scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy* nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he *is on* a stage and forced to perform, *giving* rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-thirteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Final performances Wednesday,



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June 1, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, June 2, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, June 3, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, June 4, at 10:30, 3, and 7:30; and Sunday, June 5, at 1 and 5:30.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. *The* lyrics *to the* song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. *72nd* St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at *8:30.*)

Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. *Thursdays at 8, and Fridays* and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers—Topnotch juggling, interrupted from time to time by some undergraduate jokes. (Reviewed in our issue *of 5/23/83.) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-*4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "The Mikado." (*Symphony* Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, June 2-3, at 8; Saturday, June 4, at 3 and 8; Sunday, June 5, at 2; Saturday, June 11, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 12, at 2 and 7.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, June 1: "Agon," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Other Dances," and "Celebration." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 2: A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5676. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 3: "Rossini Quartets," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 4: "La Création *du Monde," "Mozartiana," and* "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 4: "La Création du Monde," "Interplay," "Duo Concertant," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 5: "Agon," "Celebration," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 5: "Agon," "Interplay," "Andantino," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 7: "Delibes Divertissement," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 8: "Delibes Divertissement," "Glass Pieces," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 9: "Ballet d'Isoline" (company première), "Agon," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 10: "Who Cares?," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 11: "Delibes Divertissement," "Interplay," "Other Dances," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 11: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 26.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, June 1: "Airs," "The Sleeping Beauty Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 1: "Symphonie Concertante," "Torso," "Once Upon a Time," and "Great Galloping Gottschalk." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 2: "Airs," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 3, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 4: "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 6: "Airs," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 7: "Apollo," "Torso," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "Great Galloping Gottschalk." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 8: "Estuary" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, *June* 8: "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Follow the Feet," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 9: "Torso," "Pas de Deux," and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 10: "Interludes" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday *matinée,* June 11: "Great Galloping Gottschalk" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 11: "Interludes" and "La Sylphide." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 16.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, June 1, at 8: "Serenade," "After Eden," "In Paradisum," and "Tam Ti Delam." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 2, at 8: "Seascape," "Genesis," "Les Valses," and "Stages." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Double Quartet," "In Paradisum," and "Astaire." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 4, at 2: "Seascape," "In Paradisum," and "Astaire." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—A one-week engagement, presenting a new "Event" each evening. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Monday through Saturday, June 6-11, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Bill T. Jones and Company—A program of works-in-progress and repertory dances. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Wednesday and Thursday, June 8-9, at 8. For tickets, call 477-3580.)

Nancy Meehan Dance Company—A program of new and repertory works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, June 12, at 4. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances of modern dance. **MARGARET BEALS:** Wednesday, June 1, and Friday, June 3, at 8, and Sunday, June 5, at 2. . . . **MARY ANTHONY DANCE THEATRE:** Thursday through Saturday, June 9-11, at 8, and Sunday, June 12, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Nanette Bearden Contemporary Dance Theatre—A program of new and repertory works. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 382-1198. Thursday, June 2, at 8.)

Benefit Program—The Martha Graham Dance Company, Peter Martins, and soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet. Proceeds will be used to establish an exchange scholarship program for American and Danish performing-arts students. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, June 8, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming, buzzing, showboating bassist-singer, works with **HILTON RUIZ,** a driving, Latin-accented bebop pianist, on Friday and Saturday, June 3-4; on Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will be aboard with a quartet. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Long-time tenor-sax colleagues **ZOOT SIMS** and **AL**

COHN are co-piloting a quartet through Sunday, June 5; Monday, June 6, will belong to Ric Franks and Vinny Branchi; and on Tuesday, June 7, Jean Carn will begin singing here. Sets begin at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The partial lineup: Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, the Crystals, the Marvelettes, and Reparata & the Del Rons. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The piano-bass team of RAY BRYANT and JIMMY ROWSER can be heard through Saturday, June 4; on Monday, June 6, pianist Bill Mays will come in with bassist RED MITCHELL. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist JIMMY LYON, who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist WARREN VACHÉ leads a trio from eleven to two.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—BUCKY PIZZARELLI plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant BOBBY SHORT, who looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is performing in the Café Carlyle for a little while longer with his trusty aides, bassist BEVERLY PEER and drummer ROBBIE SCOTT. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . BARBARA CARROLL is at work at the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—ELLIS LARKINS can be found once again in this dark-brown restaurant in back of Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, June 1, Citi Beat, Bopster, 1-4-5, and Rebos; Thursday, June 2, the Undead and the Corpsicles; and Friday, June 3, Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan and Syntax Error. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, OSCAR BRAND sings seagoing, terra-firma, and bawdy ditties; Sundays and Mondays are claimed by bassist and singer JAY LEONHART, with pianist MIKE RENZI. Shows begin at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. Wednesday, June 1, Brian Conway and Greg Ryan; Saturday, June 4, fiddler MATT GLASER and guitarist RUSS BARENBERG; Tuesday, June 7, at eight, Gerry Hallom; Wednesday, June 8, Heather Wood; and Saturday, June 11, Charged Particles. Music from nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, June 5, Lou Stein's quintet will work from nine-fifteen. On Mondays soprano saxophonist BOB WILBER'S BECHET LEGACY has the floor, and on Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Baritone crooner ARTHUR PRYSOCK winds up a week here on Sunday, June 5; on Tuesday, June 7, two more singers, MARK MURPHY and ERNESTINE ANDERSON, will move in. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, June 1, the Three O'Clock, Plan Nine, and the Stratford Survivors; Thursday, June 2, ELLIOTT MURPHY; Friday, June 3, DAVE VAN RONK and PATRICK SKY; Saturday, June 4, DANNY KALB and Patti Larkin; Wednesday, June 8, Tex Rubinowitz and Johnny Seaton; Friday, June 10, JACK ELLIOTT; and Saturday, June 11, RICK DANKO. Two shows—the first one usually getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, sound-stage-size space to hear music in: Wednesday and Thursday, June 1-2, Laurie Jaroslow; Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, Tina Fabrik; Sunday, June 5, singer and pianist ANDY BEY; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7-8, pianist DANNY MIXON; and Thursday through Saturday, June 9-11, singer Carmen Lundy. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist MARTY NAPOLEON leads his trio through Sunday, June 5; Wednesday through Sunday, June 8-12, will belong to Jack Fragomeni. On Mondays Mike Campbell sings with his trio, and on Tuesdays CHUCK WAYNE, whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to pianist and singer Baba Motta, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) DAVE FRISHBERG, singer, pianist, and composer of funny, far-out pop tunes, is here through Saturday, June 4; Sunday and Monday, June 5-6, will belong to Ellington-expert BROOKS KERR; and starting Tuesday, June 7, stride specialist DICK WELLSTOOD will return to the dining-room grand. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five Dixieland players and trumpeter Spanky Davis hit it Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, trumpeter MAX KAMINSKY leads a traditional quintet. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to fine piano-bass duos: BILLY TAYLOR and VICTOR GASKIN through Saturday, June 4; beginning Tuesday, June 7, JIMMY ROWLES and MICHAEL MOORE; and on Sundays and Mondays, JUNIOR MANCE and MARTY RIVERA. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, June 1, Brave Combo, a polka band from the Bluebonnet State itself; Thursday, June 2, Jonathan Edwards; Sunday, June 5, Mood Ring; Tuesday, June 7, Chicago-blues players BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS; and Thursday, June 9, JERRY JEFF WALKER & THE LOST GONZO BAND. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

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Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A real fine lineup, as usual: singers, Marion Cowings & Kim Shaw through Sunday, June 5; drummer ANDREW CYRILLE'S quintet Tuesday, June 7; and earthy cornettist NAT ADDERLEY'S quintet beginning Wednesday, June 8. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. MILT JACKSON, who plays fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, leads a quartet—bassist RAY BROWN, pianist CEDAR WALTON, and drummer MICKEY ROKER—through Saturday, June 4. The rest of the schedule: Monday, June 6, Cold Front; Tuesday, June 7, Roland Vazquez; Wednesday, June 8, Catherine Russell; Thursday, June 9, reggae drummer and singer WINSTON GRENNAN; and Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, fiery Latin-jazz flutist DAVE VALENTIN. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, June 1, Peter Tork; Friday, June 3, Cindy Bullens and Billy Mernit; Saturday, June 4, BONNIE KOLOC and Bridget St. John; Wednesday, June 8, Richard Lloyd; Friday, June 10, guitarist ARLEN ROTH and Cool Jerks; and Saturday, June 11, Maura & the Mirrors. Shows begin at ten and twelve-thirty. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—JIMMY LYON is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. SY OLIVER and his orchestra play for listening, dancing, and gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. Wednesday, June 1, Keeper and Rescue; Friday, June 3, NONA HENDRYX and Rockers Revenge; Saturday, June 4, the Suburbs and Urban Blight; Wednesday, June 8, Hi Fi Tie and Lemmy Caution; Thursday, June 9, GRAND MASTER FLASH; and Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, Scandal. Shows usually begin after midnight.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, June 1, Thom Rotella; Thursday through Sunday, June 2-5, QUEST, with DAVE LIEBMAN, RANDY BRECKER, RICHIE BEIRACH, GEORGE MRAZ, and BILLY HART; Monday, June 6, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, June 7, vibraharpist DAVE FRIEDMAN and a quartet; Wednesday, June 8, singer Connie James; and Thursday through Sunday, June 9-12, CEDAR WALTON, CURTIS FULLER, BILLY HIGGINS, and a bassist. Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston

St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and somehow resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. Wednesday, June 1, Mixed Grill; Thursday, June 2, Brazuca; Friday, June 3, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Saturday, June 4, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday through Friday, June 7-10, Argentine tenor-sax fireball **GATO BARBIERI;** and Saturday, June 11, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. **JIMMY MC GRIFF,** the absolutely wonderful, jumping R. & B. organist with just the right light touch, leads a quintet through Saturday, June 4; on Sunday, June 5, two old Mingus hands, trumpeter **JACK WALRATH** and saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS,** will work together in a quintet; and on Tuesday, June 7, trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON** will bring in his **SUNRISE ORCHESTRA.** Mondays are devoted to the music and big band of pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**CHARLES BROWN,** the personable-as-all-getout, sophisticated R. & B. singer and red-hot pianist, performs in this simple, basic, blues room Wednesdays through Saturdays. Shows begin after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, June 1, D. Sievers and No Laughing; Thursday, June 2, Taxi Dancer and Jud Friedman; Friday, June 3, Side 1; and Saturday, June 4, Elliot Kappel. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays are salsa nights: on June 6, from nine, **MONGO SANTAMARIA,** will share the stage with **CONJUNTO CLASICO,** and the guest jazz soloist will be the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE.** On Fridays and Saturdays alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will head up his band along with the **SUN RA INTERSTELLAR ARKESTRA** on June 3-4, and drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON & THE DECODING SOCIETY** on June 10-11. Sets at about ten and midnight. In the Top of the Gate, Argentine singer Nacha Guevara can be heard Tuesdays through Fridays at eight; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten; and Sundays at seven-thirty. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. **MINGUS DYNASTY,** a sextet, performs through Sunday, June 5; on Tuesday, June 7, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will descend the stairs with his quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). **DAVE MC KENNA,** a powerful, pumping, swirling pianist, is here (and so are his adamant fans) through Sunday, June 5; on Tuesday, June 7, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist, will take over. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Esther Blue can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; Kuni Mikami has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. The schedule: big-band-reed-section veteran **EDDIE BAREFIELD** on Wednesday and Thursday, June 1-2; bebop pianist **JOE ALBANY** on Friday and Saturday, June 3-4; and starting Monday, June 6, saxophonist **BENNY WATERS.** Music from nine.

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Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now *the premises have been turned into a SoHo-*sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. Pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist **BRIAN TORFF** collaborate through Saturday, June 4; on Monday, June 6, pianist James Williams will move in with bassist Rufus Reid. Sundays belong to guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Shirley Bassey—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday and Thursday, June 1-2, at 8.

Sonny Rollins—With Wynton Marsalis and Jack DeJohnette. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, June 3, at 8.)

Nina Simone—Swing Plaza, 17 Irving Pl. 477-3728. Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, at 9 and 11.

Kevin Burke and Micheal O'Domhnaill—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, June 4, at 8.

Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme—Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 10, through Saturday, June 18. Nightly, except Monday, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Big Joe Turner, Dave McKenna, Bob Wilber, Warren Vaché, Major Holley, and Oliver Jackson. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, June 10, at 8.)

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Clifford Barbaro, Walter Bishop, Jr., C-Sharpe, and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 10, 11:30, and 1: "Jazz Stories," with C-Sharpe, Richard Wyands, Benny Powell, and others. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997.)

Jazzmania Society—Wednesday, June 1, at 8:30: L.I.U. Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 3-4, at 9:30: Flamenco Latino. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 10-11, at 9:30: Frequency. (Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666.)

ART

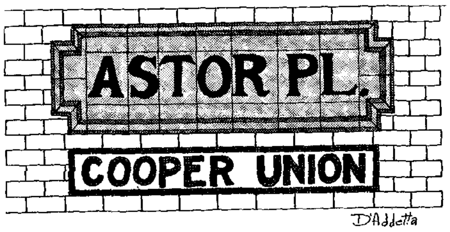
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carroll Cloar—A gentle surrealism emerges in the paintings of this artist, whose realm is way down South, in the era of the horse and buggy and the Model T. Through Saturday, June 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Barbara Cushing—Small landscapes: Mount Desert Island in Maine and the Shawangunk Range, upstate in Ulster County. Through June 15. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Willem de Kooning—The artist's sculptures, plus a few small paintings. Through June 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. A nine-foot piece called "Seated Woman" is on view on the Seagram Plaza, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St.)



Sonia Delaunay (1885-1979)—Etchings and lithographs. Through June 25. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen—Book shapes rendered in marble, granite, and onyx, the joint efforts of the two artists. Through Friday, June 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Pierre Lesieur—Soft-hued paintings of interiors and still-lifes in which the sofas and the cats and the windows and the flowers each become discrete abstract forms. Through Saturday, June 4. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Henry Moore—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with the sculptor's retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum. Drawings at Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St. Through Saturday, June 11. (Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, watercolors, and prints at Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Working models, maquettes, reliefs, drawings, and prints from recent years; at Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, June 11. (Open Mondays.)

Christopher White—Large abstractions, a number of them of the Blue Ridge Mountains, by an artist who is a native of the region. Through June 25. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Robert Wilson—Graphite drawings for his opera-in-progress, "Civil Wars." Through Saturday, June 11. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Cézanne, Degas, Kandinsky, Miró, Lichtenstein, and Pollock are some of the names in this lineup of paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Through June 17. . . . ¶ A second show here offers pastels and watercolors by the Impressionist Paul Maze (1887-1979). Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: More than fifty eighteenth-century paintings of Italy, including scenes of Venice by Canaletto and Guardi, ten capricci (landscapes combining elements both real and imagined) of Rome by Panini, and a view of St. Peter's by the British landscape artist William Marlow. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Neil Anderson—Recent large-scale watercolor closeups of fallen leaves, for which this artist is known. Through Wednesday, June 8. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Arman—Twenty examples from his repertoire of fragmented musical instruments (in bronze), collectively called "Arman's Orchestra." Through Saturday, June 11. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Janice Biala—Recent oils of Venice, Paris, and Cape Cod. Through June 15. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Watercolor landscapes of Ohio in the years 1915-20. Through Friday, June 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Alan Cote—A two-gallery show of abstract paintings that seem only a brushstroke or so away from becoming representational. Through Friday, June 10. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and 113 Greene St.)

Jo Davidson (1883-1952)—G. B. Shaw, Gertrude Stein, Woodrow Wilson, and Mohandas Gandhi are among the nearly forty likenesses in bronze by this sculptor whose subjects were for the most part twentieth-century literary figures and statesmen. Through Friday, June 10. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Kenneth Evett—Realist portraits and interiors, and seascapes in which the waves are well mannered and stylized. Through Saturday, June 11. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Oils and watercolors of Cape

Polo Ralph Lauren
A man's cologne in the Polo tradition.

Consumer Orientation
No. 22 in a Series
Subject: Luftwiderstand.
The Porsche Concept of
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22

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We live in an ocean of air. Seemingly, it offers no resistance as we walk through it. But, in fact, air does resist the forward movement of any object passing through it. Resistance increases with the square of the object's speed. And the power required to overcome it increases with the cube of the object's speed. Thus, even a small reduction in drag can improve both performance and efficiency.

To some, the best measure of a car's aerodynamic efficiency is its coefficient of drag, or C_d: a numerical value—the lower, the better—based on the ratio of the amount of wind resistance a car encounters to that encountered by a flat plate of the same size, facing perpendicular to the airflow.

At Porsche, based on years of racing experience, we believe a better measure is a car's *luftwiderstand:* an air resistance rating that is the product of $C_d \times F$ (where F is the car's frontal cross section in m^2).

The 944 benefits from over 70 years of Porsche aerodynamic development. Its C_d is a low 0.35. And its F is a mere 1.82 m^2. As a result, its luftwiderstand is a highly favorable 0.637.

Because of the 944's design, while its 2.5-liter Porsche engine produces 143 hp at 5500 rpm, it requires only 13.9 hp to cruise at 55 mph. Thus, at maximum highway speed, the 944 has an unused reserve of 129.1 hp.

To combat aerodynamic lift forces which can adversely affect handling, the 944 is equipped with integral front and rear spoilers. In addition, the 944's transaxle design creates a high polar moment of inertia that resists cross-winds and increases directional control.

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Cod. Through Saturday, June 4. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Michael Graves—Drawings and models by this architect. Through Saturday, June 11. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Carol Haerer—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 4. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

David Hockney—Photographic assemblages done in a Cubist manner that serves equally well for such diverse subjects as the Grand Canyon, the giant Buddha at Nara, Japan, and a Scrabble game. Through Friday, June 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Hitch Lyman and Gary Kulak—Watercolors of gardens in Italy by the former, and garden arbors in welded steel (one full size) by the latter. Through July 15. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Paintings done since 1965, ranging from the sky at dusk to close-up studies of parquet floors. Through June 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Mariann Loveland Miller / Richard Miller—Fantasy paintings involving figures. / Collage paintings. Through July 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Sculptures, gouaches, and mixed mediums on paper in a ninetieth-birthday salute. Through June 18. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi / Edward Weston (1886-1958)—New sculptures in carved stone and in steel. Through June 17. / Fifteen contact prints. Through Saturday, June 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Annette Oko—Paintings of architectural details on the upper West Side, including the façade of Teacher's bar. Through June 17. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Pedro Perez—Paintings and hair-raising tableaux in mixed mediums, all done in gory colors and with a touch of voodoo symbolism, by a Cuban-born artist whose family was exiled from the island. Through Saturday, June 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Roseate nymphs sunning themselves on the banks of New Hampshire brooks. Through Saturday, June 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

René Schumacher—Recent acrylics on canvas. Through June 18. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **BASKERVILLE & WATSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Abstract drawings by eight painters and sculptors, including Louise Fishman, Eva Hesse, Gary Stephan, and Steve Wood. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Rafael Ferrer, Mark Innerst, and Donald Lipski are among the seven artists invited by the gallery to show their paintings and sculptures. Through June 30. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St., and **RACHEL ADLER**, 58 E. 79th St.: A two-gallery show highlighting Russian graphic art of the twenties and early thirties: Drawings, photographs, and books having to do with architecture, plus film posters, at the former; typography, book jackets, and stage designs at the latter. Through Saturday, June 11. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings, paintings, and prints by Klimt, Kokoschka, Kollwitz, Schiele, and others. Through Sept. 2. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **GETLER-PALL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Dike Blair, Thomas Nozkowski, Marianne Stikas, David Storey, and Jonathan Waite. Through June 18. . . . **GOODMAN**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings from the past twenty years by German artists associated with Expressionism (among them A. R. Penck, Georg Baselitz, and Anselm Kiefer), and by some who are not (Blinky Palermo and Gerhard Richter). Through June 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: A show of recent acquisitions, by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans and Americans, offers paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Moore, Nevelson, Botero, Bonnard, Vuillard, Natkin, others. Through July 10. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **JANIS**, 110 W. 57th St.: Recent works by seven artists, including Marisol's sculptured version of a da Vinci Madonna and Child, and two each by Wesselmann and Valerie Jaudon. Through Friday, June 3. . . . **MILLER**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "Surreal," a selection of paintings and sculptures from various periods by various artists—de Chirico, Guston, Louisa Chase, Lynda Benglis, and others. Through June 30. . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Richard Pousette-Dart, Lee Krasner, Hedda Sterne, and Jack Youngerman are among the sixteen artists whose paintings are on view. Through June 18.

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GALLERIES—SoHo

Alice Aycock—"The Thousand and One Nights in the Mansion of Bliss," a very large and noisy installation of steel, galvanized metal, light-emitting diodes, and other operating machinery, one section of which celebrates the Donkey Kong video game. Through Saturday, June 4. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts. Opens at noon.)

Georg Baselitz—Large painted-wood sculptures of three carved heads and one full figure. Through June 18. (Sonnabend, 121 Spring St.)

Sandro Chia—Paintings of huge figures seen in attitudes associated with mythology, plus big bronze figures in a similar style. Through Saturday, June 4. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Donna Dennis / Tina Girouard—Two outsize architectural sculptures, one a spooky, dimly lit subway scene, the other entitled "Skowhegan Stair Tower." / Paintings composed of stencils of recognizable images, built up in layers. Through Saturday, June 11. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

James de Pasquale / Cynthia Eardley—Heroic paintings of Disney-like animals in Disney-like settings and in Disney-like colors. / Tiny figurative sculptures in bronze. Through Saturday, June 4. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Vernon Fisher—Compositions in which anecdotes printed out on large panels are illustrated, more or less, by constructions, photographs, and paintings. Through Thursday, June 9. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

April Gornik—Haunting imaginary landscapes, one showing an iceberg, another showing towering columns of rain, both of them reminiscent of Frederic Church's Luminist paintings. Through Saturday, June 11. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

K. H. Hödicke—Paintings that dwell on the more gruesome parts of the Medea legend, done by a leader of the Neo-Expressionist movement in Germany. Through Friday, June 10. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Elaine Huyer and Nancy Langer—Abstract paintings by two colorists. Through June 19. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Donald Judd—Row on row of new, elegantly sculptured boxes, made of brass, aluminum, copper, steel, or wood (some with colored, reflecting Plexiglas in the bottom)—either standing on the floor or projecting from the wall. Through Friday, June 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Barry Le Va / David Haxton—A single large sculpture combining such materials as metal, plaster, and plywood, plus collages employing drawings and diagrams. / Photographs of constructions that were made by the artist in order to be photographed. Through June 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Les Levine—Works ranging from a five-channel video installation to giant-size crayon drawings, by this artist noted for using the billboard format. Through Saturday, June 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Clement Meadmore—Recent small-scale bronzes, plus one large sculpture intended for outdoor display. Through June 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

John Okulick / Ben Schonzeit—Painted wall constructions whose appearance of great depth is a trick of perspective. / Grisaille paintings of exceptional draftsmanship. Through June 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Judy Penzer / Elizabeth Layton—Watercolor portraits of friends and relatives at bar mitzvahs and weddings. / Unpretentious self-portraits in watercolor by a Kansas woman who took up painting in her late sixties. Through June 15. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Royden Rabinowitch—Polygon-shaped steel sculptures that lie quite close to the floor. Through June 18. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

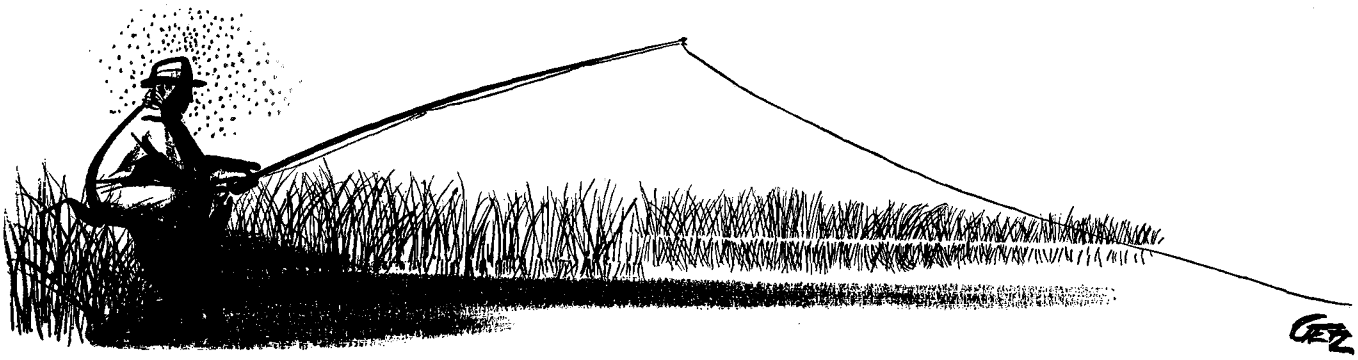
Michael Ross / Charles Mingus III—Sketchy landscapes and jungle scenes, done on parachute and umbrella nylon that has been dyed piercing colors. / Surrealist paintings. Through Saturday, June 4. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Alexander Russo—Abstractions and semi-abstractions, some in black-and-white, all based on sketches made in Italy thirty years ago. Through Saturday, June 11. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Kenny Scharf—Graffito-like artwork—full of pizzazz and done with Day-Glo spray paint—that might have been peeled off a subway car. Through Saturday, June 11. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Joel Shapiro—New sculptures in a wholly new direction for him—vertical zigzags of wood (or bronze) rooted to the floor at implausible angles. Also, drawings and more familiar Minimal pieces. Through Saturday, June 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **BONLOW**, 150 Greene St.: One painting or drawing and one sculpture apiece by fourteen artists known primarily as



painters, among them Keith Haring, Robert Longo, and Ned Smyth. Through June 21. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, Wright, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER,** 142 Greene St.: Paintings and drawings by Mario Merz, Bruce Nauman, and Michael Venezia, and a large sculptural installation by Michael Singer. Through June 18. . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: A show of figurative works, with two paintings apiece by Steven Campbell, Robert Carvin, and Baldo Diodato; and two sculptures by Bob Gober. Through June 30. . . . **22 WOOSTER STREET GALLERY:** Charlotte Hastings, Charles Searles, and Mary Ann Unger exhibiting reliefs and sculptures demonstrating the curved plane in space. Through Saturday, June 4. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Mimi Gross—Satirical, painted wall reliefs (wood, metal, cardboard, Astroturf, etc.), plus Impressionist paintings on aluminum of Times Square at night. Through Saturday, June 11. (Public Illumination, 257 Lafayette St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 3:30 to 6:30; Saturdays, 2 to 6.)

Frank Moore—A large painting on thirteen hexagons, among other shaped-canvas works. Through June 18. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Patrick Morrison—A honky-tonk tour of Los Angeles is included in these new oils by an Irish painter who now resides there. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 4. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Michael Smith—"Government Approved Home Fallout Shelter Snack Bar," an installation constructed, from regulation plans, to look like the real McCoy. Through June 30. (Castelli Graphics West, 43 W. 61st St. Opens at 1.)

The Horse Show—A large group show for which the subject is horse imagery, as practiced over the past ten years by such artists as Deborah Butterfield, Robert Fichter, Sharron Quasius, Susan Rothenberg, Garry Winogrand, and others. Through June 18. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St.)

Brooklyn Bridge Centennial—Galleries: Creative Time is presenting, in the Brooklyn Anchorage (located beneath the bridge on the Brooklyn side, off Cadman Plaza West at Front St.), installations by ten artists, among them R. M. Fischer, Suzan Pitt, and Robert Stackhouse. (Daily, noon to 8; closes Wednesdays at 7. Two-dollar admission charge.) . . . David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St., has a show of Manhattan cityscapes by fifteen artists, including Arthur Cohen, Darragh Park, and Adele Alsop. Through Friday, June 3. . . . ¶ Outdoor exhibits: At Madison Park, Fifth Ave. at 23rd St., sculptures by J. Nebraska Gifford and others. . . . At City Hall Park, sculptures by Bill and Mary Buchen and others. . . . At the Austin J. Tobin Plaza of the World Trade Center, eight loudspeakers, the inspiration of artist Bill Fontana, will emit the live sounds—twenty-four hours a day—produced by traffic crossing the bridge. . . . ¶ Photographs: The Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St., is displaying prints documenting the construction of the bridge. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . The Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway, in addition to a large, mixed show (see below, under "Museums") is exhibiting thirty black-and-white prints by Jim Kalett. Through June 12. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . The Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St., has more than a hundred photographs, the earliest being three prints by Berenice Abbott from the late thirties; others with work in the show include Michael George, Stella Snead, and Todd Weinstein. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

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Group Shows—At the **BROMM,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: The annual new-talent show includes works by Mike Bidlo, Nicolas Moufarrege, and Peter White. Through Saturday, June 11. . . . **CITY GALLERY,** 2 Columbus Circle: "Spare Parts," a show of paintings, sculptures, and installations (several of the latter *en plein air*) realized with the surplus equipment that has been donated by local businesses and individuals to New York's Material for the Arts program. Cathey Billian, Louise Bourgeois, and Justen Ladda are among the nearly fifty artists. Through June 17. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **OIL & STEEL,** 157 Chambers St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by eleven artists, such as Milet Andrejevic, Richard Artschwager, Heidi Glück, and Alfred Leslie. Through Saturday, June 11. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-71)—Twenty-five prints from the thirties through the fifties. Through Saturday, June 4. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Harry Callahan—Photographs recently printed in Germany using a laser-scanner. Through July 1. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

André Kertész—Sixty prints, all from his "On Reading" series, and some not seen before. Through July 2. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Nicholas Nixon—Photographs of people in their homes in the poor sections of Boston, Detroit, and Louisville. Through Friday, June 10. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lilo Raymond—Still-lifes and interiors-with-windows, established subjects for this photographer. Through June 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Harvey Stein—Photographs. Through Friday, June 3. (SoHo Photo, 15 White St., between West Broadway and Sixth Ave. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Roy Stryker: U.S.A., 1943-1950," an exhibit of about two hundred prints by photographers who were commissioned by Mr. Stryker, the administrator of a photography project for Standard Oil of New Jersey, to detail "the kinds of things a scholar a hundred years from now is going to wonder about." The better-known names are Elliott Erwitt, Russell Lee, Lisette Model, and Gordon Parks. Through July 3. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 18 W. 54th St.: Contemporary photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Note—The fifth annual **MUSEUM MILE FESTIVAL** will take place on Tuesday, June 7, from 6 P.M. to 9 P.M.: Ten museums and galleries on upper Fifth Avenue will be open to the public free of charge (with the exception of the Metropolitan) and will offer, in addition to their current exhibits, outdoor musical programs and mimes, clowns, and street artists. The Avenue will be closed to traffic from 86th Street to 104th Street. The ten are the Metropolitan Museum, 82nd St. . . . ¶ Goethe House, 83rd St. . . . ¶ Y.I.V.O. Institute for Jewish Research, 86th St. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Museum, 89th St. . . . ¶ National Academy of Design, 89th St. . . . ¶ Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 91st St. . . . ¶ Jewish Museum, 92nd St. . . . ¶ International Center of Photography, 94th St. . . . ¶ Museum of the City of New York, 104th St. . . . ¶ Museo del Barrio, 104th St.

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective contains two hundred works, including direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. (Complementary shows are at William Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St.; the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; and Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ The Vatican Collections. Through June 12. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ The Medieval galleries have a new, permanent installation consisting of approximately two hundred non-religious everyday objects, of the kind used when a man's home really was his castle. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of extremely large photographic prints by contemporary artists Cindy Sherman, Richard Avedon, William Wegman, and others. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by a painting from both the early and late camps. . . . ¶ Forty pieces of pottery, the handiwork of the peoples who inhabited the Southwest from 300 to 1600 A.D. Both shows start Thursday, June 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through June 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of works by the Academy/Institute's newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards offers manuscripts (by, among others, Peter De Vries, Bernard Malamud, Richard Eberhart, Peter Taylor, Richard Howard, Douglas Crase, Raymond Carver, Cynthia Ozick, Elizabeth Spencer, and David Plante); musical scores (Stephen Sondheim); and works of art (Louise Bourgeois and Louise Nevelson, and architects Richard Meier and Frank Gehry). Through June 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collections of Queen Elizabeth II. Through July 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of shop signs of old Japan, the work of woodcarvers and other artisans. Through June 12. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A pair of loan shows from Great Britain: Fifty paintings by Winston Churchill. Through July 3. . . . ¶ Forty-one eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, from the Royal Academy, by such artists as Constable, Turner, Gainsborough, and Benjamin West. Through June 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—For people who live in glass houses: A show of more than a hundred and fifty stained-glass and Favrile lamps and windows produced in the Tiffany studios, all from the collection of Egon Neustadt. Also available for inspection are original uncut sheets of stained glass (the Favrile was blown) from the factory the studio had in Queens. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Nearly forty abstract paintings by Alma Thomas (1891-1978). Through Sunday, June 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by artists who live and work in the Southwest. Through Saturday, June 4. . . . ¶ The Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5), is showing works by a dozen more Southwesterners. Through Tuesday, June 7. . . . ¶ Foto Gallery, 492 Broome St. (open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6), is showing such photographers from the Southwest as Nic Nicosia and Joel Peter Witkin. Through Saturday, June 11.

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—An installation by Gioia Timpanelli. . . . ¶ Six artists from Los Angeles (Jill Giegerich, Victor Henderson, Kim Hubbard, Lari Pittman, Mitchell Syrop, and Megan Williams) are showing paintings, sculptures, and photographs. Both shows through July 2.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—A show of artists' books. Through June 25.

JUST ABOVE MIDTOWN/DOWNTOWN, 178 Franklin St. 966-7020.—Tannis Hugill (dance/performance), Friday, June 3, at 8.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Keith Sonnier's video installations, drawings, and neon and bamboo sculptures occupy the main exhibition room. Through Sunday, June 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

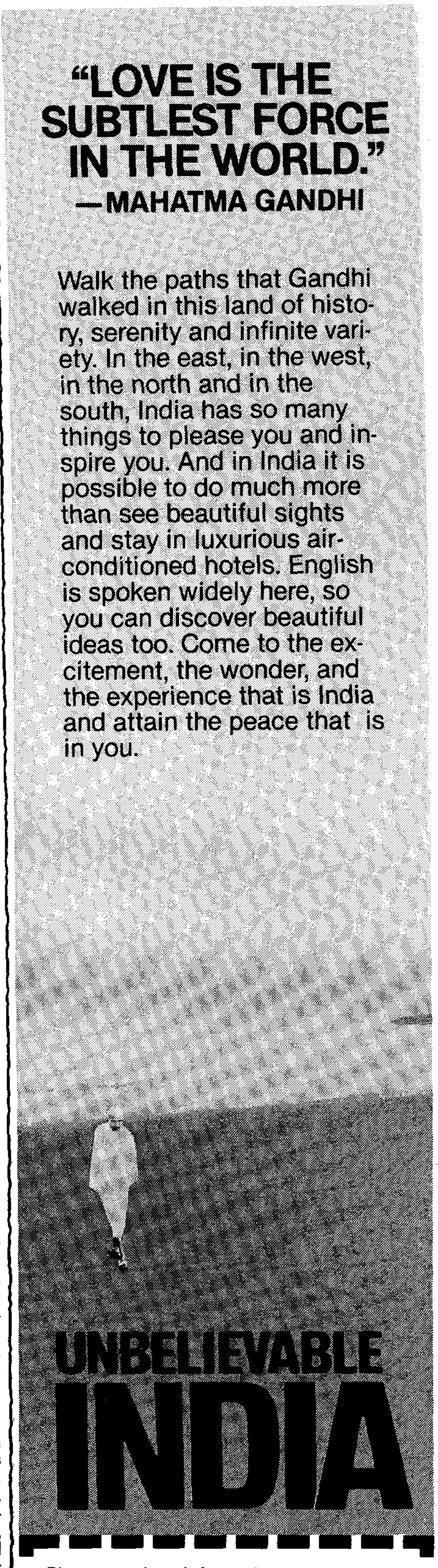
OPERA

BEL CANTO OPERA—Victoria Bond conducting Stanislaw Moniuszko's "Halka," in English, staged by Elizabeth Szczygielska. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, June 4 and 11, at 7:30; Sundays, June 5 and 12, at 2:30; and Friday, June 10, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

GOLDEN FLEECE LTD.—Presenting Hugo Weisgall's one-act opera "The Stronger" and two excerpts from Hendricks Hoy's opera "Freedom's Road," as well as the premières of three choral works by Robert Mitchell and a setting of A. E. Housman poems by Richard Peaslee. (Open Gate Theatre, 401 E. 29th St. 691-6105. Thursday and Friday, June 9-10, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 11-12, at 3 and 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—"Horizons '83," a series of seven concerts of music written since 1968, presented through Wednesday, June 15. Thursday, June 2: Raymond Leppard conducting a program of music by Marc Antonio Consoli, Peter Maxwell Davies, Toru Takemitsu, and David del Tredici, with the New York New Music Ensemble; Ida Kavafian, violin; and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 3: Arthur Weisberg conducting a program of music by Fred Lerdahl, John Harbison, Donald Martino, and Leonard Rosenman, with Charles Rex, violin, and the Group for Contemporary Music. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 4: Larry Newland and Jacob Druckman conducting a program of music by Morton Subotnick, Barbara Kolb, Sandor Balassa, and John Adams, with Tony Randall, narrator; Alan Feinberg and Ursula Oppens, piano; Jane Bryden and Pamela Wood, sopranos; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; and Mr. Subotnick, computers. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 7: Zubin Mehta conducting an open rehearsal of works by Aaron Kernis and Nicholas Thorne,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with Gwendolyn Bradley, soprano, and Christopher Oldfather, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 8: Zubin Mehta conducting a program of music by William Schuman, Bernard Rands, and Luciano Berio, with Philip Myers, horn; Paul Sperry, tenor; and the New Swingle Singers. . . . ¶ Friday, June 10: Lukas Foss conducting a program of music by George Rochberg, Mr. Foss, Joseph Schwantner, and Frederic Rzewski, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; the Speculum Musicae; Mr. Rzewski, piano; and the New York Choral Artists. (Evenings at 8.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Pinchas Zukerman conducting—Monday, June 6, at 8: An all-Beethoven program, with Robert Mann, violin; Dudley Moore, piano; and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 7, at 8: An all-Mozart program, with Katia and Marielle Labèque, duo piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 9, at 8: A program of music by Wagner, Mendelssohn, J. C. Bach, and Boccherini, with Mr. Zukerman, violin, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello.

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting an all-Mozart program, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, June 7, at 8.)

Symphonia Antiqua—LaNoue Davenport directing a choral and instrumental ensemble in a program of music by Heinrich Isaac. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, June 4, at 8. For tickets, call 942-4951.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, June 4, at 9. . . . ¶ St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, June 5, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir and Baroque Orchestra—JoAnn Rice directing a program of seventeenth-century music, with Bernadette Fiorella and Marjorie Patterson, sopranos; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; John Franklin, bass; and members of the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, June 9, at 8.)

RECITALS

Paul Gallo—Basset horn, with Catherine Rowe, soprano; Kazuko Hayami, piano; and the Cremona Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, June 1, at 8.)

All-Bach Program—Beverly Radin, flute; Gerald Ranck, harpsichord; and Clara Ranck, mezzo-soprano. (Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St. Sunday, June 5, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the recital.)

Scott Jackson Wiley and Michael Chang—Classical guitarist and tenor, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, June 5, at 8.)

Magda Tagliaferro—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, June 8, at 8.)

Wendy Heckler-Denbaum and Lincoln Mayorga—Flute and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, June 8, at 8.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, June 9, at 8.)

John Feeley—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, June 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

Leslie Howard—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, June 11, at 9.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—An all-Mozart program, performed by Shirley Verrett, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; David Arnold, baritone; the Boys Choir of Harlem; and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. The beneficiary is the Boys Choir of Harlem. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, June 5, at 8.)

SPORTS

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Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, Wednesday and Thursday, June 1-2, at 8. . . . ¶ Seattle, Friday, June 3, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, June 4-5, at 2; and Monday, June 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 7-8, at 8. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday, June 10, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 11, at 7:35.

Bicycling—The Women's National Criterium Championship of the *Self* Cycling Circuit, a twenty-five mile race, will get under way at ten-forty-five on Wednesday, June 1, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 2-4.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Sunday, June 5, starting at 4; varsity race at 5.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 9-12.)

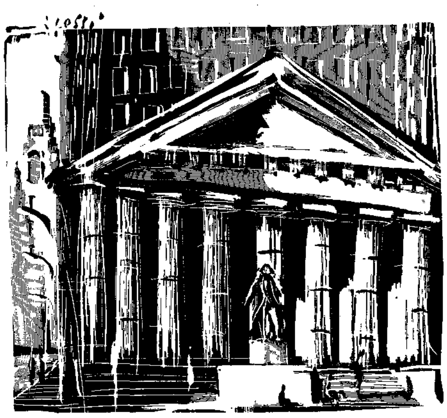
Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 25. The Red Smith Handicap, Saturday, June 4; the Saranac, Sunday, June 5; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 11. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24.

Soccer—Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup—Thursday, June 2, at 9: Cosmos vs. São Paulo. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 5, at 1:30: Fiorentina vs. São Paulo. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 5, at 4: Cosmos vs. Seattle. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, June 16. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

ET ALIA

The Great Outdoors—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the Brooklyn Bridge, is being held every evening, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Sundays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and ten. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.) . . . ¶ The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 4-5, and Saturday and Sunday, June 11-12, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 5, there will be a conducted walking tour of Madison Square and Gramercy Park, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, starting at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)



Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, June 2, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 8, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, June 9, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 4. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 9, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 4. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 9, at 2: The Fred Wichmann Collection of Pennsylvania German folk art and related decorative arts. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 4.) Thursday, June 2, at 10 and 2: American furniture, silver, and decorative works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, June 3, at 10 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 7, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, June 3. . . . **phillips,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Monday, June 6, at 1: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 2. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 8, at 2: Old Master paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, June 12 (day). Chicago, June 13-15 (night). St. Louis, June 20 (twi-night doubleheader), June 21 (n), June 22 (twi-night doubleheader), and June 23 (d). Philadelphia, June 24 (n), June 25 (d), and June 26 (day doubleheader). Houston, July 8-9 (n) and July 10 (d). . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, June 17-18 (night) and June 19 (day). Baltimore, June 27-30 (n). Boston, July 1-2 (n) and July 3-4 (d).

Crew—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. June 30-July 3.)

Racing—At **ascot,** England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 14-17. . . . **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 26.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Toronto, June 19. Chicago, June 22. Vancouver, June 29. Team America, July 6.

Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 20-July 3.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: June 17-Aug. 6.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 11. . . . ¶ America's Cup at Newport: Defenders' preliminary trials, June 18-25. . . . Challengers (Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy) in the first two of three elimination series, June 18-26 and July 2-14. . . . ¶ Start of the Marion-to-Bermuda race, June 24.

Music—The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 14 ("Lucia di Lammermoor") and June 21 ("La Bohème"). . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, June 17-Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Concert Band, in Damrosch Park, June 22-Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Kool Jazz Festival (Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Hall, a Staten Island Ferry, and Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J., among other places), June 24-July 3. . . . ¶ Summermusic at Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, June 28-July 7. . . . ¶ Tanglewood Festival, Lenox, Mass., June 30-Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., July 2-Aug. 28. . . . ¶ New York City Opera's first combined summer-fall season will open at the New York State Theatre (870-5570) on July 7, with Puccini's "Turandot," and will run through Nov. 13.

Other Dates—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Wednesday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Monday.

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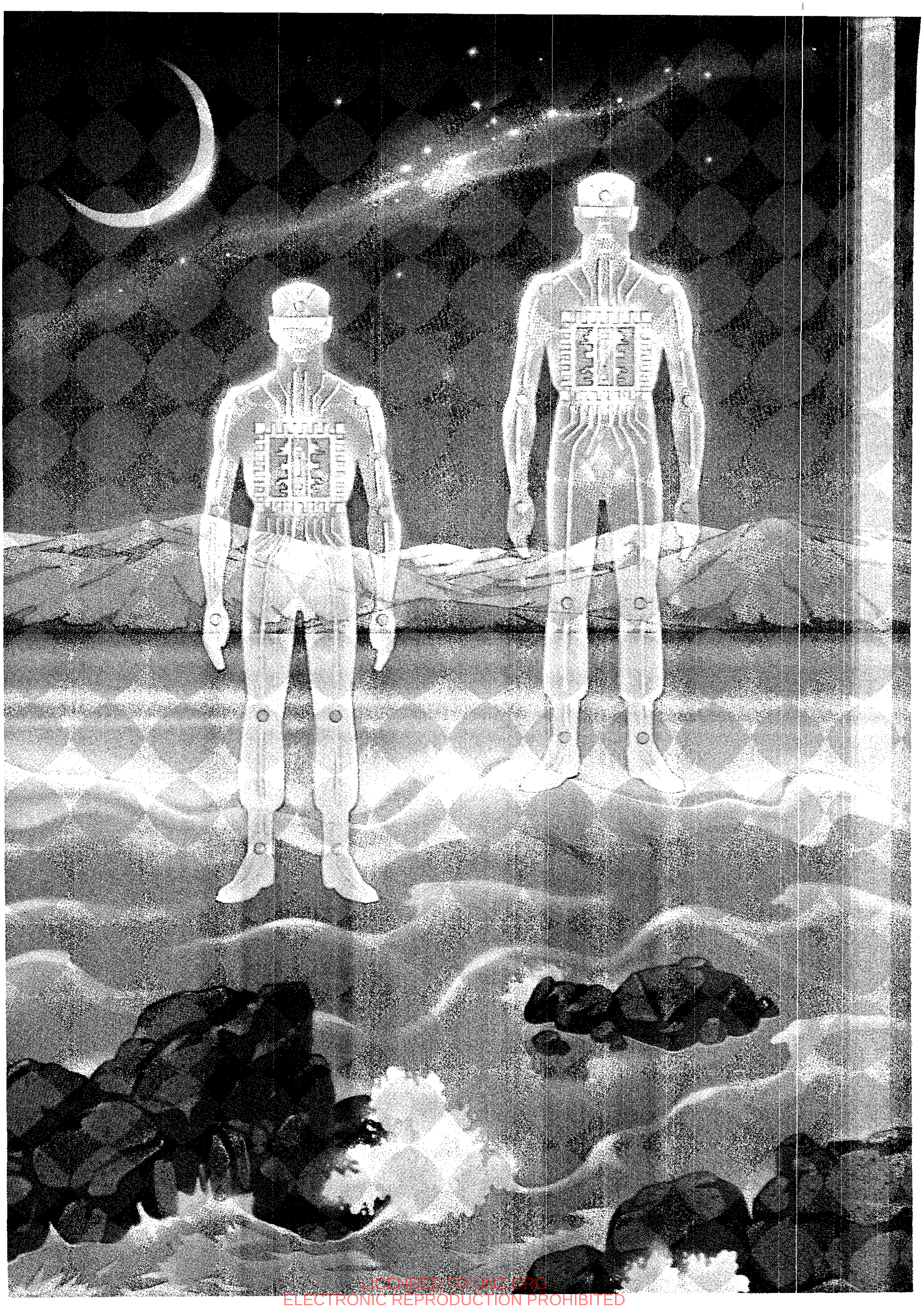

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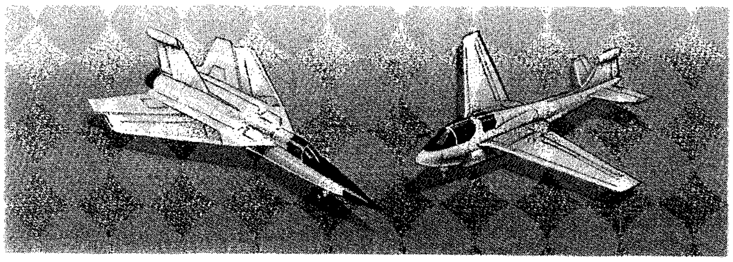

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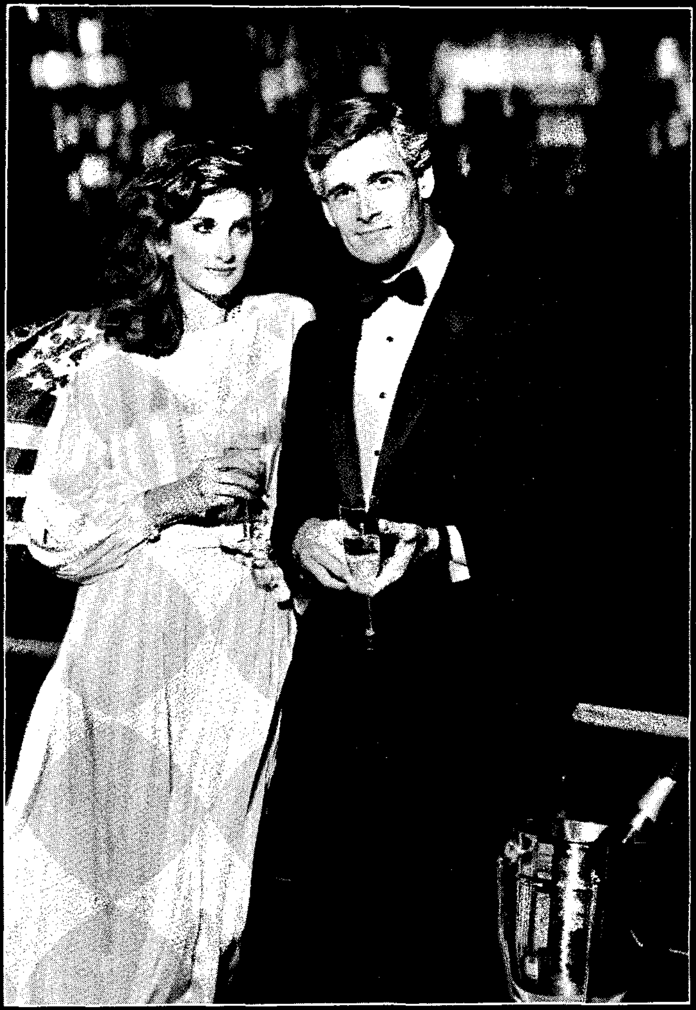

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through June 5: "Liebelei" (1932; directed by Max Ophuls; in German), with Wolfgang Liebeneiner, Magda Schneider, and Luise Ulrich.

From June 7: "Espoir" (1938; André Malraux; in French).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through June 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

From June 3: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through June 2: "Tootsie" (†) and "The World According to Garp" (†).

From June 3: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through June 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

From June 3: "Local Hero" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through June 9: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through June 2: "Local Hero" (†).

From June 3: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.

Theatre 2: "Blue Thunder" (†).

Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through June 9: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through June 4: "Napoléon" (†).

From June 5: "The Salamander" (1980; Peter Zinner), with Franco Nero and Anthony Quinn.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Bill Cosby Himself," a concert film.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"La Boum" (Claude Pinoteau; in French), with Claude Brasseur and Brigitte Fossey.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.

Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "La Truite" (Joseph Losey; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Theatre 2: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The White Rose" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze and Wulf Kessler.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Oklahoma!" (1955; Fred Zinnemann), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.

Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Nudo di Donna" (Nino Manfredi; in Italian), with Manfredi. From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

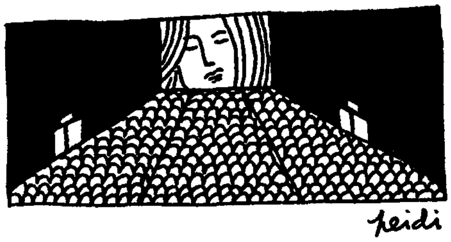
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Tough Enough" (Richard O. Fleischer), with Dennis Quaid and Carlene Watkins. From June 3: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through June 2: "Local Hero" (†).

From June 3: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

Theatre 1: June 1: "The Ruling Class" (†). June 2: Theatre closed. From June 3: "WarGames" (John Badham), with Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman.

Theatre 2: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D. (No performances on Thursday, June 2.)

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

Through June 9: "Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

From June 10: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

"Tootsie" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through June 2: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

From June 3: "WarGames" (John Badham), with Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Blue Thunder" (†).

Theatre 2: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through June 2: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

From June 3: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon. June 3-9: To be announced. From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D. From June 3: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "Chicken Ranch" (directed by Sandi Sissel and Nick Broomfield).

Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Tokyo Twilight" (1957; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 3-4: "Equinox Flower" (1958; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Utamaro and His Five Women" (1946; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). June 5-6: "The Loyal 47 Ronin, Part One" (1941; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "The Only Son" (1936; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). June 7-8: "Tokyo Story" (†). June 9-11: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (†) and "Ohayo" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles). From June 3: "WarGames" (John Badham), with Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman.

Theatre 2: Through June 2: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish). From June 3: To be announced.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).

Theatre 2: "Tender Mercies" (†).

Theatre 3: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).

Theatre 4: Through June 2: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev. From June 3: "Nudo di Donna" (Nino Manfredi; in Italian), with Manfredi.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Tender Mercies" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Gandhi" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through June 9: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

From June 10: "Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through June 2: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (†).

June 3-9: A program of Nadine Gordimer films.

From June 10: To be announced.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

June 1: "Tootsie" (†).

From June 2: "The Ruling Class" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Theatre 3: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Through June 9: "Diva" (†). From June 10: "Heatwave" (Phillip Noyce; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Richard Moir.

Theatre 2: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Heads or Tails" (Robert Enrico; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Michel Serrault.

Theatre 2: Through June 4: "Lianna" (John Sayles). From June 5: "The Divine Emma" (Jiří Krejčík; in Czech).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Tender Mercies" (†). From June 3: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin.

Theatre 2: Through June 2: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish). From June 3: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

Theatre 3: Through June 2: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev. From June 3: "WarGames" (John Badham), with Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman.

Theatre 4: Through June 2: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie. From June 3: To be announced.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

Theatre 2: Through June 9: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kingsley. From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "Tootsie" (†). From June 3 (tentative): "Local Hero" (†) and "Best Friends" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†) and "Still of the Night" (†). From June 3: "Pink Motel."
Theatre 3: Through June 2: "48 Hrs." (†); and "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty. From June 3: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie; and "Diner" (†).
Theatre 4: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Tough Enough" (directed by Richard O. Fleischer), with Dennis Quaid and Carlene Watkins.
Theatre 2: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
Theatre 3: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong.
Theatre 4: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 5: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.
Theatre 6: "Porky's" (1982; Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.
Theatre 3: "48 Hrs." (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 2: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "The Gates of Hell" (1980; Lucio Fulci), with Christopher George. From June 3: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon. From June 3: "Psycho II."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "The Mack" (1973; Michael Campus), with Max Julien and Don Gordon.
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "My Tutor" (George Bowers), with Caren Kaye and Matt Lattanzi. From June 3: "WarGames" (John Badham), with Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through June 2: "The Evil Dead" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell. From June 3: "Pink Motel."
Theatre 2: Through June 2: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev. June 3-9: "The Man with Two Brains" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin. From June 10: "Octopussy" (John Glen), with Roger Moore.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 1: "Ride the High Country" (1962; Sam Peckinpah), with Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott, and Mariette Hartley; and "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru.

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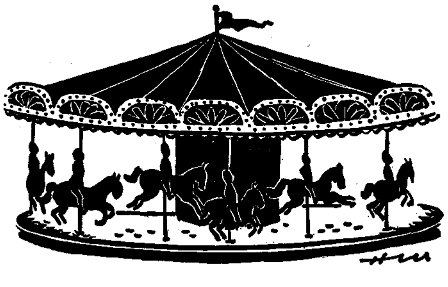
June 2: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
June 3-4: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.
June 5-6: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian). Both films X-rated.
June 7: "Le Beau Mariage" (1982; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand and Arielle Dombasle; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.
June 8: "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967), "For a Few Dollars More" (1967), and "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968), all three films directed by Sergio Leone, with Clint Eastwood.
June 9: "King of Hearts" (†); and "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels.
June 10-11: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 2: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea; and "Hail the Conquering Hero" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Eddie Bracken and Ella Raines.
June 3-4: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman and Terry Gilliam; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."
June 5-7: "Henry V" (†); and "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier.
June 8-9: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny. Both X-rated.
June 10-11: "The Fountainhead" (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Siddhartha" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
June 1: "Valentino" (1977; Ken Russell), with Rudolf Nureyev; and "Nijinsky" (1980; Herbert Ross), with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne, and George de la Peña.
June 2: A program of new films.
June 3-4: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Houston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "Outland" (1981; Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery, Peter Boyle, and Frances Sternhagen.
June 5-6: "Forbidden Planet" (†); and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1980; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, and Teri Garr.
June 7-8: "Mondo Trasho" (1970; John Waters); and "Multiple Maniacs" (1977; John Waters).
June 9-11: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman and Terry Gilliam; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."



Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 2: "The Lion in Winter" (1968; Anthony Harvey), with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn; and "A Man for All Seasons" (1966; Fred Zinnemann), with Paul Scofield.
June 3-4: "American Graffiti" (1973; George Lucas), with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard, and "The Lords of Flatbush" (1974; Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson), with Sylvester Stallone, Perry King, Henry Winkler, and Susan Blakely.
June 5: "Jason and the Argonauts" (1963; Don Chaffey), with Todd Armstrong and Nancy Kovack; and "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran), with Kerwin Mathews and Kathryn Grant.
June 6-7: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975; Martin Scorsese), with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter; and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (1976; Lewis John Carlino), with Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson.
June 8-9: "The Front" (1976; Martin Ritt), with Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi; and "The Angel Levine" (†).
June 10-11: "On Golden Pond" (†); and "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" (1967; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Sidney Poitier, and Katharine Hepburn.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
June 1: "Man of Marble" (1977; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
June 2: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
June 3: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Red Desert" (1965; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.
June 4: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "La Ronde" (1950; Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.
June 5: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Blade Runner" (†).
June 6: "Topper" (1937; Norman Z. McLeod), with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941; Alexander Hall), with Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, and Evelyn Keyes.
June 7: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.
June 8: "Camera Buff" (1980; Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish); and "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven" (†).
June 9: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946; Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames.
June 10: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; *Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Lord of the Flies"* (†).
June 11: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Lea Massari; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir;

in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 1: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa.

June 2-4: "Gigi" (1958; Vincente Minnelli), with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, and Hermione Gingold; and "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller.

June 5-6: "Ben-Hur" (†).

June 7-8: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "Elmer Gantry" (†).

June 9-11: "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through June 4: "Hollywood Out-takes & Rare Footage" (1983).

June 5: "The Pizza Triangle" (†); and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

June 6: A program of cartoons by Tex Avery and Hugh Harman.

June 7: "The Bad Seed" (1956; Mervyn Le Roy), with Nancy Kelly, Patty McCormack, and Henry Jones; and "The Nanny" (†).

June 8: "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" (1967; Kimiyoshi Yasuda; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Broken Swords" (1969; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Hiroki Matsukata.

June 9: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.

June 10-11: "Strangers on a Train" (†); and "Jamaica Inn" (1939; Alfred Hitchcock), with Charles Laughton, Emlyn Williams, Maureen O'Hara, and Leslie Banks.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 1: "Queen Bee" (1955; Ranald MacDougall), with Joan Crawford, Barry Sullivan, Betsy Palmer, and John Ireland; and "Strait-Jacket" (1964; William Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson.

June 2: "Medium Cool" (1969; Haskell Wexler), with Robert Forster; and "Targets" (1968; Peter Bogdanovich), with Boris Karloff.

June 3-4: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

June 5: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, and Jane Bryan; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

June 6: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

June 7: "Wings" (1927; William A. Wellman; a silent film), with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers; and "Call Her Savage" (†).

June 8: "A Man and a Woman" (†) and "Live for Life" (†).

June 9: "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "Dark Victory" (†).

June 10-11: "Ministry of Fear" (†); and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—June 2 at 2:30: "Marie, Légende Hongroise" (1932; directed by Paul Féjos; the Hungarian version, with no English subtitles), with Annabella. . . . ¶ June 2 at 6: "Boudu Sauvé des Eaux" (1932; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon. . . . ¶ June 3 at 2:30: "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Dita Parlo, and Jean Dasté. . . . ¶ June 3 at 6: "Faisons un Rêve" (1936; Sacha Guitry; in French, with no English subtitles), with Guitry, Raimu, and Jacqueline Delubac. . . . ¶ June 4 at noon: "Up the River" (1930; John Ford), with Humphrey Bogart and Spencer Tracy. . . . ¶ June 4 at 2:30: "La Tendre Ennemie" (1936; Max Ophuls; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Berriau. . . . ¶ June 4 at 5: "Le Roman de Werther" (1938; Max Ophuls; in French, with no English subtitles), with Pierre Richard-Willm and Annie Vernay. . . . ¶ June 5 at noon: "Up the River." . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30: "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; in French, with English subtitles), with Victor Francen and Line Noro. . . . ¶ June 5 at 5: "Lucrêce Borgia" (1935; Abel Gance; in French, with English subtitles), with Edwige Feuillère, Gabriel Gabrio, and Josette Day. . . . ¶ June 6 at noon: "L'Imagination et le Front Populaire: 1935–36" (Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 6 at 2:30: "Princesse Tam-Tam" (1935; Edmond T. Gréville; in French, with no English subtitles), with Josephine Baker, Albert Préjean, and Viviane Romance. . . . ¶ June 6 at 6: Two films by Kon Petrochuk, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 7 at noon: "L'Imagination et le Front Populaire: 1935–36." . . . ¶ June 7 at 2:30: "Mister Flow" (1936; Robert Siodmak; in French, with no English subtitles), with Louis Jouvet, Fernand Gravey, and Edwige Feuillère. . . . ¶ June 7 at 6: "Greetings from Washington" (1981; Lucy Winer), "Witches and Faggots—Dykes and Poofters" (1979), and "Pink Triangles" (1982). . . . ¶ June 9 at noon: "L'Imagination et le Front Populaire: 1935–36." . . . ¶ June 9 at 2:30: "Mollenard" (1937; Robert Siodmak; in French, with no English subtitles), with Harry Baur, Albert Préjean, Gabrielle Dorziat, and Pierre Renoir. . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "La Tendre Ennemie." . . . ¶ June 10 at noon: "L'Imagination et le Front Populaire: 1935–36." . . . ¶ June 10 at 2:30: "Ils Étaient Neuf Célibataires" (1939; Sacha Guitry; in French, with no English subtitles), with Guitry, Elvire Popesco, Marguerite Moreno, Max Dearly, and Geneviève Guitry. . . . ¶ June 10 at 6: "Adrienne Lecouvreur" (1938; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with English subtitles), with Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay, and Junie Astor. . . . ¶ June 11 at noon: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, and Victor Mature. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2:30: "Adrienne Lecouvreur." . . . ¶ June 11 at 5: "Nuits de Feu" (1937; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gaby Morlay, Victor Francen, and Madeleine Robinson. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Oracle" (1981-83; Frank Gillette), a video work. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evening until 8). Mr. Gillette will be present on Thursday, June 2, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Angel Levine (1970)—Bernard Malamud's fable about an elderly Jewish tailor too skeptical to accept a black Jewish angel (Harry Belafonte) whom God has sent to help him. Unfortunately, the audience also has a hard time accepting the angel. Uninspired. With Zero Mostel and Ida Kaminska. Jan Kadar directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 8-9.)

Ben-Hur (1959)—Movie moguls have always had a real affinity for the grandiosity of the old Roman Empire. Charlton Heston plays the Jewish prince Ben-Hur; when he refuses to rat on the Jews opposed to Roman domination, his childhood friend Messala (Stephen Boyd) packs him off to the galleys and sends his mother (Martha Scott) and his sister (Cathy O'Donnell) to a dungeon. After prolonged slaving at the oars, Ben-Hur escapes and saves the life of a bigwig in the Roman navy (Jack Hawkins), who adopts him. Eventually we get to the chariot race, with Ben-Hur pitted against the treacherous Messala. Lew Wallace's hectic potboiler-classic has everything—even leprosy. M-G-M laid on the cash and William Wyler directed, with several busy assistants; the cast includes Sam Jaffe, Haya Harareet, Hugh Griffith, Finlay Currie, and a corps of stunt men. Has anyone ever been able to detect the contributions to the script of Gore Vidal, Christopher Fry, and S. N. Behrman? Could they? (Regency; June 5-6.)

Best Friends—The script raises the question: Why does formalizing a living-together relationship by marriage often wreck it, leaving both partners feeling trapped? But the scriptwriters (Barry Levinson and Valerie Curtin) have nothing but sitcom answers. It's a Velveeta comedy, processed like a Neil Simon picture, with banter and gags and an unctuous score. All its smart talk is low-key and listless. It stays on the surface, yet it's dissatisfied with the surface; it's a deeply indecisive movie that starts escaping its subject as soon as the newlywed screenwriting partners—Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn—go off on their wedding trip and into a series of comic nightmares. The two have been made so lightweight that there's nothing at stake when they recoil from each other, and Reynolds gives a flabby, mildewed performance. Directed by Norman Jewison; with Jessica Tandy, Barnard Hughes, Audra Lindley, and Keenan Wynn. Two performers give the film a little bounce—Ron Silver as a hot-shot movie producer and Richard Libertini as the Hispanic who conducts the marriage ceremony. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/24/83.) (Olympia Quad; starting June 3, tentative.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (Metro Cinema; June 5.)

Blue Thunder—There's electricity in the air, and L.A. at night has a psychedelic, futuristic quality, like Godard's Alphaville. But the plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a sumptuous test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and, what with all the stunt flying and the hair-trigger editing (by Frank Morriss and Edward Abroms), this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—sus-

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pense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern in an engaging performance as a rookie police pilot, Warren Oates as a scowling, good-guy police captain, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

CALL HER SAVAGE (1932)—It was about this time—late in her career—that intellectuals took up the manic, wide-eyed flapper Clara Bow (as they later did with Marilyn Monroe) and perceived the quality of her mixture of truly awesome vitality and childlike vulnerability. It was too late; she was no longer doing what came naturally. And this silly movie treats her sexy vivacity as a *problem;* her mother, it seems, had had an affair with an American Indian, and so poor Clara is split—the demure girl with her hair worn austerely in a snood has fiery, tempestuous fits. Taken from a novel by Tiffany Thayer; directed by John Francis Dillon. With Gilbert Roland, Thelma Todd, Estelle Taylor, Monroe Owsley, and, in a bit, Mischa Auer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 7.)

COME BACK TO THE 5 & DIME JIMMY DEAN, JIMMY DEAN—It's doubtful if a major film director has ever before voluntarily taken on as thoroughgoing a piece of drivel as this one—a play by Ed Graczyk set in a Texas small-town 5 & Dime and centering on the reunion of a James Dean fan club on the twentieth anniversary of his death. The movie version shouldn't work; but it does. When Robert Altman gives a project everything he's got, his skills are such that he can make poetry out of fake poetry and magic out of fake magic. Moving in apparent freedom, the principal actresses—Sandy Dennis, Cher, Karen Black, and, in a smaller part, Marta Heflin—go at their roles so creatively that they find some kind of acting truth in what they're doing. They bring conviction to their looneytunes characters. Also with Sudie Bond, Kathy Bates, and, in the only male role, Mark Patton. The airy and lyrical cinematography is by Pierre Mignot. (11/15/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through June 2.)

DARK VICTORY (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrentian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains, and Geraldine Fitzgerald is her best friend. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 9.)

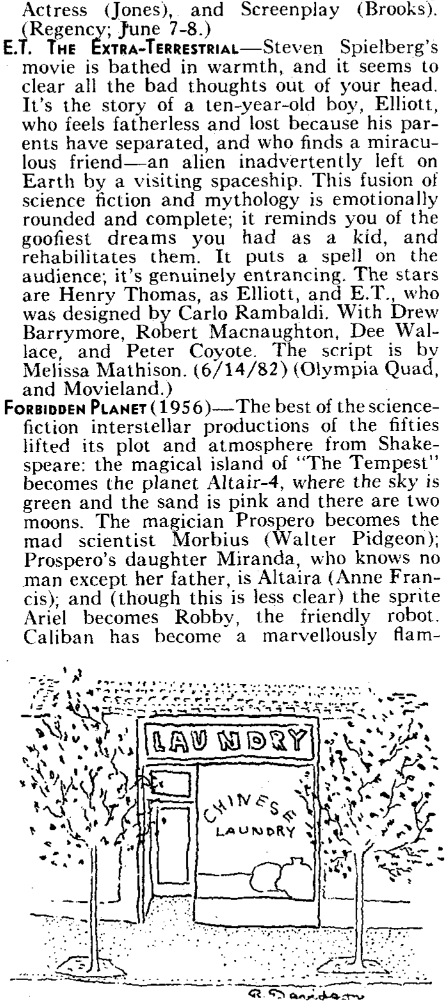
DINER (1982)—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Conversations may roll on all night, and they can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke (who was the jailed arsonist in "Body Heat"), Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Olympia Quad; starting June 3.)

DIVA (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio; through June 9.)

ELMER GANTRY (1960)—Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as Bible Belt evangelists in the nineteen-twenties, in a loud, striking, big-scale melodrama based on the Sinclair Lewis novel about con artists, adapted and directed by Richard Brooks. The movie cheats on the issues, and it's overloaded with gigantic sets, enormous crowds, fires, riots, and human stampedes. But it's coarsely compelling and—though exhausting—never boring. When Lancaster plays a kinetic, broadly exaggerated character like the lecher Gantry, you can't take your eyes off him, and Simmons is one of the most quietly commanding actresses Hollywood has ever trashed. With Shirley Jones as Lulu Bains, Edward Andrews as George Babbitt, and Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, Patti Page, John McIntire, Rex Ingram, Hugh Marlowe, and Philip Ober. Academy Awards: Best Actor (Lancaster), Supporting Actress (Jones), and Screenplay (Brooks). (Regency; June 7-8.)

E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth, and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Olympia Quad, and Movieland.)

FORBIDDEN PLANET (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifted its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue: it's hard to believe you're in the heavens when the diction of the hero (Leslie Nielsen) and his spaceshipmates flattens you down to Kansas. (More serviceable than one might suspect, "The Tempest" in the forties had been set in a ghost town at the edge of a desert in "Yellow Sky," and with a humor frequently indulged in under cover of the Western genre, Miranda became Anne Baxter's Mike.) In CinemaScope. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 5-6.)



48 HRS.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through June 2.)

GANDHI—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

HENRY V (1944)—Shakespeare's "Henry V" is the story of the playboy Plantagenet who grew up to become a great leader and, at twenty-seven, defeated the Armies of France at Agincourt. There, at the last major stand of medieval chivalry, the English archers, outnumbered five to one, cut down the fatally encumbered knights of France. Laurence Olivier once said that it was the sort of juvenile role that you can't play when you're a juvenile: "When you are young, you are too bashful to play a hero; you debunk it. It isn't until you're older that you can understand the pictorial beauty of heroism." He came to it at the right time. His production—it was his first time out as a film director—is a triumph of color, music, spectacle, and soaring heroic poetry, and, as actor, he brings lungs, exultation, and a bashful wit to the role. The film has true charm. With Renee Asherson as Princess Katherine, Leslie Banks as Chorus, George Robey as Falstaff, Esmond Knight as Fluellen, Leo Genn as the Constable of France, Felix Aylmer as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Niall MacGinnis as MacMorris, Robert Newton as Ancient Pistol, Harcourt Williams as Charles VI, Max Adrian as the Dauphin, Robert Helpmann as the Bishop of Ely, and Ernest Thesiger as the Duke of Berri. The music is by William Walton; the cinematography is by Robert Krasker and Jack Hildyard. (2 hours and 14 minutes.) (Cinema Village; June 5-7.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 9.)

LIVE FOR LIFE (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a

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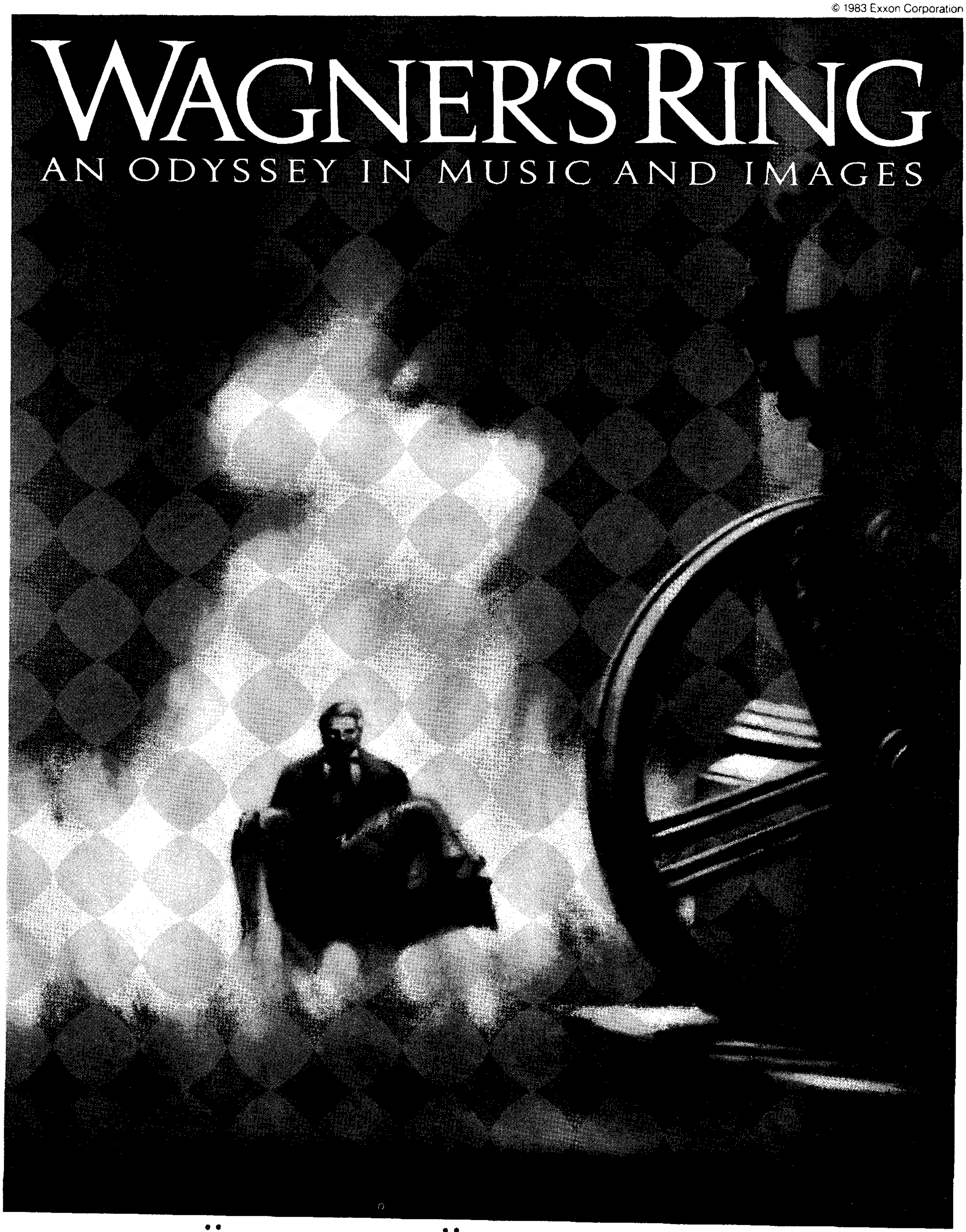

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Woman" (see below) in terms of the enjoyable soppy. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Murray Hill, and Beekman; through June 2. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting June 3. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting June 3, tentative.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Metro Cinema; June 10.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Probably the most efficacious make-out movie of the swinging sixties. The young cinematographer-director Claude Lelouch conveys tender love by cutting to gambolling lovers among gambolling horses and then lambs and then dogs. The characters have exciting, photogenic occupations: stunt man, script girl, racing-car driver. They take their kids on photogenic boats or for walks on wintry beaches. The actors don't have to do anything because the camera—shooting through rain and snow and ice and into sunsets—supplies the moods for them. Anouk Aimée is blankly mysterious and glamorous; Jean-Louis Trintignant and Pierre Barouh are like a teen-age girl's dream boyfriends—daredevils to the world but gentle and sweet with her. Lelouch blurs for romantic softness and he tints for mood and variety; he throws a nimbus of mist around everything. The score is by Francis Lai; the script is by Lelouch and Pierre Uytterhoeven. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8.)

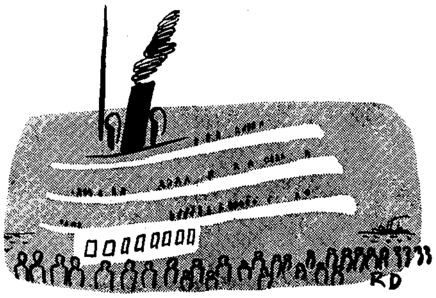
Ministry of Fear (1945)—Very little of Graham Greene's mystery novel survives in this unmemorable Paramount picture, directed by Fritz Lang. As melodramas of the period go, however, this one is better made than most. Ray Milland has just been released from an insane asylum, where he was confined for murdering his wife, when he is drawn into a plot by a gang of German spies who are after defense plans. The heroine is unimposing Marjorie Reynolds; the villain is that falsetto cutthroat Dan Duryea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10-11.)

Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven (1975)—A work of the prodigiously productive Rainer Werner Fassbinder, born in 1945, who had already made and written close to thirty films when this one appeared. Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, a member of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche,* but the West German economic miracle has happened, and she is instead putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is frantically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (Metro Cinema; June 8.)

The Nanny (1965)—A small-scale English thriller, directed by Seth Holt—deft enough to be tantalizingly suggestive of what it might have been. Though Jimmy Sangster's script, from Evelyn Piper's novel, is just a routine horror job, there's real promise in the conception of the nanny as a mush-mouthed tyrant, with fraudulent sentiments substituting for feeling. The characters are amusingly "modern:" the children are cool, the father insufferable, the mother weak, the aunt self-centered. So far, so good. The exception is Bette Davis, trying to give a restrained performance as the dowdy, repressed nanny, whose ten-year-old charge suspects her of having killed his little sister. Restraint is what Davis has not got much of. Antennae flailing wildly, she signals us that she's being self-effacing, that she's holding back. Everything she does is out of key with the other performers; her thick eyebrows look false, and she treats her hair like a wig, patting it. You have to hand it to Davis, though: she *is* a star. When she can't dominate by a good performance, she dominates by a bad one. With Jill Bennett, Wendy Craig, James Villiers, Pamela Franklin, Maurice Denham, Jack Watling, and William Dix. (Thalia; June 7.)

Napoléon (1927)—Presented in a reconstructed version in 1981. Abel Gance originally made it as a six-hour silent film, in color (the prints were tinted and toned by a dye process), and with sections designed to be run on a triple-width screen, by a process called Polyvision. Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects—history became an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. The film is both avant-garde and old-fashioned. In Gance's view, Napoleon (Albert Dieudonné) is a Man of Destiny. Before that, when he's still a boy (Vladimir Roudenko), he's a Boy of Destiny. As a thinker, Gance is essentially a fantasist, a mythmaker enslaved by his own schoolboy gush. And when Napoleon is treated as the embodiment of the French Revolution you know you're in the grip of a crazy. Gance isn't rounded (as, say, Renoir was). His films are superb in glimpses or in sequences, but they're not unified by simple emotion, as Griffith's epics were. They're held together by obsession, by fervor. But he's a great moviemaker. The film was chopped down into so many different versions (some of them reëdited by Gance himself) that it took the English filmmaker and film historian Kevin Brownlow years to assemble this new, relatively complete version. Francis Ford Coppola served as impresario for its release in the United States, and a score was prepared by Carmine Coppola. With Gina Manès as Josephine, Pierre Batcheff as her lover General Hoche, Nicolas Koline as Fleuri, Annabella as his daughter Violine, Antonin Artaud as Marat, and Gance himself as Saint-Just. (Sutton; through June 4.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)



La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy. . . . ¶ R.K.O Century Art; through June 2.)

Ohayo (1958)—Fairly funny color comedy by Ozu about modern middle-class life. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 9-11.)

On Golden Pond (1981)—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. Or is it "good American stock," or Hepburn's pedigreed cheekbones? The movie is shaped so that it seems to be getting at the problems of old age (Norman's eyes and ears are failing, his memory is spotty, and his body is becoming more and more unreliable), but then his crankiness is made to appear sly—a form of one-upmanship. He's meant to be a lovable curmudgeon. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair; and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 10-11.)

The Pizza Triangle (1970; "A Drama of Jealousy")—A genial mutt of a movie—an extroverted romantic satire with sight gags, jokes about the pollution in Rome and modern sex mores. As Oreste, a moon-faced, bushy-haired Communist bricklayer who doesn't always smell good, Marcello Mastroianni holds it all together. Married to a battle-axe, a fat hag with a topknot, Oreste falls in love with a young flower seller, whom Monica Vitti plays with a soulful silliness that is a parody of generations of comic waifs and neo-realist heroines. When she betrays him with his best friend, a Tuscan pizza cook (Giancarlo Giannini), he becomes obsessed with the idea that there's a class basis for the betrayal, and the movie turns into a slapstick tragedy. Oreste, the great *stupido*, whose face reflects a mind that has been emptied of everything but fluky ideas, commits a crime of passion and becomes a comic-strip parody of an operatic figure—the crazed lover. (This is one of Mastroianni's least-known great performances.) The color is warm, and bright, the music is light and nostalgic, and the cutting has a quick rhythm. There's an original comic temperament here. The director, Ettore Scola, doesn't seem to be anxious; the picture is spotty but nothing is forced, so one can relax even when the ideas misfire. From a script by Age and Scarpelli and Scola. In Italian. (Thalia; June 5.)

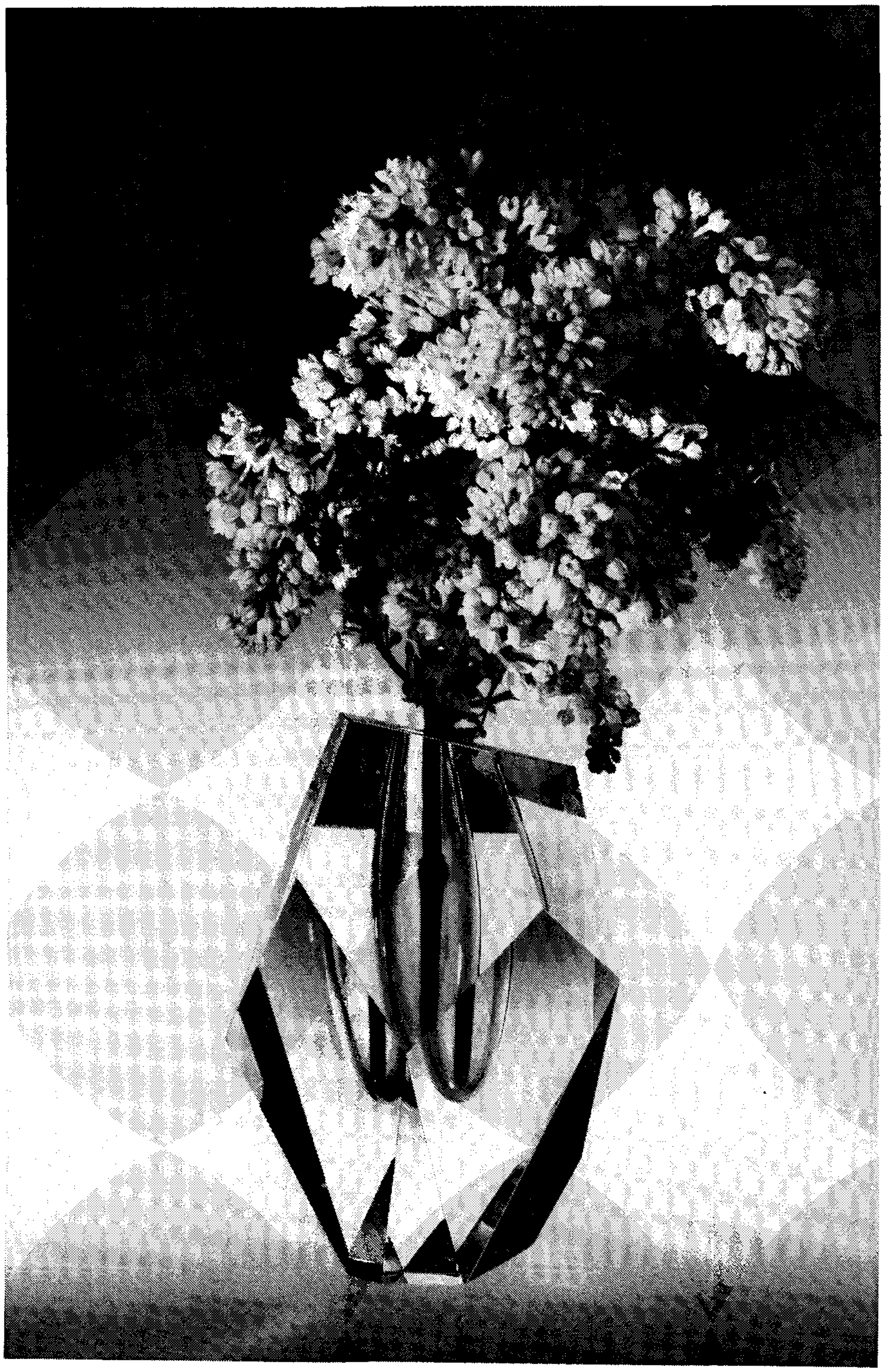
PRINCESS YANG KWEI FEI (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 9-11.)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his archenemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

RETURN OF THE JEDI—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. It's packed with torture scenes, and it bangs away at you. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, a chance to engage the audience emotionally with something awesome, the director Richard Marquand trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. And they'll probably be charmed by some of the new characters, especially the tribe of potbellied woodland creatures, the furry, cuddly Ewoks, who suggest a cross between koala bears and puli dogs—they're like living Teddy bears. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Loews New York Twin; June 1. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; starting June 2.)

SAY AMEN, SOMEBODY—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dor-



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sey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (68th St. Playhouse; through June 9. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; starting June 10.)

Siddhartha (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling (as compared to thinking) when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Cinema Village; June 10-11.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house where they live and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Manhattan. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through June 2.)

Still of the Night—The writer-director Robert Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy-hot woman suspected of murder, and her performance is all about her hair. It's platinum-white, it hangs bone straight like a curtain, and part of her face is hidden behind it; from time to time she peers up and shakes it back a little. This femme fatale is meant to be guileful and slinky—a woman with neurotic wiles. But Streep's high-strung emotionality isn't fun in the way that Faye Dunaway's has often been. She seems pale and gaunt, and more zombified than anything else. And as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless; he brings nothing to his role but his physical frame—some sinews, a profile. In the early part we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house that resembles Sotheby Parke Bernet. Sommer here is like a snide and slightly dirty Trevor Howard; he and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). But Benton seems to have misplaced his sense of fun; it's as if he couldn't really get down to dirtying his mind with the genre he's working in. The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (Olympia Quad; through June 2.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Hitchcock's bizarre, malicious comedy, in which the late Robert Walker brought sportive originality to the role of the chilling wit, dear degenerate Bruno; it's intensely enjoyable—in some ways the best of Hitchcock's American films. The murder plot is so universally practical that any man may adapt it to his needs: Bruno perceives that though he cannot murder his father with impunity, someone else could; when he meets the unhappily married tennis player Guy (Farley Granger), he murders Guy's wife for him and expects Guy to return the favor. Technically, the climax of the film is the celebrated runaway merry-go-round, but the high point of excitement and amusement is Bruno trying to recover his cigarette lighter while Guy plays a fantastically nerve-racking tennis match. Even this high point isn't what we remember best—which is Robert Walker. It isn't often that people think about a performance in a Hitchcock movie; usually what we recall are bits of "business"—the stump finger in "The 39 Steps," the windmill turning the wrong way in "Foreign Correspondent," etc. But Walker's performance is what gives this movie much of its character and its peculiar charm. It is typical of Hollywood's brand of perversity that Raymond Chandler was never hired to adapt any of his own novels for the screen; he was, however, employed on "Double Indemnity" and "Strangers on a Train" (which is based on a novel by Patricia Highsmith). Chandler (or someone—perhaps Czenzi Ormonde, who's also credited) provided Hitchcock with some of the best dialogue that ever graced a thriller. With Marion Lorne as Bruno's doting, dotty mother, and Leo G. Carroll, Ruth Roman, Patricia Hitchcock, Laura Elliott, and Howard St. John. (Thalia; June 10-11.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere. Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism; with the fine young actress Ellen Barkin as Mac's daughter by his first marriage, and Betty Buckley as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Quad Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 2.)

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Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Film Forum; June 7-8.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (72nd Street East. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; June 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through June 2.)

The World According to Garp—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. This isn't necessarily bad—Hill's pastel, detached, and generally meaningless comedy may, in some ways, be preferable to the baroque apparatus that Irving constructed—but in recounting the book's key incidents Hill and Tesich lay bare the pattern of mutilations in the plot. Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. The masochistic gifted-victim game has been played in recent American writing on just about every conceivable level, but Irving's novel is still something special: he created a whole hideous and deformed women's political group (the Ellen Jamesians) in order to have his author-hero, his alter ego, destroyed by it, and the film is faithful to Irving's "vision." With John Lithgow, who gives an appealing performance as the big-bruiser transsexual Roberta Muldoon, Glenn Close as Garp's mother, Mary Beth Hurt as his wife, and, in a bit, Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. (8/23/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 2.)

The Year of Living Dangerously—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Olympia Quad; through June 2.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS the economy limps, trips, and staggers in the general direction of recovery, President Reagan's reputation is undergoing a corresponding rehabilitation. Americans—at least, those whose phone numbers Mr. Gallup keeps in his Rolodex—are like November-to-March agnostics overcome with religious feeling on the first sunny day of spring. The record numbers of unemployed and the benchmark divisions of the homeless, the ill-nourished children, the families without funds enough to visit a doctor still exist, in Michigan and in Ohio and above Ninety-sixth Street and across the East River, but they have been evicted from the op-ed pages, and, with them, the shame they reflected on Ronald Reagan. By the prevalent system of political reckoning, it hardly matters that past recessions have come to quicker and more nearly complete ends than this one, or that the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries probably played a greater role in calming inflation than Arthur Laffer (he of the curve) and Jack Kemp (he of the spiral) and the rest of the Presidential gurus combined. Ronald Reagan will get the credit for the recovery, and his methods, if they succeed in restoring semi-prosperity to this nation, will be forgiven all their cruelty, even if only by the eighty-five per cent of the population which lives above the poverty line. His economic nostrums and pronouncements will be enshrined, and that is too bad, since they have consistently appealed to the worst in us and about us. The willingness to unemploy millions to curb inflation is the example most frequently cited, but it is not an idea new to this Administration. A more original contribution has been the oft-repeated charge, as part of the drive to cut domestic spending, that those Americans who depend on welfare are quite likely sneaks and rogues—quite likely lining up *right this minute* to trade their food stamps for hooch, or to maybe price Cadillacs. In recent decades, even those Presidents who may have thought such things have generally kept the thoughts to themselves. That Reagan feels no need to be closemouthed—that, indeed, he trots out one lurid story after another of fraud or thievery, and at the slightest provocation—probably signals less his uncontrollable sincerity than his realization that such speechifying is at the moment politically safe, even politically valuable. Ronald Reagan says what a lot of Americans would like him to say; if he baits poor people, it is because he can get away with it.

Just what we as a nation and a city are tacitly encouraging, or surely not stopping, was detailed in a report released last month by the Downtown Welfare Advocate Center. The report says that, beginning in the mid-nineteen-seventies, with the city's fiscal crisis, and increasing rapidly through the present day, New York City's Human Resources Administration (H.R.A.) has followed a policy known in-house as "churning"—shutting down payments to thousands of clients each month for "administrative reasons." Not because the recipients have found work, and not because they hit the lottery, and not because they've grown tired of eating, but because of their "failure to comply" with H.R.A. clerical requests or because their "whereabouts" have become "unknown" to the bureaucracy. It works like this: H.R.A. mails letters to welfare clients asking them to report for a "face-to-face" interview or to fill out a questionnaire. If those letters go unanswered, then the account is closed: no welfare benefits, no rent check, no food stamps. At least half of those cut off—as many as thirty thousand people a month—are truly in need. They reapply successfully, and thirty or sixty or ninety days later their benefits resume. Their checks have been turned off because the world they live in—a world where mailboxes are often broken, where letters from H.R.A. are stolen in the hope that they contain checks, where appointment calendars are rare, and where sickness or lethargic apathy is common—does not mesh neatly with the triplicate world of H.R.A. We spent a few days recently at a "food pantry" run by an upper-West Side church, and can report that a large number of the people who turn up there seeking a paper bag that contains spaghetti, powdered milk, canned tuna fish, some vegetables, cornmeal, grapefruit juice, rice, and beans have been wrongly cut off welfare. Eventually, once they are a month or two behind on rent, and in debt to all their friends, the bureaucracy will give their file the thumbs up, and the checks will start coming again, though with nothing extra to make up for the hungry months. In the meantime, there are several churches that run soup kitchens, but it is still god-awful hard to live without money in New York City in 1983.

It is not H.R.A.'s fault that hundreds of thousands of needy people have gone without. It has been told to save money where it can; anyway, civil servants oil squeaky wheels, and it is hard to squeak when you have to sit in a church all morning waiting for noon so someone will hand you a bag of pasta enough to make three meals, maybe, if you don't eat too much right off the bat. The reason welfare runs the way it does, in this city and probably in other cities, is that as a nation we have ceased to regard it as a matter of social justice, or even as a matter of the least-we-can-do sort of charity, and have decided instead that it is a nasty, if perhaps obligatory, chore. That undercurrent is what Reagan has picked up and voiced. Such an approach robs the welfare process of all dignity and brotherhood, not only for poor people forced to spend thirty days without cash but also for those of us whose taxes foot the bill for welfare. It turns them into cadgers and the rest of us into suspicious, sneering cads, and that is sad, even when it saves a little money.

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Redolent

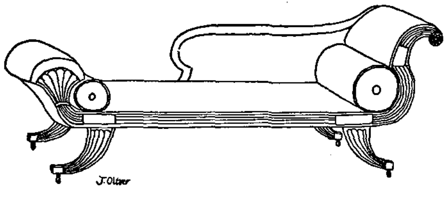
WE have smelled the future—sniffed it long and hard, and not exhaled. Caribbean Holiday is what it smells like. And Movie Time. Some of it smells like Tailgate Lunch, and some like After Dinner Mints, and some like any of thirty-six other odors that will go on the market next fall as part of the Aromance Aroma Disc System, which is to one's nose what a stereo is to one's ears, or a television set is to one's eyes. That is, the Aroma Disc System allows you to choose what your immediate environment will smell like. If you want your den to smell like buttered popcorn, no longer will you face the fuss and bother of popping up a batch and melting some butter. You will simply plug the small, record-shaped Movie Time Aroma Disc into the disc player, and inside of three minutes you might as well be reclining in the neighborhood Odeon—except, of course, that there is no movie and no popcorn. But there is the smell, and that should be enough to sell millions of Aroma Discs—at least, according to the enthusiastic executives of the Charles of the Ritz Group, Ltd., who let us sniff some samples one day last week.

"We have found very wide acceptance in our tests," Barbara Carver, Vice-President for Business Development in the Fragrance Division, said. "Of course, there's strong acceptance among women. And men are turning out to be very sophisticated about what they would like to smell in their homes. We've even got a license with a toy manufacturer to get this technology out to what I call the Atari age group" (children, that's our guess). Miss Carver—who has clearly picked up the first sweet sniffs of success, which mix in her nostrils with the odor of her favorite Aroma Disc, a lilac-musk combo doing business as Holding Hands—went on to say that in days gone by Americans thought of smells as problems to mask, but now they are quickly realizing that fragrance plays a vital part in the happy-home atmosphere. After a short interruption to let us sniff Seduction (didn't do much for us), she continued her aromatic history. "The very important licensed toy character of a few years back, Strawberry Shortcake, who smelled like a strawberry, really unlocked the sense of smell, and, once unlocked, the sense has only to be educated. We're going out originally with some fragrances recognizable to people, like mints or popcorn. I want people to feel comfortable—to smell this and know that it's what I say it is. We also have representational and esoteric aromas, but it's harder for people to smell something and say 'This is passion.' We do have an aroma called Passion, but it's a *creative interpretation*."

We asked Miss Carver for reassurance about our sole Aroma Disc fear—that people would put on, say, Christmas Time in the middle of summer and by such devices lose track of reality.

"Not likely," Miss Carver told us. "The big market for Christmas Time will be for people with artificial Christmas trees. In the summer, people will be using Ocean Breeze. The whole Midwest is dying for that ocean smell."

Miss Carver kindly let us borrow an Aroma Disc Player (which will retail for about twenty bucks) and half a dozen of her best discs. We took the gear back to our office and settled down for a test of the system. Conditions were far from ideal—instead of letting the smells seep into our unconscious we hunched over the machine drawing deep breaths, and instead of selecting a single scent and sticking with it we impatiently inserted one disc after another in the player, which uses pressure and heat to separate odor from disc. Still, the system proved more than satisfactory. We say "more than" for a reason. When Movie Time, for instance, was breathed directly, it produced less the sensation of being in a movie theatre than the feeling of standing knee deep in popcorn as melted butter was poured over our head. It was *powerful.* When we put on A Dozen Roses, it seemed that the entire Brooklyn Botanic Garden had blossomed on our desk, in the fertile soil between typewriter and pencil cup. At the decidedly chocolate aroma of After Dinner Mints, our face threatened to break out, so we yanked the disc and threw open the window. Some of the smells were more allusive—so allusive, in fact, that we didn't quite catch on. Ocean Breeze smelled as if it were blowing across the sea from a land drenched in cologne. As for Caribbean Holiday, we've never taken such a holiday, and now that we know what it smells like we may never need to. A side effect of our constant disc shifting was that the room began to smell different in different corners. Over near the hall, there was a belt of buttered popcorn. The visitor who braved that soon found himself in the pine forest of Winter Wonderland. Finally, by our desk, there were the roses. All in all, our experiments were a success, and it was with some reluctance that we carried the equipment back to the Fifty-seventh Street digs of Charles of the Ritz, deeply breathing Exhaust the entire way.

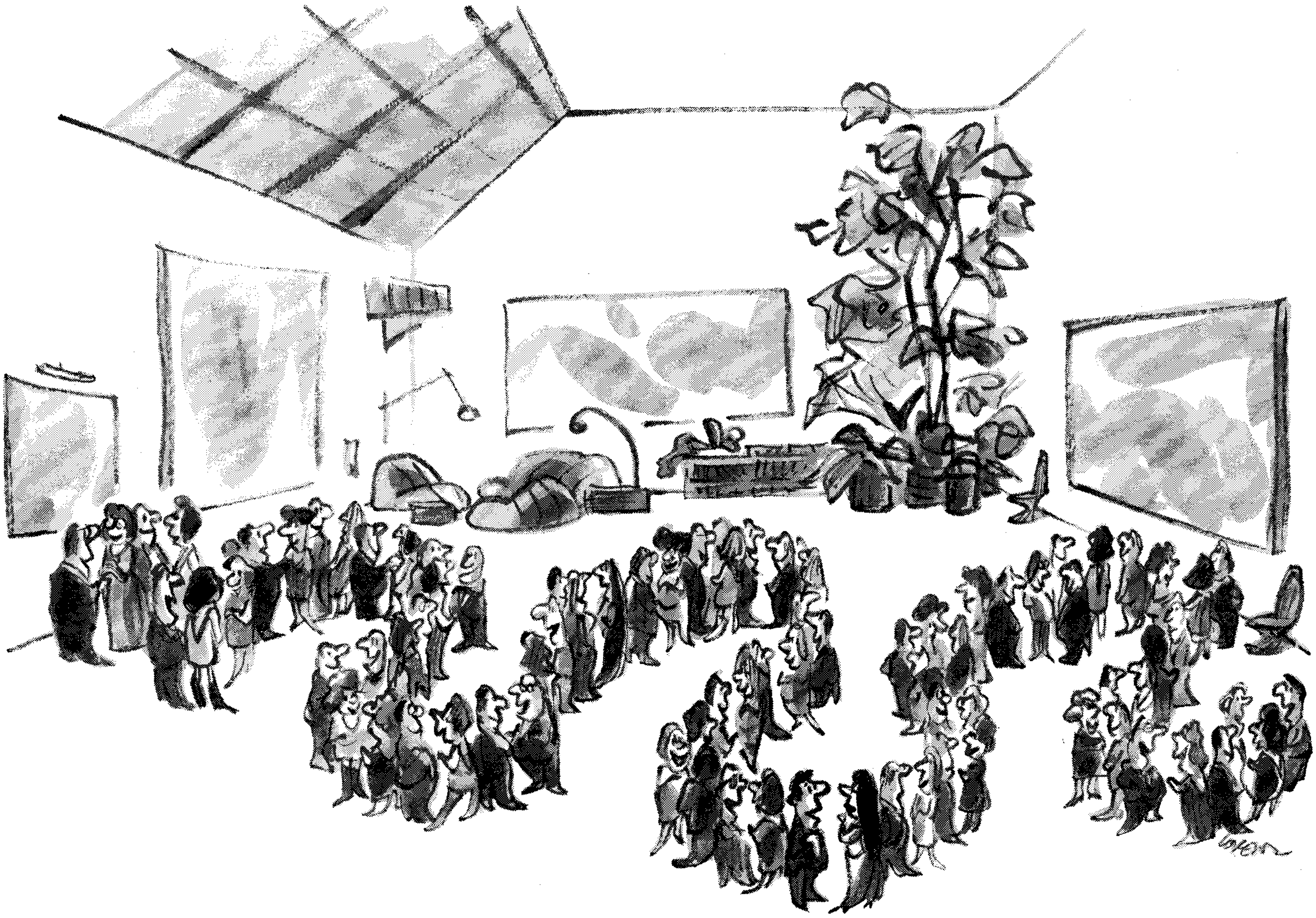


The Float Committee

THE piece of sidewalk on Fourteenth Street outside Woolworth's, between Fifth Avenue and University Place, belongs to the Float Committee. It'll probably be there any minute. In the meantime, here's its card:

THE HIGH VOLTAGE DANCE ENSEMBLE
THE ELECTRIC SHOCK DANCE ENSEMBLE
AN ORIGINAL GROUP WHO
CHOREOGRAPHED THEIR OWN ELECTRIC
DASHING STYLE
THIS CHOREOGRAPHY USHERS IN A NEW
DANCE VOGUE, FRESH AND EXCITING

The heart of the Float Committee is two brothers, John and William Rich, eighteen and seventeen, who live on East 106th Street and dance at parties



"I guess what it means is we're all members of the stand-in-line generation."

• •

and affairs and concerts, but mostly on the street. They usually hit this spot around three, work it an hour or two, and then head for the southwest corner of Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. If you ask them how they settled on the Float Committee name, they look at you as if you were the biggest kind of fool, and say, "It's just some words." If you say, "Tell me about dancing," they become articulate.

JOHN: At home, I always be chilling out, doing some moves, just ticking or regular popping—twitching your joints so it looks like they're popping out of the socket. William got interested, so I taught him some things, and he developed his own style.

WILLIAM: For a while, we did strictly break dancing. The break is a dance where you bend your knees and keep one hand on the floor and spin around or kick your legs out or do handstands or flips and whatnot.

JOHN: After breaking, we started jamming—just dancing, doing some routines during the summer in a park on our street. It be falling night, and we start jamming, and everybody'd be coming around, and they'd all want to battle us.

WILLIAM: To start a battle, you challenge somebody by doing a move in front of them—any move to catch their attention—and the crowd will see it, and back up and form a circle, and sometimes we have to get people to link their arms to hold back the crowd, it can be so packed.

JOHN: Then you do your move, and they do their best, and you do your best, and the crowd decides the winner by applause.

WILLIAM: If you battle around your block, you're better off. One time, I was battling this guy Kippy by his project, and I was doing extra good, and he wasn't doing a thing against me, but he had all his friends cheering him.

JOHN: The last time I battled was last summer. I was dancing along and some guy came up to me and said, "You think you're doing all right? Deal with my friend."

WILLIAM: We make routines to records. We have one routine to "Planet Rock," by the Soulsonic Force, one to "Beat Box," one to "Big Beat," and one to a rap record by Spoonie Gee.

JOHN: There's five of us for our shows, and we have uniforms. We used to wear brown-and-white striped shirt and pants and now we wear all white. We bring the other guys to the street sometimes, but they get tired and run out of moves. You have to learn how to dance without losing energy.

WILLIAM: The best crews in our neighborhood are Larry Love, the Twins—the Twins are double-jointed in their arms—Fable, and Loose Bruce.

JOHN: There's also a real good kid on a Hundred and Seventy-Sixth Street called Spud.

WILLIAM: We don't battle with any

of these people, because they are our friends.

The first time you see William and John, a lot of the things they do may appear random and haphazard, or even improvised. (There is some improvisation, but not much.) The names of some of the standard moves that their routines are based on are the 3-D, the roller coaster, the chain, the wave, the electroresuscitation, the worm, and the vibration, which looks like a person imitating a heat shimmer on a summer runway. John is double-jointed around his ankles, and when he performs the standard moves exploiting this ability he is able to give them a crowd-pleasing appearance. John's style is abstract; William's is more literal. William occasionally mimes certain routines; for example, the basketball, the football, the jump rope, the rain, and the bike. In addition, he performs the glide. The glide wins a lot of battles. It is a very strange maneuver, and people really appreciate it, because they have never seen a person pull off a thing like that before. What happens is, William is dancing *here* and suddenly he's *there*, and it seems he did it by shooting out a leg, like a vine, and floating just slightly above the sidewalk to catch up to it. While the glide makes some people jealous, it opens wallets really well.

So here they are on Fourteenth Street, outside Woolworth's, midafternoon. William is the one with the purple pants and the black shirt. John has the black pants and the blue plaid jacket. Those are Kangol hats. John and William don't know if Kangol refers to the brand or the style, but they say everybody wears them. John turns up the volume on the box just enough so that you can hear it at the curb. A crowd forms. John dances out from the wall. That's the vibration. William joins him, and they clasp hands and face each other. That's the *roller coaster*—*the wave that begins at* one pair of hands and travels up William's arm to his shoulder, across his back to the other shoulder, down the arm to the other hand, and across John's body in the same fashion. John dances back to the wall, and William continues alone, on his face a look of haughty aplomb. John says softly, "Do your glide, William," and the crowd, which has been only curious, is startled awake.

"Well, I am *too through*," says a woman.

"He look like he made of *rubber* and whatnot," says another.

"He look like a *Gumby*," says a third.

Many people part with coins and a few with dollar bills, and William, catching his reflection in the store window, permits himself a sly, bashful smile.

Bridge

LATE the night before the big celebration, we took a walk across the Brooklyn Bridge. Several dozen policemen, assorted technicians guarding costly sound-and-light equipment, and a lot of official types looking harried shared the pedestrian walkway with three or four bicyclists and several strolling couples. One young man, who must exist in some personal state of grace where no journalism can enter, stopped us to ask what all the fuss was about.

"Why, it's the hundredth anniversary of the bridge," we told him.

"Yeah?" he said. "No kidding! Wow. Jeez. Wow. That's really something."

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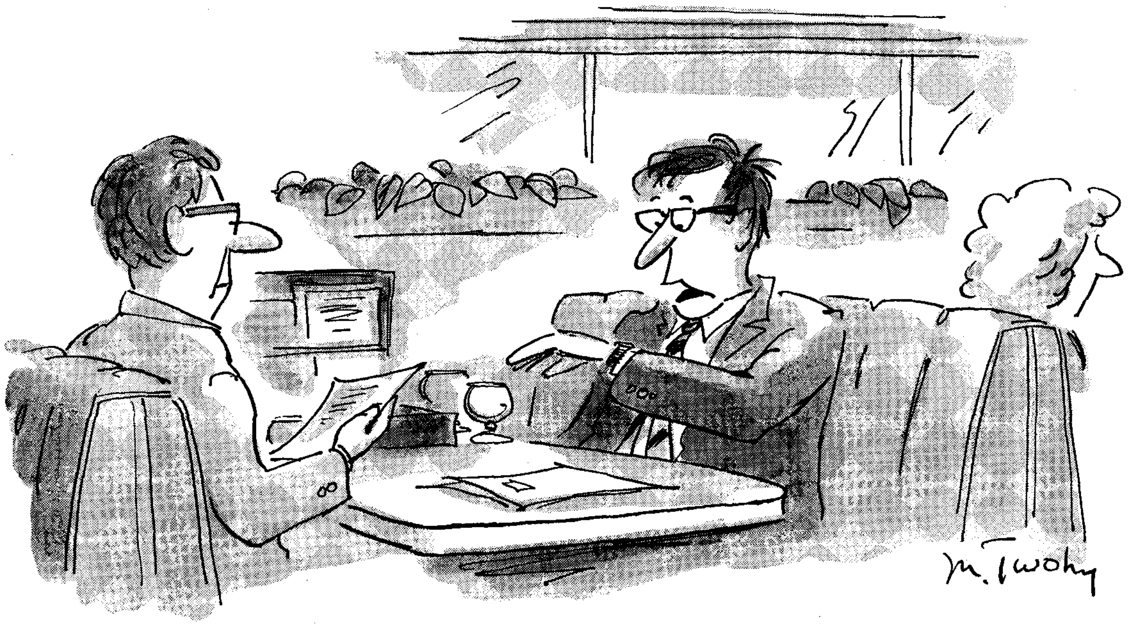
A FRIEND who watched the evening's fireworks from near the bridge reports:

At just before eight-thirty on centennial night, I was standing with a couple of hundred other people on the slightly peaked dark-red metal roof of a barge moored in the East River a bit southwest of the bridge. There was nothing between our bunch and the gray-brown bridge except a few hundred yards of blue-gray river and the very last boat in the centennial flotilla—a tiny red kayak. The barge, which once hauled coffee beans, has been fixed up as a construction-and-leasing office for the Rouse Company, the group that is building the new marketplace for the South Street Seaport. The barge lurches and lists whenever powerboats go by, but as a temporary construction office it beats any trailer currently blocking New York sidewalk or street space. For the occasion, there was a band with red bow ties and white tailcoats, a bar, plates of shrimp, tubs of enormous oysters, and several back-yard barbecue grills turning out hot dogs and hamburgers.

Behind our group, on South Street and up on the F.D.R. Drive, were tens of thousands of New Yorkers sounding expectant, on a muted spring evening, with a seven-eighths moon in the sky. (Quieter than a World Series crowd; noisier than a peace-march crowd.) It was a good opportunity to find out why the bridge has been liked so much. Seen from below and nearby, the long, high arch of its span and the massive, hand-built Gothic granite towers convey ideas that the late nineteenth century was particularly good at putting across—flattery

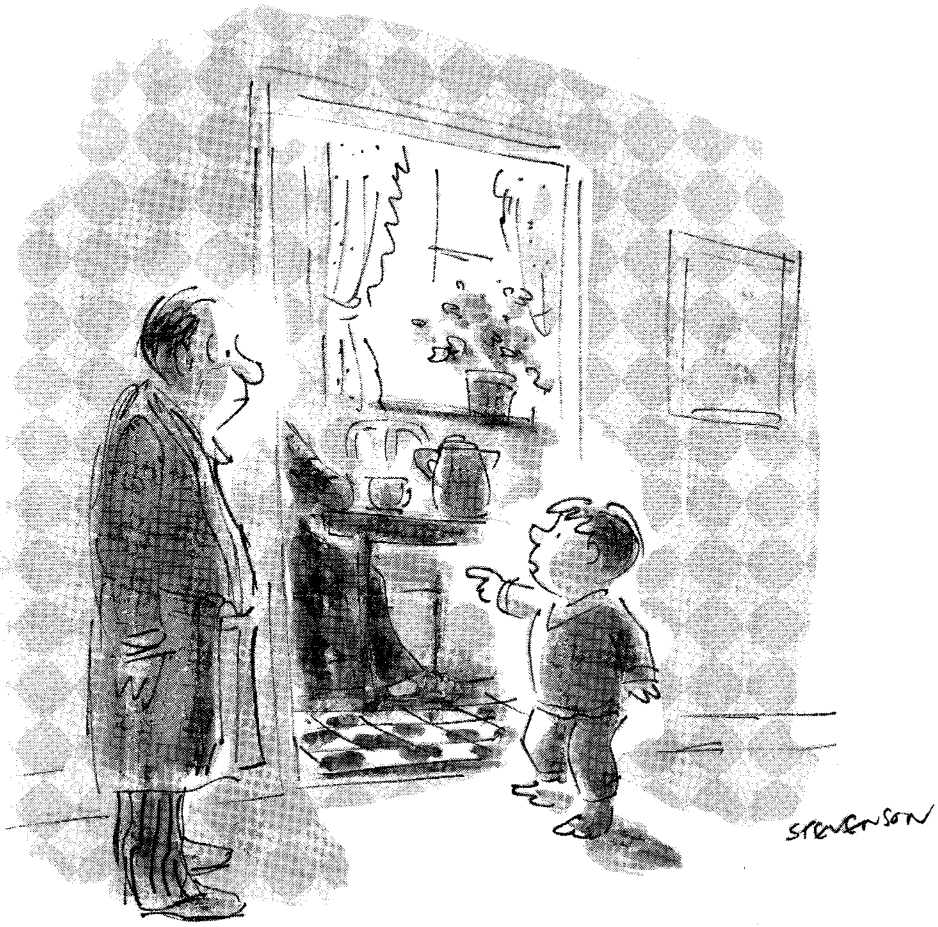


"I'd better be getting back to the office. Time really flies when you're bombed."

and getting the job done. The bridge announced to the rival twin cities of New York and Brooklyn, "You now have something more daring than any other cities in the world." At the same time, it clapped them on the shoulders and said, "Well, that solves your river-transportation problem. You won't have to rethink it for another ten generations, at least."

I was worried whether the fireworks were going to be good enough. There had been so many newspaper stories and so many local half-hour TV specials about the centennial that I thought maybe somebody was looking for a municipal Turning Point. Planners and public officials have just begun to recognize the connection between public events and motivation, or morale, or people's perceptions of the places they collectively create. You remember how things started going sour for New York: the Dodgers and Giants left, and then Johnny Carson left. And then things were getting better again: the *News* told off Jerry Ford, and then the tall ships and the Democrats and Billy Martin hit town. But it's tricky. These events don't have the right impact unless you actively feel befriended.

Of course, as it turned out, the Grucci fireworks family put on the kind of show that made the best special effects in a science-fiction movie look like a defective bank cash machine. The only people who felt left out must have been Frances Ann Dougherty and Omar Khayyám Lerman, the partners who put together the bridge's sound-and-light show. (Lerman has a brother named Leonardo da Vinci Lerman.) The light show, which will be on every night through October 10th, has some fine effects, like snowflakes falling through the bridge cables, but that night it had to play coming attraction for the Gruccis: the bangs and bursts they gave us, the whistles, waterfalls, aurora borealis, meteor showers, and gold comets diving like dolphins, to say nothing of the ascending angels, falling caterpillars, giant dandelions. For half an hour, I stood with my head back, my mouth open, my heart racing, and my breath coming short. Now, *that's* entertainment.



"Joan Rivers is sitting in for Mommy at breakfast."

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MEANWHILE, we were watching the fireworks from the top deck of the Andrew Barberi, a huge new ferry that normally plies the Staten Island route but on this night had been rented by the Brooklyn Heights Association, which wanted to raise money for the restoration and beautification of the Brooklyn Heights Promenade. Most of the passengers—there were twenty-four hundred—seemed immensely proud of the bridge, which Brooklynites tend to consider really their own. As someone pointed out, with a smirk, there is a *Manhattan* Bridge, too—that less than fetching blue span just upstream, which it is hard to imagine anyone shooting off fireworks about. Anyway, a number of people were waving Brooklyn Bridge banners, and several sported funny Brooklyn Bridge hats. The ship's captains, one at each end, slipped the Barberi out into the crowded harbor and headed for a point off the tip of Manhattan. Those on board, eager for the show, hung over the starboard rail in numbers great enough to cause a pronounced list. The perfect dusk turned slowly into night, and suddenly, with a whoosh and a bang, the show began.

A wise friend once scolded us for rating and analyzing sunsets; the logic, we're sure, holds for fireworks as well, concerning which "Oooh!" and "Ahhh!" are about the profoundest observations possible. All we'll say is that these fireworks were unlike any we had ever seen before—a booming, quivering, cascading fantasy that lit up not only the sky but also the water around our boat, freezing its chop in blood-red and pure-white light for seconds at a time. The smoke from the shells and mortars slowly obliterated all sight of Manhattan save an eerie glimpse of the top few stories of the World Trade Center. Eventually, the smoke even blotted out the center of the fireworks themselves, but instead of detracting from the spectacle this phenomenon turned it transcendent: by the finale, it was as if the plumes and shimmering stars were bursting from the center of a belching cloud, their glory the entirely natural, elemental by-product of some mighty and fierce volcano. As the show drew to a close, only that fiery cloud, the luminous sheen of the boat-crowded water, and the sturdy Brooklyn tower of the bridge were still visible—a view perhaps not so very different from the vista of a century before.

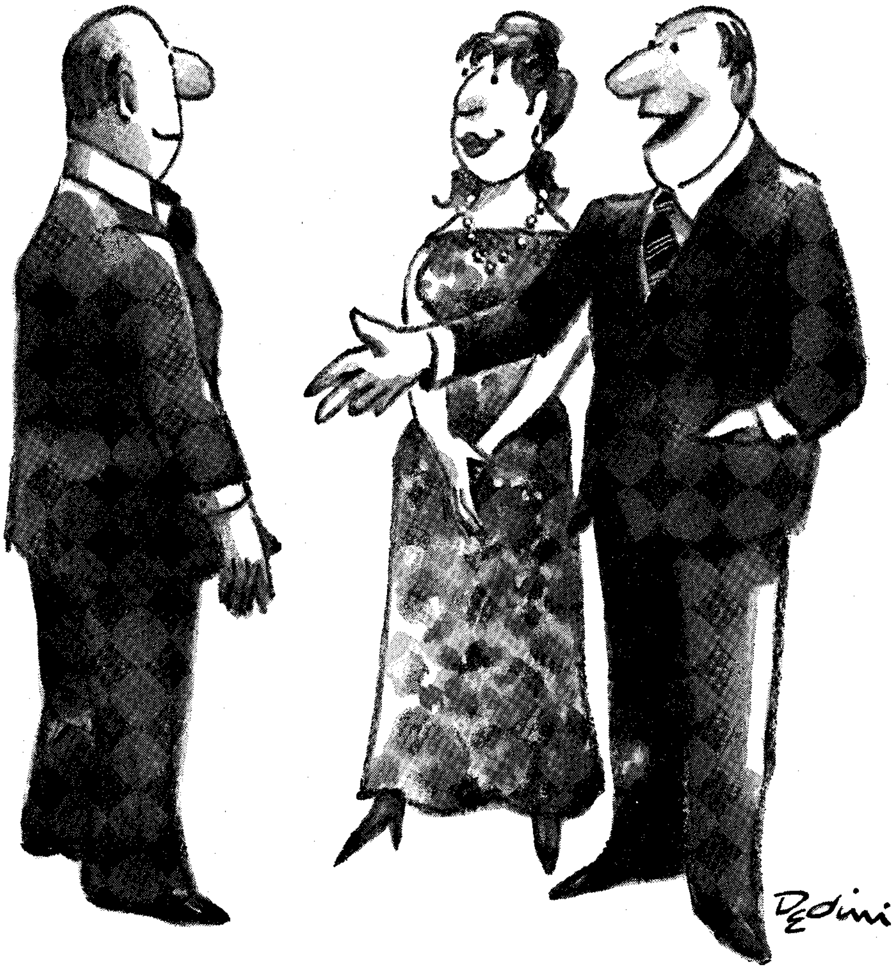
A TRIP TO VIGIA

THE shy poet, so soiled, so poor, so polite, insisted on taking us in his own car. A friend would go along as *mechanista*. The car was on its last legs; it had broken down twice just getting us around Belém the day before. But what could we do? I couldn't very well flaunt my dollars in his face and hire a better one.

He arrived at our hotel at nine (he had said eight) with José Augusto, one of his little boys, aged eleven, fair, and also very shy. Ruy, the poet, was dark, quiet, and softly heavy, his waxy face spattered with fine black moles like shot. His other children, four or five of them, were at home with "fever." They were sick all the time we were in Belém. This José Augusto scarcely spoke, but in the course of the long day his expression became by degrees more animated, more childlike. By midafternoon he grew restless, even active; he slept all the way back from the expedition in his father's arms.

Ruy was nervous. He kept telling us we probably wouldn't like the famous church at Vigia; it would be too "baroque" for us. Each time he said this, our imaginations added more belfries and a slightly wilder wave of carved stone. M. and I got into the back seat, which slanted downward, so that our bottoms felt as if they were gently grazing the road. The *mechanista*, José Augusto, and Ruy were in front. Most of the time they kept their heads bent as if in prayer. Perhaps they were praying to the tired heart of the car to keep on beating just a little longer, until the expedition was safely over.

We had met Ruy just two days before. That morning I asked M. to let me know when the mystic moment arrived and she'd shift gears from addressing him as "Doctor Ruy" to "you." This use of the "*você*," or second person, is always a delicate problem, and I wanted to see how M., who has the nicest Brazilian manners, would solve it. Since Ruy was a poet and therefore could be considered sensitive, and since we found him very sympathetic, I felt it would be happening very soon.



"Hi. I'm Lou Jenkins, and this is my wife, Mary Lou Jenkins."

Outside Belém we crossed a dead-looking railroad yard with old red freight cars scattered about in it, the end of the line. We passed under a fretwork arch, decorated with a long and faded banner and with cut bamboo turned sere brown. It had been set up to celebrate the opening of the new highway to Brasília. Just beyond it, the paved road stopped for good. However, the very thought of this new road to the capital had cheered up all of Belém considerably. Even the resigned Ruy spoke about the future optimistically.

Vigia was about a hundred kilometres away. We went off toward it on another, narrower road to the left, which went up and down, up and down in low wavy hills, mostly through bushes. Because of the two daily rains (it was the rainy season), there was little dust. Slowly, slowly we rose and fell over the gravel. The silent *mechanista* was like a mother teaching the car to walk. But after a while it stopped. He got out and lifted the hood. M. talked gaily of this and that.

After fifteen minutes or so, the car started again: up a slight grade; down, faster; up. The day was getting hot. The car was getting hot. But still it seemed as if we had just left Belém. We passed fields of pepper, big leafy pillars. It is grown on poles, like string-beans, and is called *pimenta da rainha*, queen's pepper, because it originally belonged to the crown. They say that the whole history of Portugal since the fourteenth century is the history of pepper. It had recently become a big crop in the north. Ruy complained about it, saying it was already over-planted, the way any successful crop always is in Brazil, and the price was dropping. On the left, where an unseen stream ran, were occasional plantations of jute, a bright and tender green.

More pepper. A mud-and-wattle house or two. An oxcart: mild, lovely zebus with high humps and long, hanging ears; blue-gray, a well-matched team. Skinny horses scrambled off into the bushes, or stood pat while we edged around them. A dismal mud-and-wattle church, half painted bright blue: "IGREJA BATISTA." Then a little bridge with half the planks missing. The *mechanista* got out and squatted to study it from the far side before taking us over.

Fine and blue, the morning rain arrived. The gravel darkened and spurted away slowly on either side. We plowed dreamily along. Ruy was talking about T. S. Eliot. He read English, some, but spoke not a word. I tried a story about Ezra Pound. It was very well received but, I felt, not understood. I undertook some more literary anecdotes. Smiling politely, Ruy waited for every joke until the faithful M. had helped me put it into Portuguese. Often the jokes proved to be untranslatable. The car stopped.

This time the *mechanista* took much longer. M. talked ever more gaily. Suddenly the rain came down hard, great white lashings. The bushes crouched and the gravel danced. M. nudged me, whispered, "*Now*," and in her next sentence to Ruy used a noticeable "*você;*" the mystic moment was past. The *mechanista* got back in, his clothes several shades darker with wet, and said we would stop at the next village for repairs.

THE rains stopped and the sun came out. Certain varieties of glazed tropical leaves reflected the light like nickel, or white enamel, but as the car passed they returned to their actual gray-green. It was confusing, and trying to the eyes. Palm trees, more pepper and jute, more bushes. Here and there a great jungle tree had been left standing, and black specks were busy high around the tops; each tree held a whole community of birds. At least two hundred feet high, a Brazil-nut tree blossomed; one could tell only by the smell, like that of a thousand lilacs.

Three teams of zebus, loaded with jute. A small shower, like an afterthought, right through the sunshine. We were driving north northeast, skirting the great bay of Marajó, but we might as well have been in the middle of Africa or the Yucatán. (It *looked* a bit like the Yucatán.) More wretched little houses, with pigs, and naked children shining from the rain. The "village" was a crossroads, with a combined drinkshop and grocery store, a *botequím*, beside a spreading, flamboyant tree. It took a moment to realize the car had really stopped; we stopped talking and got out.

The store had been raided, sacked. Oh, that was its normal state. It was quite large, no color inside, or cloud-color perhaps, with holes in the floor, holes in the walls, holes in the roof. A barrel of kerosene stood in a dark stain. There were a coil of blue cotton rope, a few mattock heads, and a bundle of yellow-white handles, fresh cut from hard *ipê* wood. Lined up on the shelves were many, many bottles of *cachaça*, all alike: Esperança—Hope, Hope, Hope. There was a counter where you could drink, if you wanted. A bunch of red-striped lamp wicks hung beside a bunch of rusty frying pans. A glass case offered brown toffees leaking through their papers, and old, old, old sweet buns. Some very large ants were making hay there while the sun shone. Our eyes negotiated the advertisements for Orange Crush and Guarana on the cloud-colored walls, and we had seen everything. That was all.

The shopkeeper had gone off with our *mechanista*, so Ruy helped us to warm Orange Crush and, over our protests, put the money for it on the counter. "No cheese?" he inquired, poking about in back, as if he were in the habit of eating quantities of cheese with an Orange Crush every morning. He asked if we'd like a toffee, and urged us to take another *crooshy*. Then he said, "Let's go see the manioc factory."

This was right behind the *botequím*. It was an open-air affair of three thatched roofs on posts, one a round toadstool. A dozen women and girls sat on the ground, ripping the black skins off the long roots with knives. We were the funniest things they had seen in years. They tried not to laugh in our faces, but we "slayed" them. M. talked to them, but this did not increase their self-control. Zebus stood looking on, chewing their cuds. A motor, with belts slanting up under the thatch, chugged away, grinding up the raw manioc. The place smelled of zebu, gasoline, and people. Everyone talked, but it was murky and peaceful.

The greatest attraction was the revolving metal floor, a big disc, for drying out the flour. It was heated underneath by a charcoal fire, and the area was partly railed off, like a small rink, so one could lean over and watch. The coarse white flour went slowly round and round, pushed back and forth in drifts by two men with long wooden hoes. The flour got whiter and whiter, but they were careful not to let it brown. In the north, people usually eat it white; in the south, they prefer it roasted to a pale tan.

We almost forgot we were on our way to Vigia. Then the *mechanista* collected us; in we got, out again, in again, and finally off. The motor now sounded languid and half sick but uncomplaining, like the poet himself.

ANOTHER ten kilometres and we came to a small house on the left, set among fruit and banana trees growing directly from the bare, swept earth. A wash was strung on the barbed-wire fence. Several skinny dogs appeared, and a very fat young woman came out, carrying a baby, with two little boys tagging along behind. We all shook hands, even the baby boys. Her husband, a friend of Ruy's, was away, but she invited us in—"for lunch," said the poor woman. We quickly explained we had brought our lunch with us. Ruy did the honors. "Ah! The water here is a *delícia*, isn't it, Dona Sebastiana? It's the best water, the only water, from here to Vigia. People come for miles to get water here. Wait till you try it."

Pegged to the side of the house was a fresh snake skin, a monster over ten feet long the husband had shot two days before. Dona Sebastiana brought out three glass jars, and a large tin can full of fat she'd rendered from the snake. She said it was the best remedy in the world for a great variety of ailments, including tuberculosis and sore legs. Then she hurried in to make the coffee.

There were several small rooms in her house, and they were almost bare. There was no glass in the windows, and only the front room had a floor. It also had the *oratório*, a yellowed print of Our Lady of Nazareth, with red paper roses in front of it, and that other light of the world, the sewing machine, a hand-run *Sin-ger*.

In the kitchen Dona Sebastiana was fanning hard, with a plaited palm leaf held in both hands, a charcoal fire in a clay trough. We admired a hanging lamp of tin, homemade, cleverly constructed to stay upright. It was the only thing to admire. "Oh," she said, "my girl friend left that to me when she died. We went to school together." There was almost nothing in her kitchen except a black pot or two. The only signs of food were some overripe cucumbers on the windowsill. How had she managed to be so fat? The upside-down *cafezinho* cups were modestly hidden under a fringed napkin with a little boy pushing a wheelbarrow embroidered in red outline. Dona Sebastiana had no white sugar, and she apologized for the cake of brown she scraped for us herself. We drank it down, the hot, bad, sad coffee, and went out back to see her river.

It really was a beautiful river. It was four yards across, dark, clear, running rapidly, with white cascades and deep pools edged with backed-up foam, and its banks were a dream of the tropics. It splashed, it sang, it glittered over white pebbles. Little did it reck that it had almost reached the vast muddy bay, the mouth of the Amazon. It made up for a lot, and Dona Sebastiana was proud of it. José Augusto and the little boys went wading. The thin dogs stood in the water and gulped at it, then looked back at us over their shoulders from *their* river.

THREE WHITE VASES

A Sunday in June.
The water's clear
cornflower blue,
the sky its mirror.

Distinctly clear
the opposite coast,
its chalky sands
and miniature pavilions.

A flock of yachts,
midwater, distant,
spins. Near shore,
under my eye,

the waves are dark
blue, mussel-dyed,
where kids on a raft
teeter, splash, and

dive. Slippery bodies
climb up into sun
on the hot white planks.
Agile little hips

all wear different-
colored stripes.
As do the dinky
Sunfish setting out

tippily until,
taken in charge
by tiller and rein,
the spunky scraps

of sails snap tight
and slant on the wind.
A speedboat scampers
arcs of white spray,

a white pontoon plane
putt-putts, puts down
into choppy furrows
of the bay.

Uniquely bright,
the light today
reveals the scene
as through a pane

that's squeegee-clean.
White as the white
catamarans bobbing,
gulls on blacktipped

wings skid over.
My eye follows
to where they land.
On a lonely, reedy patch

of sand I see three
white vases stand,
each differently shaped:
one upright neck,

one hunched, the third
with neck downcurved.
Each fixed eye, intent,
watches what flinches

just under waveskin:
big school of tiny
glinting baitfish
spread on the bay.

The parents, that pair
of snowies, had a nest
in the eelgrass
all spring. The third

bird, the whitest,
is their child,
looks like a bud vase,
that long neck.

I see him
unhinge his slim
bill, wilt his neck.
I see the white

snaky throat
of the young egret
capably squirm
a bladethin fish down.

—May Swenson

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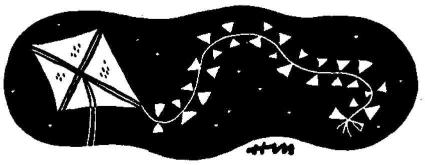
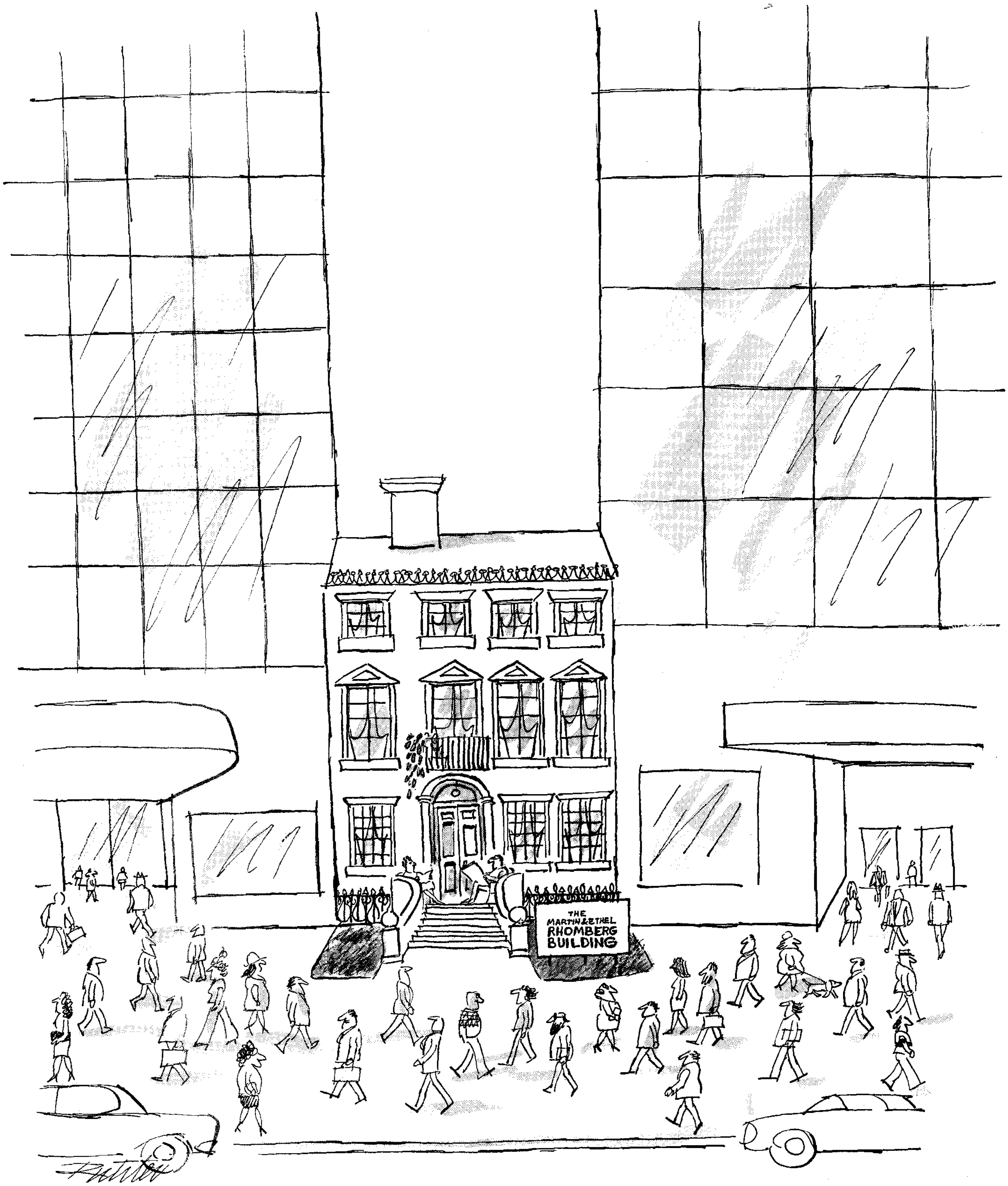
It was one o'clock by now and we were starving. The hotel had given us a lunch—a good-sized roast hen, fresh rolls, butter, oranges, a hunk of desirable white cheese. But no one would eat a bite. They *never* ate lunch—what an idea! I made a chicken sandwich and offered it to José Augusto. He looked shocked and frightened, and moved closer to his father's knee. Finally M. and I miserably gobbled up some lunch by ourselves. The *mechanista* soaked his feet and rolled and smoked corn-husk cigarettes. Ruy let José Augusto accept one orange;




THE MARTIN & ETHEL RHOMBERG BUILDING

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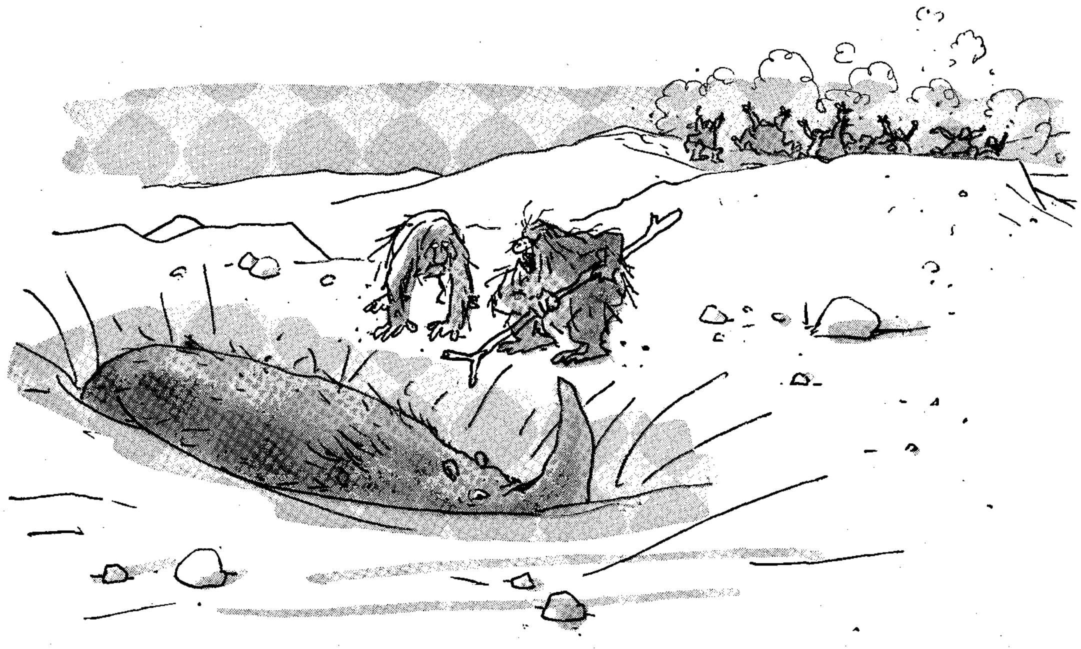
Dona Sebastiana let her little boys accept two oranges. Then we shook hands all around, and, back in our car, we crawled away.

AFTER a while, we got there. But first, from far off, we could see the pinnacled tops of two square towers, dazzling white against the dark rain clouds. The church looked like a sacred bull, a great white zebu. The road was level now, the landscape low and flat; we were near the coast. The church towers could be seen a long way off, rising very high above the tops of the tall green-black mango trees around them.

The plaza was dark red, laid out with cement benches and iron lamp-posts stuck with round globes, like artificial pearls. Smack in the middle was a blue-and-white bandstand. It was hideous, but because it was so small it didn't spoil the effect at all—rather as if these absurd offerings had been laid out on the ground in front of the great, indifferent sacred white



"It's no fun being chairman of the Prom Committee when everyone else is dancing."

zebu. The dark-green mango trees were dwarfed by the church. On either side the little old houses were tile-covered, with gothic blue-and-white, or yellow-and-white, tile-covered *azulejos*.

Ruy watched us. But we liked the church very much and said so. He looked greatly relieved. The church danced in the light. I climbed on a stone wall, the remains of an abandoned house, to get a photograph of the whole thing, if possible, but there was nothing high enough to take it all in. It started to rain. I got a picture, jumped down—a dozen people had gathered to watch me, all looking scandalized—tripped, and tore my petticoat, which fell down below my skirt. The rain poured.

The others were all inside the church. It was mostly blue and white—bare, cold, huge, echoing. Little children followed us and ran shouting up and down; Ruy's little boy joined in. We went out on the second-story galleries, beneath the row of huge whitewashed pillars. You could see a pattern of tile roofs and mango trees through the rain tapestry, red-brown, down to the river, where the masts of ships and boats showed. A battered blue truck ground along below, and the driver came in, too—another friend of Ruy's.

The sacristan, an old fisherman, appeared. There was little enough to be seen in the sacristy. He went to a cupboard, with the little children pressing close around him and me, crying, "Show her Father! Show her Father!," and he handed me a bone. A skull. The children reached up for it. He patted the skull and said yes, that was Father So-and-So, a saint if ever there was one, a really holy man. Never went anywhere, thought of nothing but prayer, meditated and prayed seven hours a day. I thought he was speaking of some forgotten saint of the seventeenth century who had never been properly recognized. No, Father had died two years before. (I kept trying to hand the skull back.) He was too busy telling me about the final illness, his "*agonia*," his death. It was the most wonderful thing in Vigia. The sacristan put the skull back in the corner of the bare cupboard. It was so dark in the sacristy we could scarcely see.

We went out. Huge thunderclouds rolled back and forth, the river was higher, the tide had turned. All the lights went on in the forsaken plaza, although it was not dark. The pearly, silent, huge church of Vigia had made us all feel somehow guilty at abandoning it once again. The town's little white houses were turning mauve. In the high, high skies shafts of long golden beams fell through the thunderclouds. Nature was providing all the baroque grandeur the place lacked. We started back to Belém, and it soon began to get really dark.

THE car didn't stop all the way home, except once on purpose, for gasoline. The trip seemed to take forever, and we all fell silent. The little boy fell sound asleep. There wasn't even a light for miles, and never a car; we met two trucks and overtook two. Our eyes fastened on the slightest light or movement—an oil lamp, like an ancient Greek lamp, on a bicycle; a few people on foot carrying umbrellas.

Then lights. We were coming to Belém. Lights on the mud walls and their political posters and endless slogans, with all the "N"s and "S"s written backward. Tall, narrow doorways, the murky light of an oil lamp, warm, yellow and black. A man carrying a lantern—oh, he's leading a cow and a calf. Goats. Look out, a zebu! We almost hit him, a high, bony gray wall across the road. He lowered his horns sharply and snorted softly.

Suddenly we are in Belém. Huge black mango trees. Cars bumping over the cobblestones, bumpety-bump. How very, very bright this dim city can look! We ache in the dark. The church at Vigia, huge, white, alone on our consciences, has become a ghost story.

The hotel at last. It is almost nine o'clock. We invite Ruy in for a drink, at least. He comes, but will take only another *cafezinho*. The dingy café looks brilliant. The young literary men are there, with their rolled umbrellas, moving hands, and black neckties, their hair slicked back. They all greet Ruy. Half asleep, we swallow the coffee and, behind our backs, Ruy pays for it. —ELIZABETH BISHOP

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Sen. Lowell P. Weicker will get a birthday present one day early when he receives an honorary doctor of laws degree at the University of Hartford May 15. The outspoken, Paris-born Republican, who will be 52 on May 16, has been praised by UofH President Stephen Joel Trachtenberg for his record of public service and for his "reputation for fighting what he believes in."—*Hartford Courant.*

Anyway, happy birthday, Senator.

SNIPS AND SNAILS

MUCH to my wife's amusement, a week after Matthew was born I bought nearly a shelf of children's books: a set illustrated by N. C. Wyeth that included "The Boy's King Arthur," "The Last of the Mohicans," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Treasure Island." It was rumored that the Scribners editions were going out of print, and it seemed to me that a normal boyhood depended on them. I wanted my son to have them as a kind of trust, something permanent and continuous that he could grow into. Over the next few weeks, other books emerged dimly, then vibrantly, from childhood. To my nostalgic collection I added "Charlotte's Web," "The Wind in the Willows," "A Wrinkle in Time," the Mushroom Planet books, "Justin Morgan Had a Horse," and "King of the Wind." Without a hint from me, my mother sent books too—mostly Dr. Seuss.

To Matthew, of course, all these favorites would be indecipherable for several years. During his second year, we were occupied, instead, with picture books full of trucks, farm animals, dinosaurs, pop-up fairy tales, and, later, the alphabet. Matthew would point, I would say the word ("tractor," "diplodocus," "zee"), and he would smile, content that each picture matched a sound.

When Matthew was four, his mother and I divorced, and I saw much less of him—generally not more than once a month. I had given up my job doing graphics for a San Francisco textbook publisher, where Lilith and I met, and I moved to the country as a caretaker and woodworker. When Lilith came to live with me, I saw more of her children than of Matthew, even though hers were college age. During this time Matthew's mother introduced me to a series of new men in her life: a fellow-lawyer in her office, an Aikido instructor, a Sufi dancer, and a particle physicist. They all seemed kind men, and Matthew became attached to them one after another. I am, however, considered a continuing male influence. In my workroom, along with chisels, drills, and a few power tools, there is still a shelf of Matthew's books—ones I am saving.

Now when Matthew visits me, we pay more attention to reptiles, insects, and amphibians than to books. At home, he keeps two garter snakes in his room and a leaf-toed gecko in the living room. Recently, the gecko escaped from its terrarium, and Matthew's grandmother (on his mother's side) now refuses to set foot in the house. In my opinion, this increases the gecko's value, even if none of that matters anymore. Matthew says Nanna is fussy. I used to say worse. In any case, part of my monthly child support goes for crickets and goldfish.

"Mom didn't want the snakes eating baby mice," Matthew explained to Lilith and me at dinner last night, "so I trained them to eat goldfish." At six, Matthew seems to have adapted well and is maintaining some control over the situation.

Earlier this morning, I tried to interest him in another chapter of "The Little Prince," but he offered me two alternatives: a Spider-Man comic or a walk to the pond. The two thousand acres I have been caretaking for the last few years is a good place for six-year-olds. I have suggested to Matthew that he might bring his friend B.J. sometime, but he says he likes coming alone. Today, we decide to hike. Lilith says she has work to do, and we leave her to type in her study.

At the water trough by the barn, Matthew finds four tree frogs wedged between the shaggy gray planks that keep the horses from breaking the faucets.

"Last time there were five frogs," he says.

I try to remember when that was. "Life is change," I say. I give him a sombre look, teasing him with the earnest and the solemn.

"Dad!" he says with disgust.

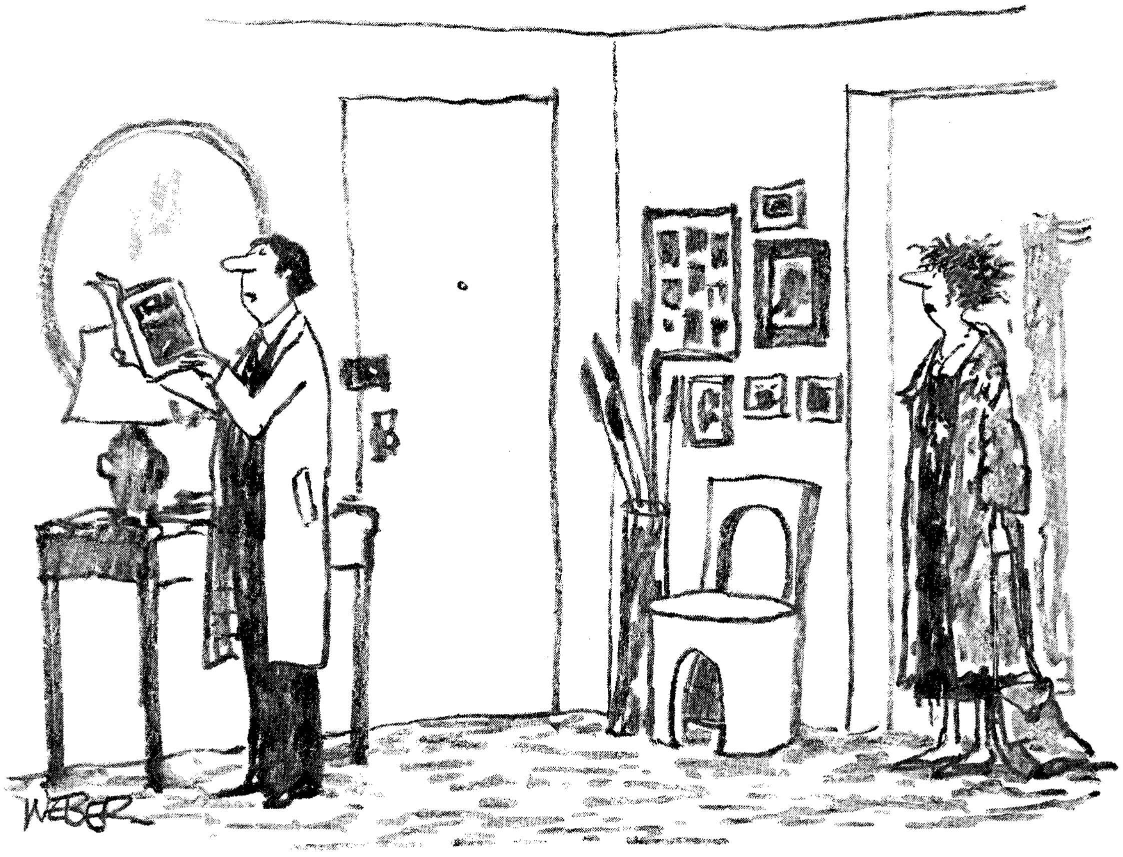
"Tadpoles turn into frogs. And frogs bury themselves in the mud or turn into butterflies."

Matthew scoffs. "A tree frog wouldn't bury itself in the mud."

"We'll look it up."

"You always say that."

From the barn, we trudge up the dirt road, past the storage barn, disor-



"Of course you can go to the Gerbers' the way you look. You look fine."

derly hedges of wild blackberries, and the standing cows, always slightly distrustful. We walk single file up one of the cow paths to the pond, where Matthew wades in the shallow water. He catches California newts. In the shadows of bulrushes, among the shoots and stalks of cattails, they travel gracefully, flexing in and out of murky sunlight with slow undulations of their broad tails. In his hand, the salamanders appear clumsier, scrabbling over one another's russet bodies, their toes stretched for purchase, their yellow eyes wide and unblinking.

Matthew pulls out two newts, one on top of the other, locked in an embrace. He grins.

"They breed here," I say.

"I know all that stuff."

"Then they leave the pond . . ."

". . . for their terrestrial stage," Matthew finishes.

"Right," I say, although I am not sure I have the chronology in order.

"Can I take one home?"

The request surprises me. Our walks in the past have never resulted in any addition to his permanent collection from the pet shop. They were more like nature hikes, and we were content to observe at a distance. The tadpoles, beetles, lizards, and newts were held only briefly.

"I think they'd be happier in the pond," I say, "choosing mates and all."

"Me take two," Matthew says, reverting to a syntax he and B.J. have developed especially for insistence.

"Can you tell the difference between male and female? Are there special markings or something?"

"Me take these two," he says. "Already hugging."

We take the newts home with us. Matthew holds them carefully as we follow the rut back down the hill. Turkey vultures cast liquid shadows as they pass low over banks of oak and fir and redwood. The sky is cloudless, the blue evenly distributed. Blackbirds, both red-winged and plain, fresh from their first molt, warble and conduct maneuvers over the pastures. If they weren't so common, they would be magnificent birds. It is a rare day, windless. It feels as if nothing could ever disturb the inherent lustre, as if life were, in fact, one bright pearl, graspable all at once, imminently comprehensible. I do not have this feeling very often. I remember once as a child, visiting the Florida Keys, I walked down to the dock behind my grandparents' home and watched needlefish drift in the green water of the channel. I had it then. More often, the feeling is alloyed with some terror.

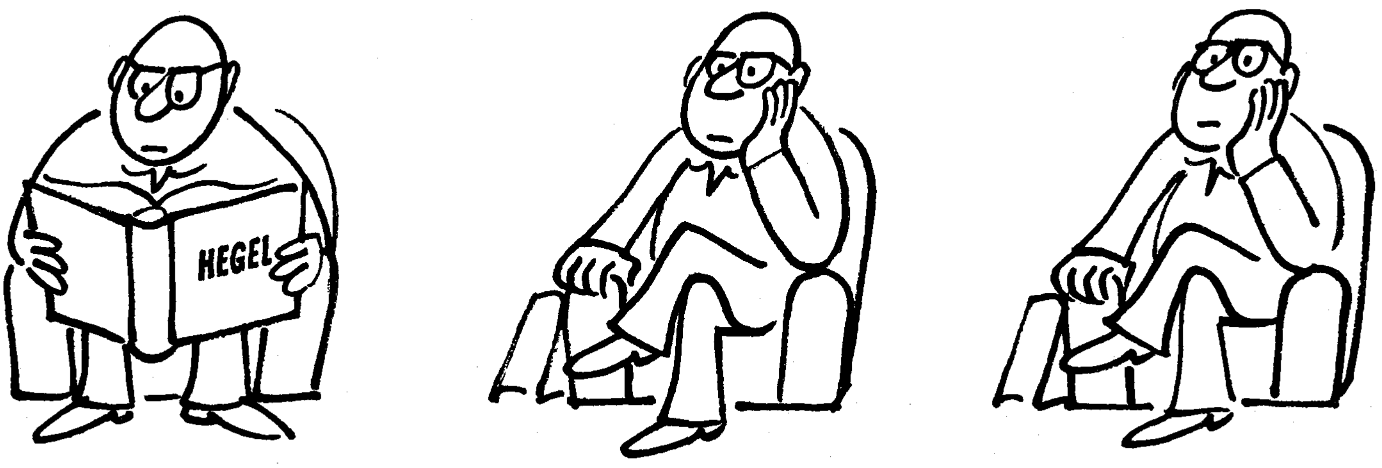
When I was a few years older than Matthew, I pursued a small hole, barely an inch in diameter, in the bank behind our family's house. With a trowel, I excavated for hours, following the hole back into the bank with sweaty, mud-splattered determination through pale roots and the thick, loamy smell. The hidden treasure then was a vaguely startled salamander, marbled black and purple. Held in my hand, the salamander, a good eight inches long, emitted a low-pitched rattle. It was an unpleasant, threatening, venomous sound, and I dropped the creature. Afraid of what I had unearthed, I returned to the house and took a bath, soaking off the dirt as I looked through the family's "Field Guide to Western Reptiles and Amphibians." I had found a perfectly harmless Pacific Giant salamander, though it seemed mine was larger than the six inches it was said to reach. When I returned, the salamander had disappeared. My mother asked what I had been doing, and I said, "Nothing."

NOW I open the glass door, and Matthew rushes into the house ahead of me. "Lilith!" he yells, and he disappears down the hallway, although I have asked him not to bother her when she's working. "Look what I found."

I hear her typewriter stop, and her exclamations. She says the newts are exquisite. She is a far more enthusiastic parent than I am. There is no irony or condescension in her voice. With one child married in Mexico and one just about to leave for a Junior Year Abroad in France, she can't quell the vigorous, involved response. I'm not sure whether this is temperament or habit, but I think the enthusiasm is only part of the energy. It's the peak of a curve that has its valleys in the anxiety Lilith nurses herself through late at night with a cup of hot milk or a snifter of cognac. When her son announced his engagement over the frazzled line from Mexico City, and when her daughter moved in with her tutor, we spent nights thus. I have often, in fact, heard her as she sips and sniffles, staring sleepless into the dark.

"Are you all right?" I asked once.

"I feel so *lonely*," she said, and I was a little insulted. I think that for a twenty-nine-year-old man this word does not mean what it might for a forty-one-year-old woman slowly untangling knots of motherhood and mar-



riage. I get glimmers of the feeling, but I refuse to let them keep me from sleep.

Since her divorce, Lilith has worked successfully as a free-lance textbook writer. In the evenings, she works on her short stories. In our two years together, she has written elementary-school books on geography, history, and now grammar. They finance her fiction. In the beginning, on the geography book, as we plotted out the perimeters of our own relationship, she thought we might work as partners. I collected material about China on three-by-five cards. I assembled a wealth of little-known information, but Lilith and I did not agree on what the children wanted, or, more important, what textbooks editors wanted. She couldn't use any of my research and she went back to working alone, leaving me to caretaking and to the occasional wooden signs I carve for businesses in town—ENTRANCE, EXIT, NO SMOKING, MEN, WOMEN, CRAB CIOPPINO.

IN her study, Matthew is explaining to Lilith that we are going to make a temporary terrarium. While he talks, I look through my closet and the utility room for a suitable container. Lilith brings one from her study—a bright, candy-striped box that closes to form a carrying case. "Supply kit" is written across the side in purple, green, red, blue, black, and yellow letters. "IBM" is stencilled on the top and front.

"My ribbons came in it," Lilith explains. "I don't need it."

"We need dirt," Matthew says. "And some water."

"What will you do with them when you move to Oregon?" Lilith asks.

This is the subject I have been avoiding. Since Matthew hadn't mentioned the move, neither had I. His mother is going to marry again—Roy, the physicist; Matthew and she are moving to Roy's house this week, and I thought I'd let him bring it up if he felt like talking about it. In a way, I am relieved that I won't have to worry about seeing him on weekends, even as rarely as I do, but that is not something I could say to Matthew. I am not sure what I will say to him. His feelings are not, after all, something I could joke about or tease into the distance.

"I'll let them go," Matthew answers Lilith.

I busy myself with installing the aluminum pan for water, and help spoon in the dirt. Matthew carefully positions an arc of oak bark and introduces the newts to their temporary home. This done, he asks if we can go to the beach, but I tell him that I have promised to have him home by three, and I help him pack his pajamas, parka, socks, drawings, comic books, and stuffed tyrannosaur into his knapsack. Then I drive him back over the hill to his mother's. He holds the I.B.M. box carefully in his lap.

"IBM," he reads. "What does this mean?"

"I.B.M.," I repeat as if explaining.

"Is that a word?"

"Sort of. It stands for International Business Machines. Like typewriters."

Matthew stares out the window, either not interested or beginning to feel carsick. Carsickness is another thing you can't set at a distance, and I try to distract him. I tell him that when I was only a little older than he is, a friend told me about snakes that lived in tires. These tire snakes bit their own tails and rolled around like Cheerios.

"That's a lie," Matthew says.

Startled, I explain, "It was more of a story than a lie."

In fact, at the time, I thought it was true. I was less inclined to believe the stories my friend told me about what adults did, about sex. I had assumed that children were produced by simple proximity of affectionate adults, and my friend's explanation seemed overly involved. Once I accepted sex, however, rolling snakes seemed perfectly plausible.

At the gate, Matthew's mother meets us.

"What's in the box?" she asks.

"International business machines," Matthew says. Then he puts the box down and extracts the newts, one in each hand.

"What about a hug?" I ask.

He shrugs and holds his arms out from his body, protecting his pets. I hug him one last time. I consider the finality of this hug, but I don't allow the thought to linger. Matthew moves suddenly to rescue a squirming newt from falling. Releasing Matthew, I hug his mother—the first time in over three years.

"You sweetie," she says to me.

"Maybe when we move . . ." Matthew begins, but stops.

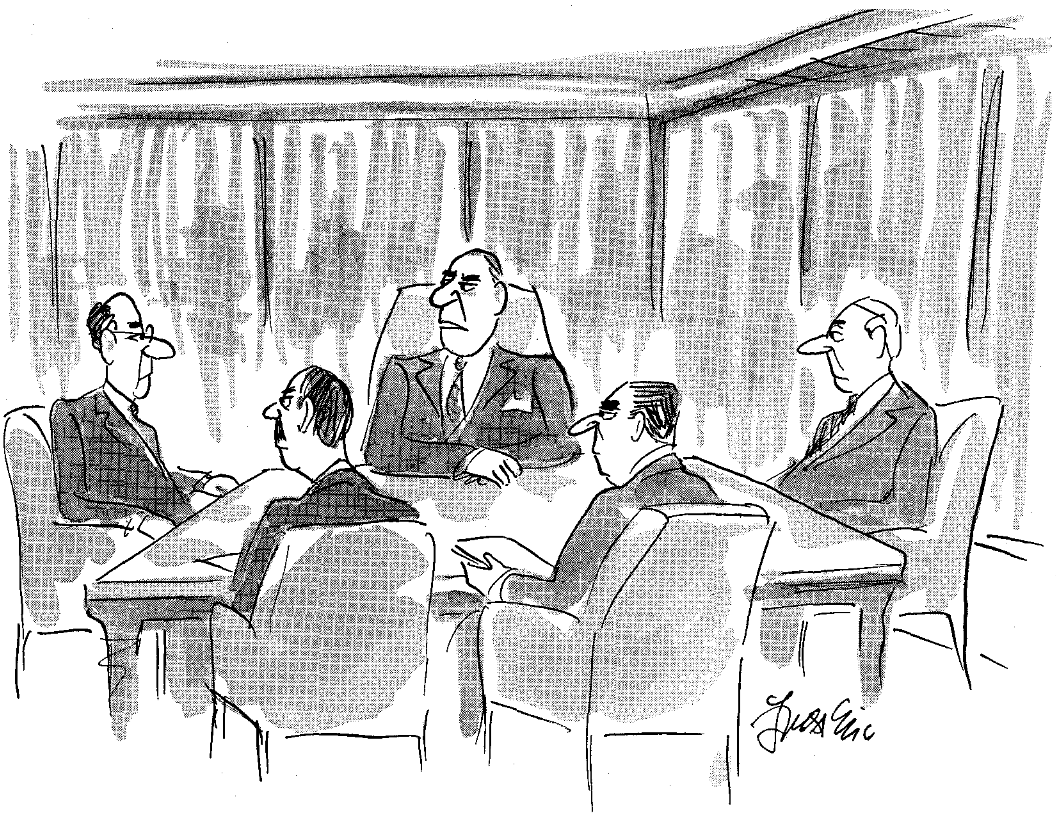
"What, Matthew?" his mother asks.

"Maybe Dad can come and live with us again."

My ex-wife raises her eyes heavenward. She circles Matthew's shoulders with her arm and pulls him in to her thigh as I say goodbye. She has already explained to me that Matthew will be happy once they get settled in Roy's house; he hadn't wanted to leave Oregon after they visited there in the spring. Also in a previous conversation I had suggested that Matthew should call me Paul rather than Dad, so that he wouldn't have to reconcile his "Dad" with his friends' definitions. Now I suspect I argued for my own protection.

I carry the empty box back to the car. When I look again, Matthew and his mother are inside the house, gone from view.

WORK is the best cure for the sort of sadness that develops during my ride home back to the coast. Af-



"Shibler, what's this I hear about your office containing a rootbound philodendron?"

• •

ter saying hello to Lilith in her study, I wheel the mower from the tool barn. For the pastures, I have a tractor, but for the swaths of crabgrass bordering the long driveway I have the mower—a rugged, professional model. Its single whirring blade shears foot-high nettles, blackberry briar, hemlock, and poison oak, and spews them out in an arc unhampered by a collecting bag. Rocks, submerged beer cans, and the stray piece of baling wire are its only natural enemies.

I begin with one long pass and leave a trail of injured-looking yellow. I push in one direction, then pull in the other so that the spray of cuttings is always directed away from the driveway. That way I don't have to go back with rake and broom to clean up. In the past, Lilith has noted that my chores "lose something in translation," that lawns and repaired fences look worse when I am done.

"You need to do something thoroughly," Lilith has told me, "whatever it is."

I suppose she is right. I have never been good at routine or mundane chores, and gradually I am becoming less good at pleasing Lilith. There are times when I imagine I will ask her if she would like me to leave, or like to leave herself. We no longer work together on texts, we have no children in common. We might both find more suitable partners, closer in age. "Nothing," I say when she asks what I am thinking. Even though I sometimes feel retired here, I should be happy. Caretaking has the advantage of discrete and widely spaced chores. No one task is monotonous, and all have a certain cowboy romance. I mend fences, shoe horses, clean the spring, fix the water troughs, herd cows from one feed pasture to the next, and pound down new strips of tin on the barn roofs before or after storms. The shortest cycle I face is two weeks.

I don't know how Lilith does it every day, but by eight-thirty each morning she is at her typewriter with a cup of black coffee and a manuscript fanned out on her desk. Of course, she is twelve years older than I am, and her children have grown under her care. She has learned the necessity and value of routine and active focus, of repetition and consistency.

"You have an ordinary streak," I tease Lilith.

"There's nothing so special about a lack of discipline." She attacks only in defense. She is right. On rainy days, I often begin drinking beer before noon. Sometimes I think that parenthood is the only real escape from adolescence, from the myths of infinite potential. Even that doesn't always work. Quoting my own mother, I have told Lilith that she is "good for me." Lilith says that the idea is a conspiracy among mothers and wives to keep everybody in their place, secure in the hierarchy. I agree, and have stopped saying it. I am not sure exactly what my place would be in this imagined hierarchy, but I know Lilith has other things to do than be "good for me."

The noise of the mower sends swallows swirling higher up. Phoebes and chickadees flicker nervously in the chaparral across the creek. I proceed intently, watching for rocks and cans. I am fulfilling the conditions of my lease; I am the responsible caretaker, dutiful even as my family is flung to far corners.

I DO not recall my own father ever mowing a lawn. Of course, by the time he was my age he had already bought a house and landscaped it with succulents and rocks from the beach and riverbeds. Asked by my mother to perform the minimal maintenance of raking leaves, he advanced arguments for natural mulch, the delicate balance of growth and decay, the passive and aggressive forces of nature.

"Yin-yang," he teased, pursing his lips and raising his eyebrows to the children. Then, as we nodded, he—turncoat—would ask, "What about getting the kids to do it?" We slipped easily from allies into ragtag lie-abouts and ne'er-do-wells. But we were secure from daily chores, protected by Mother and our potential. I had the violin to practice. My sister was adequately armed with piano lessons and assignments from her weekly art class.

"Look at her!" my father said. "All she does is lounge around and read magazines."

"Collage," my sister said without looking up.

We were immune from washing

windows, raking leaves, feeding cats, dusting, or drying dishes. We were special. I think now that when Lilith suggests occasionally that I might benefit from analysis, it is not the fear of discovering a dark or bestial side that makes me nervous. More likely, I am afraid of the ordinary, afraid that my dreams' fauna have already been classified, observed over and over by crowds like so many carrousel animals.

I stop a moment to clear branches from my path. This is not exactly a lawn—more a small meadow between the driveway and the creek. The mower sputters back into motion with a heavy, smoky wheeze.

Also, I don't think I really need anyone else's help. I know I should establish a regular schedule for all these chores, and make a conscious effort. In the enveloping roar of the mower, I make plans. The spring will be cleaned every two weeks, not just when the bathwater takes on a rusty tinge. The fences will be wire-brushed and whitewashed, and I'll cut and split two more cords of oak before winter. Secure in my industry, the noise, the delicate pungency of cut grass, and the clarity of fall light, I feel all this is possible, already begun. Part of the stability depends on not talking too much about these plans, not dissipating the energy. I am making progress on my own.

A snake slithers frantically from beneath the wheel of the mower. Pushing the throttle to STOP, I follow the winding strip into the still long grass, out of the close-shorn zone. The wrinkling hieroglyph folds in and out of visibility, an angled Z through the thistles and nettles, now reappearing as an S as it glides down the creekside to the shade of the overhanging willow. I plunge my hand into the grass where the shape appears and pin the form as it circles into an O, a trapped calligraph. The snake is black, divided lengthwise by a stripe of yellow. I bring him up for inspection. His tongue flicks red, the fork tipped black. The lemon-yellow throat pulses, but the eyes remain round. The skin feels waxy and cool; it does, indeed, feel like rose petals. It has been years since I bothered to catch a snake.

Raised to be an artist, I was also reared a romantic. Romantics do not fear snakes, spiders, or any fearful symmetry. "We're *all* animals," my mother used to explain. Once, on a picnic in a sun-parched meadow, my mother—emboldened, I now suspect, by a couple of rounds of zinfandel—extracted a tarantula from its hole with a twig of oak. "It's not poisonous," she said. "Look."

She stroked the velvet abdomen with one finger. "Try," she said.

My sister and I demurred. We were satisfied with Mother's demonstration that even the largest, hairiest spiders were essentially benign—probably the rest of the universe as well. Our own fears were little better than primitive superstitions. At home, she showed us a photograph from "Animals Without Backbones." A herd of tarantulas grazed amiably on an exposed forearm.

"See?" she said, and left us to ponder the illustration and our own cowardice. Didn't we trust her vision?

I walk back to the house. The snake pours from one hand to the other, a sinewy current of black and gold. In the house, I look it up in the field guide. It is a Santa Cruz garter snake, a subspecies of the Western Aquatic garter snake common in coastal California. The yellow throat is the giveaway, although the text mentions pointed internasals and unenlarged posterior upper labials. I depend on the picture; it is a Santa Cruz garter snake.

Still furnished with dirt and the aluminum pie tin, Lilith's I.B.M. box provides a temporary home for the snake.

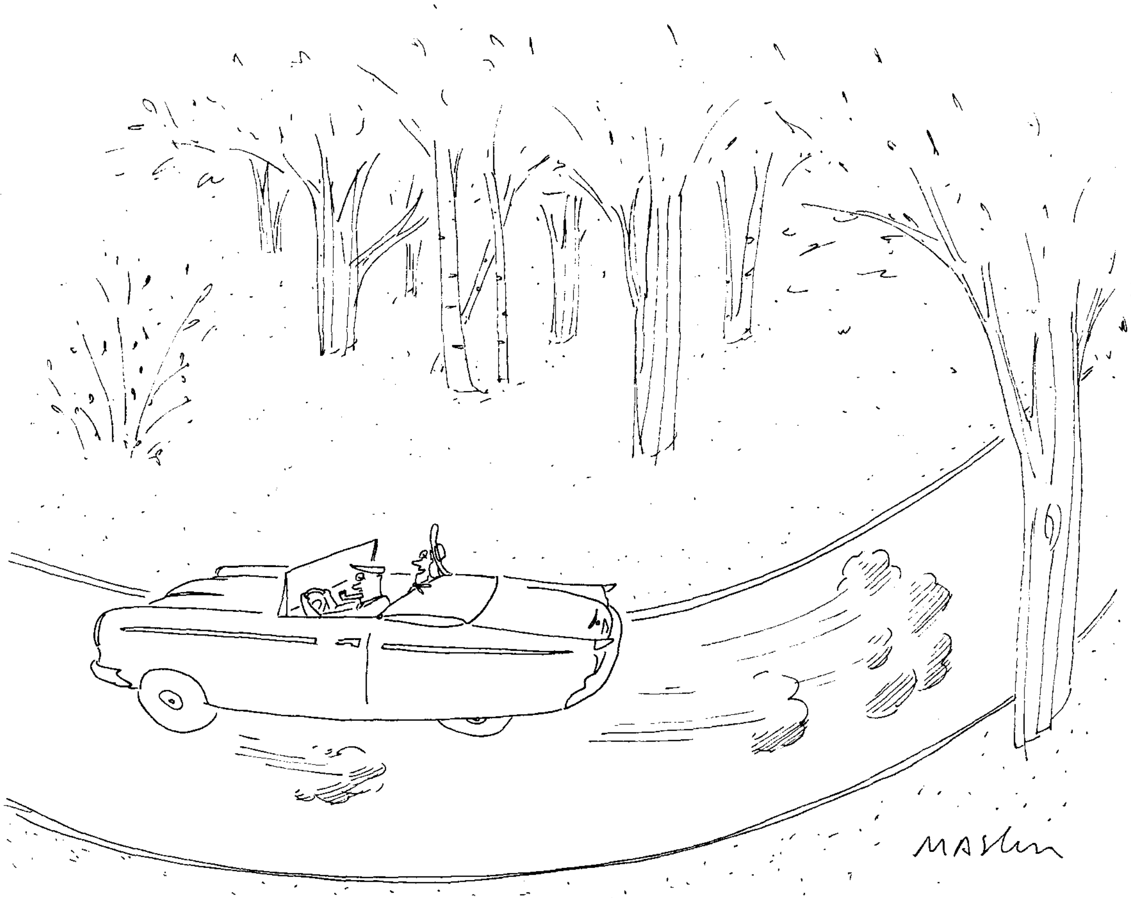
"What're you doing?" Lilith asks over the noise of her typewriter. She clicks it off.

"Taking a break," I say.

"Didn't you just start?"

"Just a short break."

Her muffled clatter begins again. I watch the snake launch coils up the sheer white walls. It's a juvenile, barely half a foot long. I close the lid over the box to calm the snake. If I were to keep him as a pet, what would



"I love it when you hug the curb."

I feed him? I look it up: fish, fish eggs, frogs, toads, tadpoles, salamanders, earthworms, and leeches. This varied menu reads like a recipe for what little boys are made of—snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails. For a moment I feel the same safety, the cozy security, I felt as a child building cages of wood and wire and hooks and eyes, for not just snakes but lizards, turtles, mice, gerbils, and even cocoons. As children, we provided safety and were kept safe. Funny, after years, to feel that need again so clearly and to think that a half-grown garter snake might do the trick. I go back to mowing, and release the snake on the other side of the creek. The snake glides gently, almost reluctantly, from my hand into the soft stubble.

A flycatcher dashes after some invisible insect and returns to its fence post. The barn swallows have retired for the afternoon. Soon they will leave entirely. Cut-grass and gasoline smells permeate the still air. Completing the lawn, I wheel the machine back into the tool barn, lock the shed, stomp my shoes free of cuttings, and go back into the house for a beer. Lilith pours a glass of white wine and joins me. She always stops at six. Working as hard as she does, she makes enough to pay rent, buy her share of the food, and see an analyst weekly. She pays more for the psychiatrist than she does for rent, but she says that she's always wanted to do this—that it's time for her to take care of herself. I admire the certainty and the discipline that makes it possible.

I also admire Lilith's focus and courage. Analysis leaves her alternately excited and depressed. Often, she says, she cries during sessions; she has stopped wearing mascara to her appointments. Sometimes she will return from her hour with a revelation, broken free from the past like a great blue iceberg. Mornings, I sit next to Lilith as she writes out the night's dreams. I sip my coffee in the dim light and don't interrupt. Remembering dreams is a delicate business.

Now I sit beside her as I sip my beer and look through the mail. All I have is a discount-book catalogue.

"Here's one for you," I say. "How to interpret your dreams in less than thirty seconds."

"Are you serious?"

"It's right here. With this book, you could quit analysis and buy me a Mercedes."

I don't know why I say things like that. Lilith must get tired of my never having any money. She rests her wineglass on the arm of the love seat and picks at her thumb. "How does Matthew's leaving make you feel?" she asks.

I do not see what this has to do with my Mercedes. "I didn't see him that much anyway," I say. "But it did make me feel like crying."

"And did you?" Lilith takes up her glass again and sips, watching me over the rim.

"I felt a tingling here," I say and, with my middle finger, rub my lower lid. "I didn't actually cry. Not tears."

"Why not?" Lilith asks. "When was the last—" She stops herself.

"I don't mind," I say.

"The last time you cried. It's none of my business. I have my own crying to analyze, right?

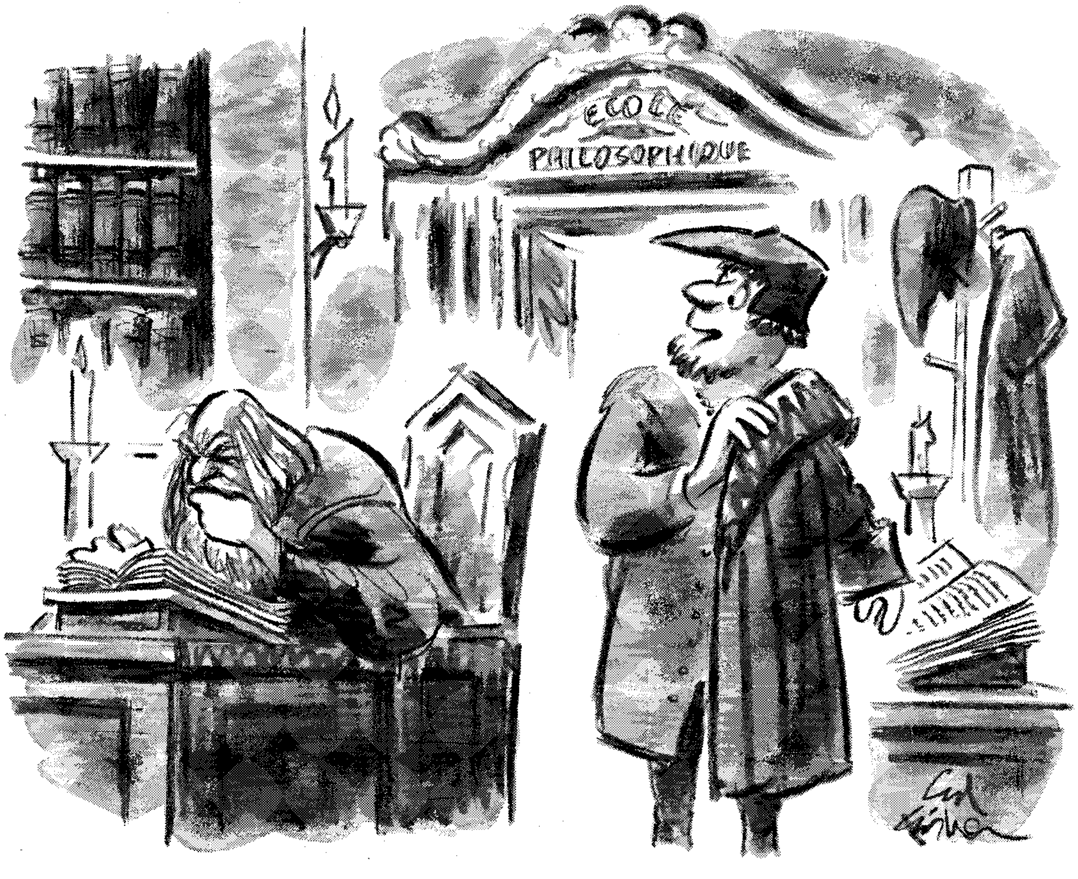
"No, I don't mind," I repeat. "I remember I cried in high school. When I quit violin, I cried driving home from my last lesson. I don't know why."

"Is that true?" Lilith asks. "That was a long time ago. What—ten, fifteen years? You don't know why you quit? Or why you cried?"

It occurs to me that analysis has made Lilith more confident, less delicate.

"I just quit. Then I just started crying. I don't know why."

Unexpectedly, Lilith's questions irritate me, but I spread the anger over a movement—fetching another beer. I do know why I quit. I was supposed to memorize the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto. I had been working on it for months when my teacher, an old Russian who smoked cigars during my lessons, said I was to play it with a pianist for our student recital that year. I knew that the tangle of notes in the cadenza (written out by Mendelssohn and meant to be comfortable for the violin) still needed hours and hours of work. For me, this work was an endless frustration and left black, hot, and shiny furrows at the tips of my fingers. What should have been a soaring, clean elation would be ugly,



"*Well—if I may presume to say so—tomorrow's another day.*"

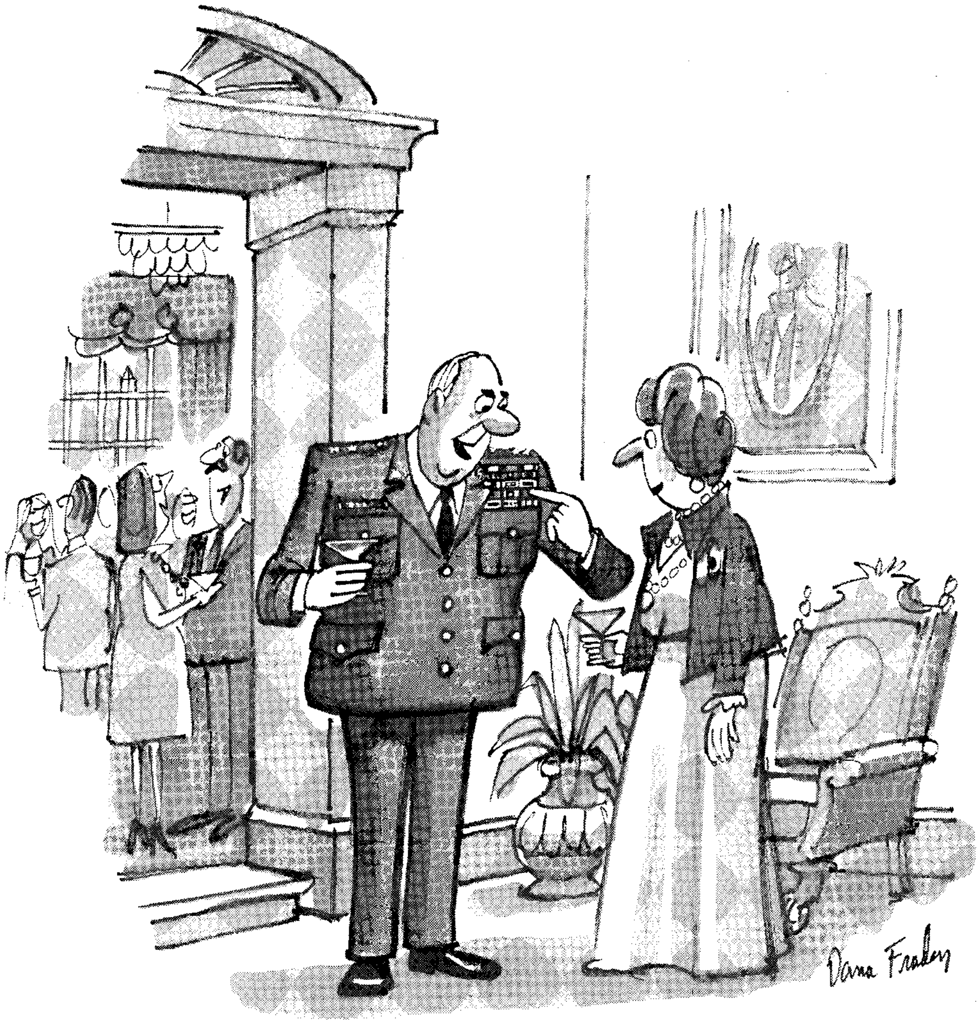
confused, and out of tune. I would discover in those drifting arpeggios only a blurred and partial vision of what was supposed to be there. I knew how Milstein, Stern, and Menuhin played those notes. My own teacher had played the concerto when he was six in Odessa. I did not want to present my version to an audience. I turned away abruptly, without explanation. I quit. I remember looking into the rearview mirror to see what I looked like crying. That, too, was ugly, and I stopped. I still have my violin, but the A-string has long since snapped, and now the other strings have been slack so long I would be afraid to tune them.

Returning to the living room, I take a different seat across from Lilith. I open the can with a *ping* and inhale the first foam with a slight whistle. Lilith sips her wine. She gives me a quizzical look. It becomes clear that I am not going to say anything more, and she asks if I'd like to go with her on her evening walk. I say that I will stay behind and fix dinner. It's my turn.

Washing and slicing eggplant, I watch Lilith stride up the road past the storage barn. She walks with her hands in the pockets of her corduroys, her shoulders slightly hunched. Her body grows smaller and grayer as she walks, but just above her the tips of willows glow pink and orange in the last light, growing to purple in the sharp angles of dusk.

After dinner, Lilith works on a story, and I pace my way through the rest of my six-pack and some old magazines. Lilith does not comment; she steadfastly refuses to involve herself in my drinking, to be a "helpmeet" in that sense. I should be thankful. Instead, I stop at magazine ads and imagine myself as part of young couples. In these ads for stereos, insurance, diamonds, or Scotch, the couples lounge happily, under high ceilings and between white walls, in the surf of Bermuda, or along the perfect fences of a Kentucky horse farm.

I stop also at an ad for China—several photographs advertising tours. They show men and women exercising and marching, and all wearing the same blue quilted coats. Above them hang banners with characters I don't understand. These long banners whip in the wind like sails. In another photograph, junks traverse the Yangtze. (I have collected information about this river, and I know that in its steep gorges . . .)



"This one was for the wrong war at the wrong time, this one for the wrong war at the right time, this one for the right war at the wrong time, and this one for the right war at the right time."

• •

Lilith now leans over me from behind; the scent of mint toothpaste is close and sweet. "What gorgeous countryside," she says, noting the rice fields patterned like a jade mosaic.

"Did you know there are giant salamanders in these pools?" I ask.

"I remember your index cards," she says. "Are you coming to bed?"

Upside down, Lilith's face is difficult to take seriously.

"They grow to five feet long and weigh as much as large dogs," I pronounce, insisting beyond the facts. "They watch for a new angle in the light as it wobbles on the smooth, fast water flowing overhead."

Lilith turns her head to kiss my cheek good night, but I lean away from her and show the motion of water, the swift undulations, with my bowing hand.

"They will come," I warn, and, though startled by the threat in my voice, I continue, "these monsters, extraordinary creatures, blue bodies specked with gold. They will tread heavily with poisonous toes through the carefully tended fields."

I point, first to the river, then to the fields. Then I walk my fingers, bent slightly at the knuckles, across the page.

—STEPHEN TRACY

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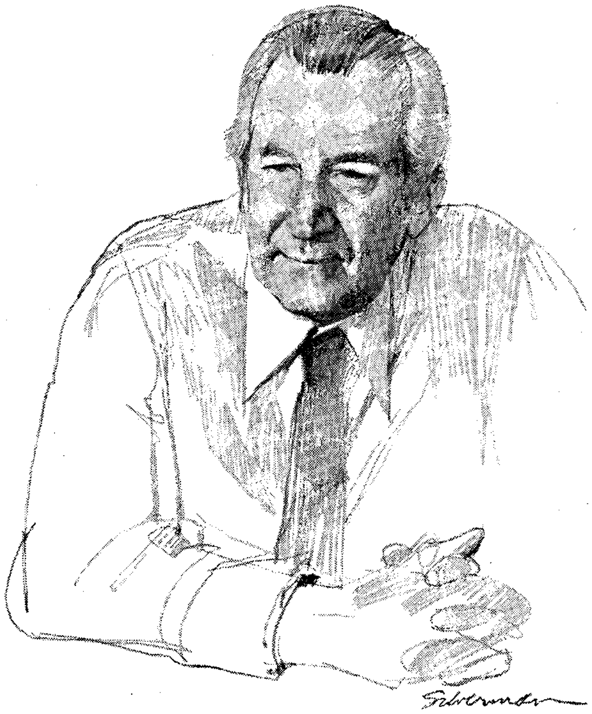
PROFILES

A CERTAIN POETRY—I



FROM the windows of Jean Riboud's New York office, on the forty-fourth floor at 277 Park Avenue, one can see the buildings that house the headquarters of such corporate giants as Warner Communications, Gulf & Western, Citicorp, International Telephone and Telegraph, Colgate-Palmolive, United Brands, Bankers Trust, CBS, RCA, and International Paper. All of them are better known than Schlumberger, Ltd., the company that Riboud is chairman and chief executive officer of, but none of them can match Schlumberger's profits. In stock-market value—the number of outstanding shares multiplied by the price per share—only three companies were worth more than Schlumberger at the end of 1981. They were A.T. & T. (forty-eight billion dollars), I.B.M. (thirty-four billion dollars), and Exxon (twenty-seven billion dollars). Schlumberger was then worth sixteen billion dollars.

Riboud has offices in New York and Paris, and both are rather ordinary except for the art on the walls—works by Picasso, Klee, Max Ernst, Magritte, Jasper Johns, Victor Brauner, Janez Bernik. His New York office is a snug corner—sixteen feet by twenty—with beige walls. An adjoining conference room, seventeen feet by eighteen, has one couch and a round wooden table with six chairs. Riboud's office has a single telephone with just two lines, and no private bathroom; there are white blinds on the windows, and a simple beige sisal carpet on the floor. His desk is a long, rectangular teak table with chrome legs; on it are a few memorandums but no "in" or "out" box and no books. His personal New York staff consists of one secretary, Lucille Northrup, to whom he rarely dictates; memorandums and paperwork are frowned upon at Schlumberger, and when Riboud wants to send out a memorandum he first writes it in longhand. His Paris office is equally uncluttered.

Riboud is sixty-three years old. He is five feet ten inches tall and slight of build, with wavy gray hair combed straight back. His nose is long and thin, his lips are narrow. His suits come in conservative shades, and his shirts are usually quiet solid colors. He speaks softly, sometimes almost inaudibly, in accented English, rarely gesticulates, and is an intense listener, usually inspecting his long fingers while others speak. Everything about Riboud conveys an impression of delicacy except his eyes, which are deep brown and cryptic. He arrives at work around 10 A.M., and he takes at least six weeks' vacation annually. Yet he is no figurehead; rather, he believes in delegating authority—a principle that no doubt accounts for the calm of Schlumberger's offices in New York and Paris. Schlumberger employs seventy-five thousand people, and of that number only a hundred and ninety-seven work at the two headquarters.

In many respects—some obvious and some not so obvious—Riboud is not a typical business executive. As a young man in Lyons, he flirted with Communism and railed against Franco, Fascism, and the French establishment, including the Roman Catholic Church. During the Second World War, he joined the Resistance; he was captured in 1943 and sent to Buchenwald. Two years later, when he emerged, he had tuberculosis and weighed ninety-six pounds. Riboud will talk about his wartime ordeal only with great reluctance. He has never discussed it with his wife, Krishna, who was born in India, or with his closest friends, who, over the years, have included the writers Lillian Hellman, A. J. Liebling, Jean Stafford, and Langston Hughes; the artists Max Ernst (Riboud is the executor of Ernst's estate), Victor Brauner, Robert Rauschenberg, Saul Steinberg, and Roberto Matta; the photographers Henri Cartier-Bresson, Robert Capa, and David (Chim) Seymour; the composer John Cage; the filmmaker Roberto Rossellini and the film historian Henri Langlois, who founded the Cinémathèque Française, the world's first film museum; and a procession of important political figures on the French left, including former Prime Minister Pierre Mendès-France, the writer and editor Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, and President François Mitterrand. The one friend he has discussed his wartime experiences with is the American poet and critic Charles Olson, who dedicated his 1950 prose poem "The Resistance" to Riboud, and who also served as best man at Krishna and Jean Riboud's wedding.

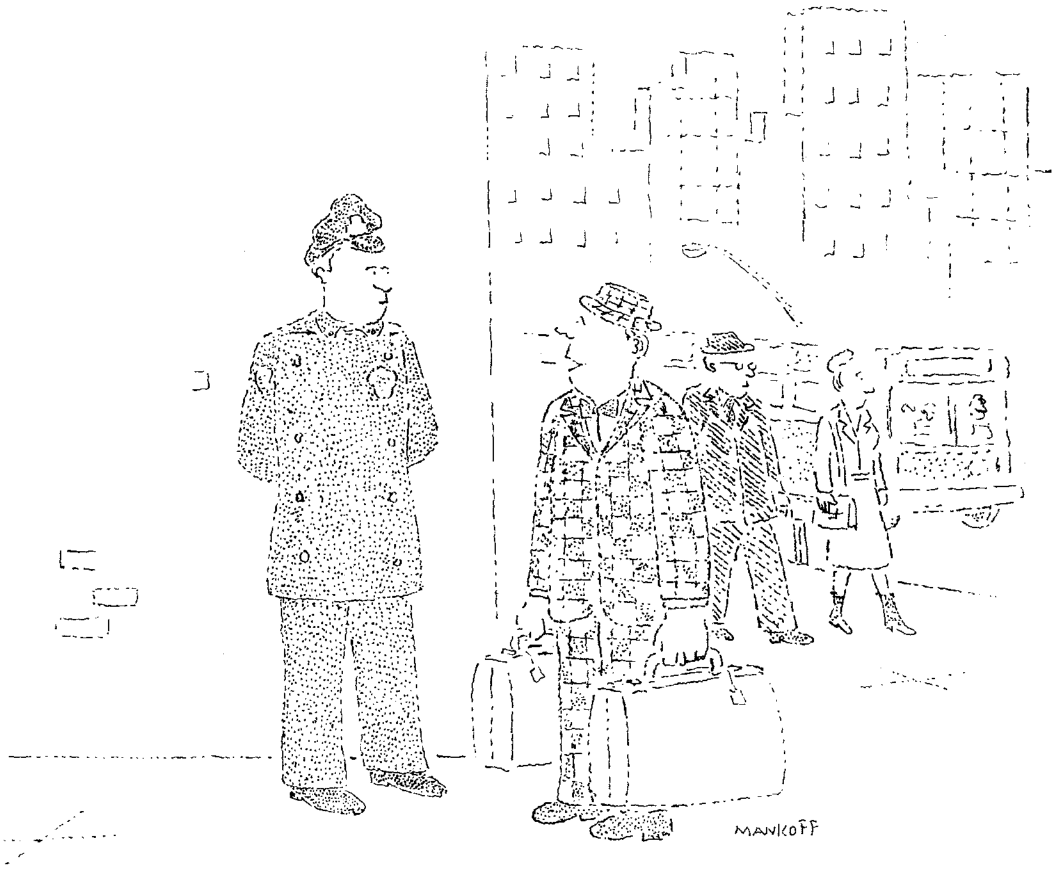
As the chief executive of a multinational corporation—Schlumberger does business in ninety-two countries—Riboud has a somewhat surprising talent for avoiding publicity. He is a stranger to most other corporate executives, deliberately keeping his distance from them. He sits on no other company's board of directors. He seldom ventures from his office for lunch or from his home for dinner. If he does accept a dinner invitation, his host may find him sincere, solicitous, charming—and realize later that he has volunteered virtually nothing about himself. When he goes on business trips, he prefers to stay with friends rather than at hotels. Riboud sometimes vacations at a house he owns in the Arizona desert and, more frequently, at his family's estate—a château near the village of Ouroux, in the Beaujolais region.

Riboud, who says that he remains loyal to the socialism of his youth, has been the chief executive of Schlumberger for the past eighteen years. Because the corporation does no mass advertising, of either the consumer or the institutional sort, because it retains no lobbyist in Washington and no public-relations agency in New York or Paris, and because it has never been involved in a public controversy, Schlumberger (pronounced "shlum-bare-zhay") remains one of the world's lesser-known major corporations. It is a high-technology company that generates the bulk of its income from the oil-field-service business—making tools that enable oil companies to find and drill for oil with great precision. The information gained and the techniques learned in oil-field services have helped the company to expand into such fields as electric, gas, and water meters; flight-test systems; transformers and semiconductors; automatic test equipment for integrated-circuit chips; electronic telephone circuits; computer-aided design and manufacturing processes; and robotics. Schlumberger is recognized on Wall Street as one of the world's best-managed multinational companies, and financial analysts can point to a number of facts to document its success. Its net income has grown by about thirty per cent in each of the past ten years up to 1981. Its earnings per share rose by more than thirty per cent annually between 1971 and 1981, even though the price of oil remained stable or declined in several of those years. Its profit in 1982 totalled one billion three hundred and fifty million dollars on revenues of six billion two hundred and eighty-four million, for a profit as a percentage of revenue of twenty-one per cent—higher than that of any of the thousand other leading industrial companies in the world. Its return on equity in 1981 was thirty-four per cent, while the median for the Fortune 500 companies was thirteen and eight-tenths per cent. Schlumberger has relatively little long-term debt: it amounted to just four hundred and sixty-two million dollars at the end of 1982, or three per cent of the company's total capitalization. And while the profits of most oil and oil-field-service companies fell sharply in 1982, Schlumberger's net income rose by six per cent.

SCIENCE is the foundation of Schlumberger. Science is the link between the various corporate subsidiaries, for the task of most of them is collecting, measuring, and transmitting data. Science, and particularly geophysics, was at the core of the careers of Conrad and Marcel Schlumberger, the company's founders. Both were born in the town of Guebwiller, in Alsace—Conrad in 1878 and Marcel six years later. They were two of six children of a Protestant family that owned a prosperous textile mill. Their mother, Marguerite Dewitt, was a feminist who was head of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance after the First World War. Their father, Paul, was a visionary with a rocklike faith in science and in projects like the Suez Canal, in which he was an early investor. A great-grandfather, François Guizot, was Prime Minister of France from 1840 to 1848, during the reign of Louis Philippe.

Conrad Schlumberger, who opposed the First World War, was a dreamer and a pacifist; he thought of himself as a socialist, and was a financial backer of the French Communist newspaper *L'Humanité*. His great passion, however, was science, and in 1893 he left home to study physics at the École Polytechnique, in Paris. After graduation, he taught physics at the École des Mines, in Paris, while trying to figure out how to use electricity to make measurements of the earth's subsurface—something that had never been done. His brother Marcel was more an "adapter" than an inventor—a tough-minded, pragmatic man with absolutely no interest in politics, who went to Paris to study civil engineering at L'École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures. Conrad was outgoing and passionate, and a scientific genius. Marcel was shy and cautious, and a shrewd businessman. Still, the two brothers were close.

Paul Schlumberger, seeing his sons' complementary talents, and frustrated because the textile factory had sidetracked his own scientific ambitions, abandoned the business to his brothers, packed up his family, and moved to Paris to be near Conrad and Marcel. He persuaded them to merge their talents and form a partnership with him, to pursue Conrad's theory about measuring the earth's subsurface. He would provide as much as half a million francs to support the undertaking. On November 12, 1919, the three men



"Scuse me, Officer, but where do the élite meet to eat around here?"

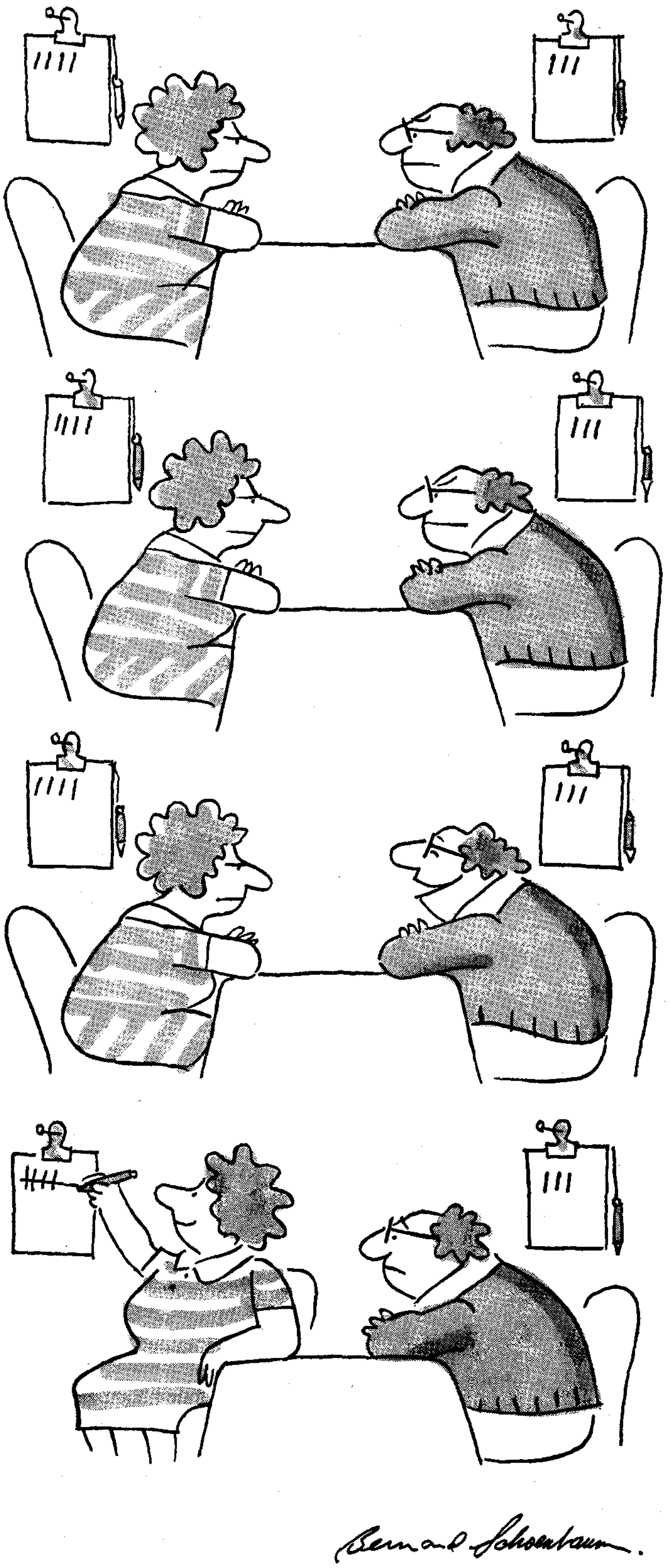
signed an agreement, written by Paul Schlumberger, that said:

> *For their part my sons agree* not to dilute their efforts by working in other areas. . . . In this undertaking, the interests of scientific research take precedence over financial ones. I will be kept informed of, and may give my opinion on, important developments and the necessary expenses required. The money given by me is my contribution to a work primarily scientific and secondarily practical. . . . Marcel will bring to Conrad his remarkable ability as an engineer and his common sense. Conrad, on the other hand, will be the man of science. I will support them.

Over the next several years, relying on Conrad's scientific creativity and Marcel's practical engineering skills, the Schlumberger brothers pursued Conrad's theory that by charting the electrical resistivity of various rock formations and then comparing the patterns they would in effect be able to draw a picture of what lay beneath the earth's surface. The theory proved correct, and the brothers made the first discoveries by surface electrical measurement of iron ore, copper, and an oil-producing salt dome. In the mid-twenties, however, there was no demand for their services, so the partners took no salary, lived modestly, and counselled their employees—they had five when they started—to be patient.

Their breakthrough came in 1927, when a director of the Péchelbronn Oil Company, in France, asked whether their technique could be used in searching for oil, which usually migrates through such porous rocks as limestone and sandstone until it is trapped by impermeable rock. Ever since the first oil well was drilled, in 1859, oil companies had longed for a technology that would help them find oil. Initially, prospectors had to painstakingly extract core samples and drill cuttings from rock formations, haul them slowly to the surface, ship them to a laboratory, and await a chemical analysis. This tedious, expensive process enabled the oil companies to determine whether there was oil in a given area, and even to determine its quality, but not its precise quantity, or the exact shape of the well, and it did not enable them to pinpoint where to drill. Conrad, having discovered a new geophysical principle, assigned the job of fashioning a tool and testing it to Henri Doll, who was a brilliant young engineer and also the husband of Conrad's daughter Anne. Doll's task was to chart the electric current as it encountered various kinds of rock, water, and oil. By comparing the actual current coursing through the earth with records showing the electrical resistivity of each substance, the brothers and Doll hoped to produce what amounted to the world's first X-ray of an oil well. Their site was selected—a small oil field at Péchelbronn, in Alsace, not far from where the Schlumbergers had grown up. The crucial test took place on a clear day in late summer. In a battered station wagon, Conrad Schlumberger, along with Doll and two other engineers, went to the site. They attached a measuring device called a sonde to a cable and snaked it down into a fifteen-hundred-foot hole. In an oral history of Schlumberger prepared by the company in 1977, Doll described the device that was to transform the oil business:

> We made a sonde by connecting four metre-long sections of Bakelite tubing together by means of short lengths of brass tubing, fastening them to each other with brass screws. The electrodes were wired to the Bakelite tubes. We contrived a weight, or plummet, for the bottom of the sonde, making it of one metre of brass tubing, four centimetres in diameter, and filling it with lead pellets like those used in duck shooting. It was plugged at both ends and weighed about 25 pounds. The whole assembly looked like a long black snake with five joints.
>
> The cable, if you could call it that, was three lengths of rubber-insulated copper wire, like the kind used on spark plugs in cars. It had a tensile strength of about eighty pounds per wire. The wires weren't spliced together, as was done in later



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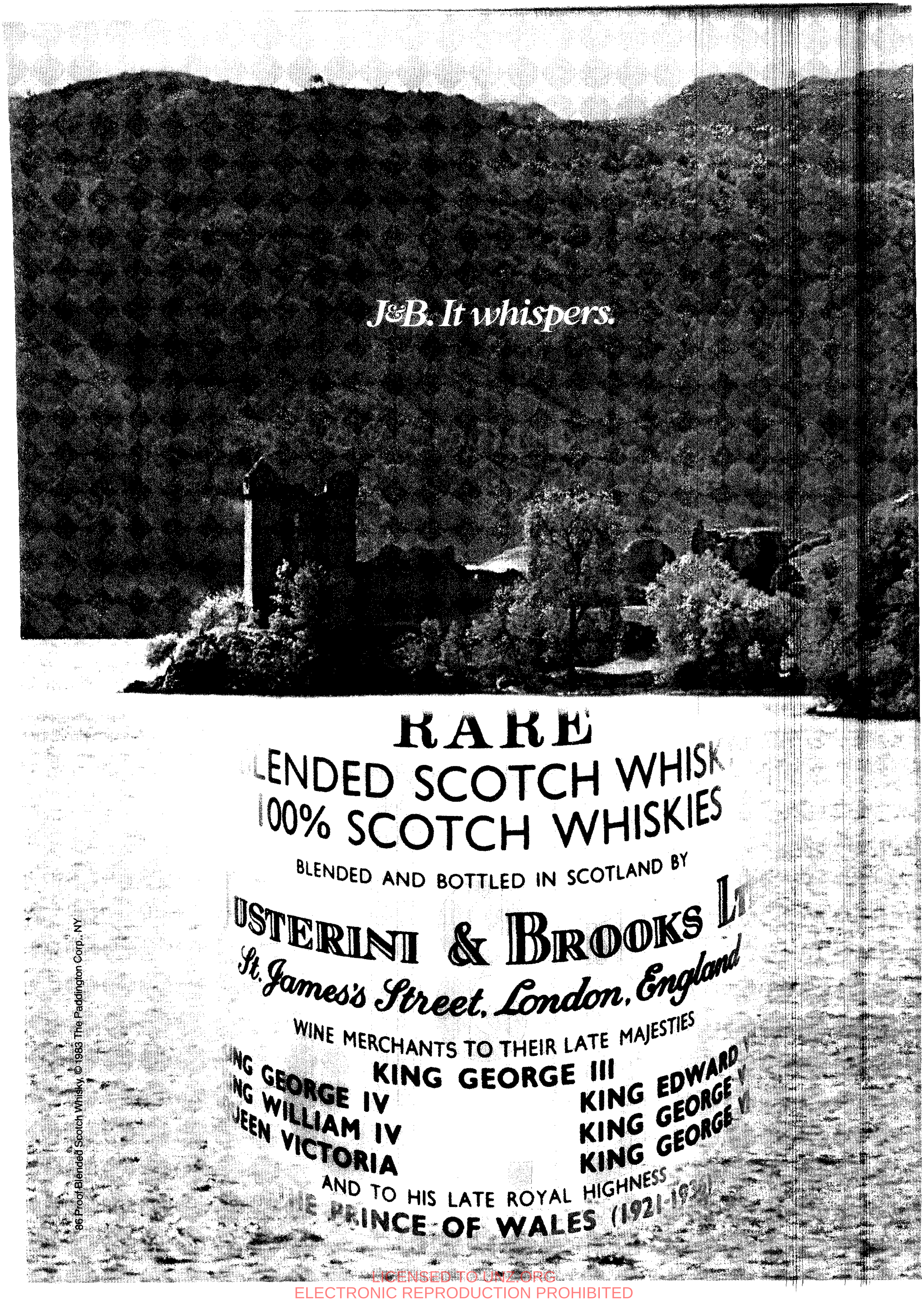
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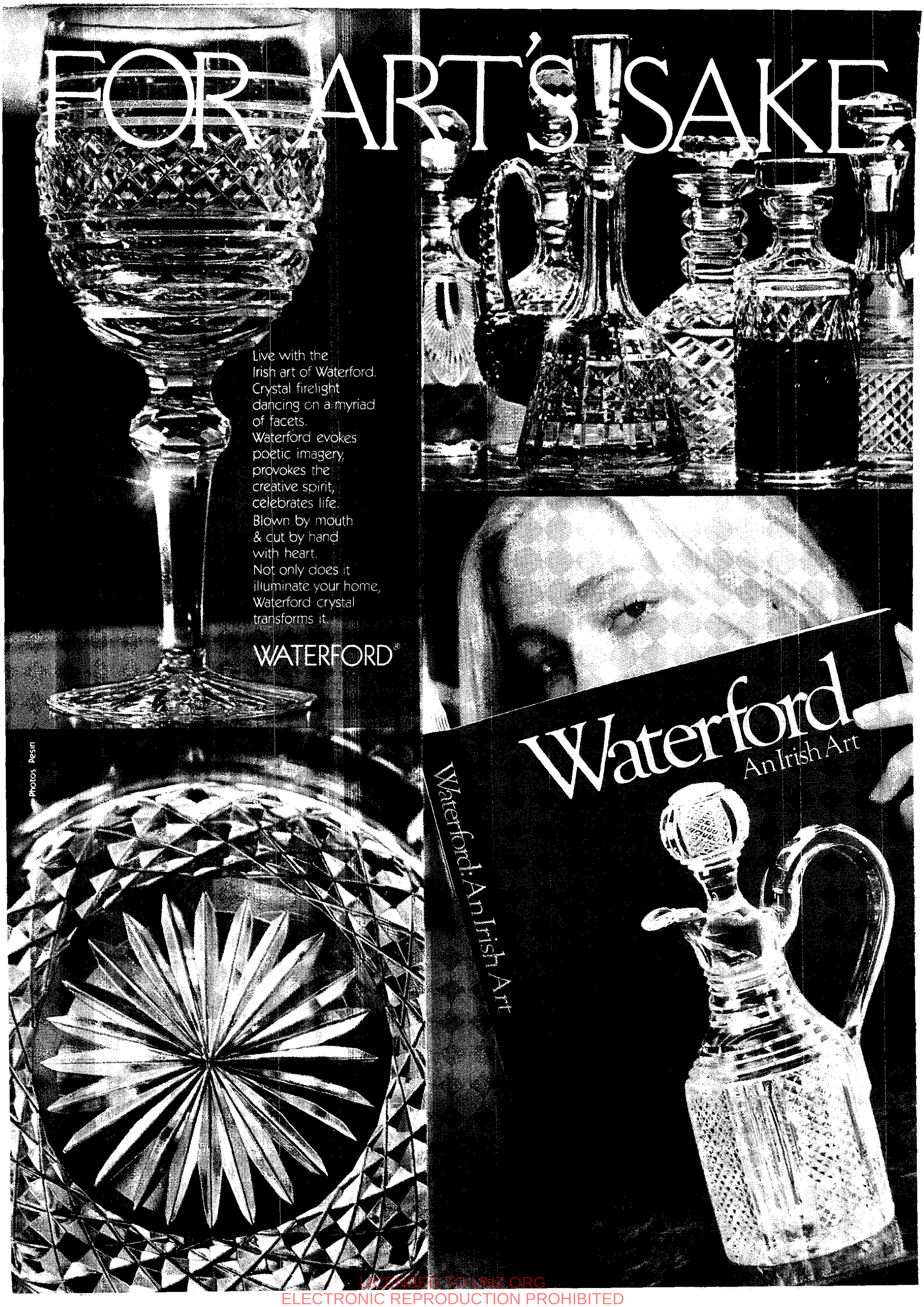
FOR ART'S SAKE.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> surveys, but were allowed to wind onto the winch drum loose from each other.
>
> The winch had an X-shaped wooden frame; the drum was made with wooden flanges, and the core of a large Bakelite tube. It was assembled by long brass bars and nuts. To turn the drum, we had a big pinion connected to a smaller pinion by a motorcycle chain. The moving axle was steel, with a bicycle pedal mounted at either end. One of us would get on one side and one on the other, and turn the pedals. There was a ratchet to keep the drum from unwinding.
>
> We had no collector. Instead, we had a plug, much like a common wall plug, at the side of the winch flange. When the winch had to be turned, the cable connection to the potentiometer was unplugged so the turn could be made. Then the cable was plugged back in so that we could make the readings.
>
> The sheave was made of wood with an eccentric axle. It had a long tail as a counterbalance. This served as our strain gauge. We were very worried about the wires breaking, and by watching the rise and fall of the tail, you could tell what kind of pull was being exerted on the wires. For depth measurement, we had a counter on the sheave wheel like the mileage indicator on a car. We planned to take readings at intervals of one metre.
>
> We made our measurements with a *standard potentiometer mounted on a tripod* like those we used in our surface exploration work.

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NO SINGING
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DRIVER SPEAKS NO ENGLISH
DRIVER CANNOT CHANGE ANYTHING OVER $1.00
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THANK YOU FOR NOT OPENING WINDOWS
NO SPORTS TALK
DO NOT LET FEET TOUCH FLOOR
PLEASE DO NOT LAUGH
DO NOT LET BACK TOUCH SEAT
NO KISSING
R. Chast

To take the measurements, one of the men unplugged the connector, one turned the winch, one ran up on the rig floor to inspect the counter on the sheave. Doll wrote down the measurements and depth readings on a pad. They hurried to unplug, roll up the cable, and rush to the next point, where the process was repeated—one metre at a time. At the end of the day, exhausted and caked with mud, they went to a nearby village to bathe and celebrate. Doll returned to Paris, where he plotted the various readings on graph paper. On September 5, 1927, Doll produced the first electrical-resistance log.

Doll and the Schlumberger brothers were ecstatic, expecting oil companies to line up for the services of their company—the Société de Prospection Électrique, known as Pros. That did not happen. French oil companies were wary of turning over their secrets to an outside service company, and non-French companies suspected that these three unknown Frenchmen were quacks. Two fallow years passed before the Schlumberger brothers captured their first major client—the Soviet Union. For Conrad, it was like a dream come true. He had believed in the Communist Revolution, and now he felt vindicated. A Communist government—the only one in existence—was looking ahead, unsuspicious, unparochial. Several years later, American oil companies began to follow suit.

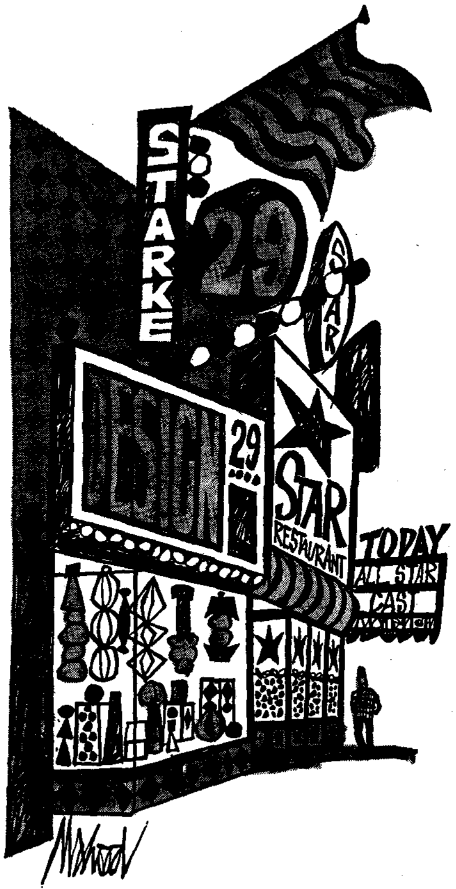
Today, the tools are more refined, but the basic process—wireline logging, as it came to be known—is a measurement taken on just about every oil or gas well drilled in the world. And today, without benefit of a patent on its basic logging process, Schlumberger—as the original partnership was renamed in 1934—has a near-monopoly on this business, logging some seventy per cent of the world's wells. In the United States alone, in 1981 the company hired one per cent of all the engineers graduating from American colleges.

Over the years, Schlumberger's oilfield business has expanded beyond logging measurements to include a broad range of other services: drilling, testing, and completing wells; pumping; cementing. The company's Forex Neptune subsidiary, formed in the nineteen-fifties, is now the world's largest oil-drilling company. The Johnston-Macco and Flopetrol subsidiaries provide an assortment of testing and completion services after drilling has started. A subsidiary called The Analysts provides continuous detailed logs of oil wells from the moment drilling begins, in contrast to most logs, which are prepared only before drilling begins or after it ceases. The Dowell Schlumberger company, which is jointly owned by Schlumberger and Dow Chemical, offers pumping and cementing services. Together with the Wireline division, these companies make up the Oilfield Services—one of two major parts of the Schlumberger empire. The other major part is known as Measurement, Control & Components. Its subsidiaries include the world's largest manufacturer of electric, gas, and water meters; a leading manufacturer of transformers; a producer of valves and safety controls for nuclear power systems; and a manufacturer of flight-control and signal-processing systems for aerospace and military use. The Fairchild Camera & Instrument Corporation, a California-based semiconductor company that Schlumberger acquired in 1979, manufactures, among other products, integrated circuits such as microprocessors and memories; advanced bipolar microprocessors for the F-16 fighter plane; and electronic telephone circuits. Applicon, another subsidiary, is among the pioneers in computer-aided design and other efforts to automate factories.

Schlumberger has a total of forty-three major subsidiaries, most of which rely on science and technology. The jewel in Schlumberger's crown is the Wireline, which in 1981 generated forty-five per cent of the company's six billion dollars in revenues and about seventy per cent of its one billion two hundred million dollars in profits. Many of Schlumberger's subsidiaries rank at or near the top of their various industries. The investment banker Felix Rohatyn, who serves on the boards of eight major corporations, including Schlumberger, and is a close friend of Riboud's, says, “By the standard of profit margins, return on investment, compound growth rate, of remaining ahead of the state of the art technically and having an efficient management structure, over the last twenty years—until the recent drastic change in the energy environment—Schlumberger might well have been the single best business in the world.” Rohatyn's enthusiasm is shared by independent analysts at the major Wall Street brokerage firms, and their judgment has been reflected in research reports issued by, among others, Morgan Stanley, Merrill Lynch, Paine Webber, Wertheim, L. F. Rothschild, Unterberg, Towbin. An analysis issued by Barton M. Biggs, managing director of Morgan Stanley, in January of 1982 reads, “Here is this immense, superbly—almost artistically—managed company booming along with a thirty-five-per-cent compound annual growth rate in earnings and thirty-seven per cent in dividends between 1975 and 1980. . . . Our analysis of earnings variability from growth trend shows Schlumberger as having the most consistent, high-growth track of any company in the 1,400-stock universe of our dividend discount model.”

Even though Schlumberger is a competitive company devoted to ever-higher profits, over the years its executives have shown a predilection for the politics of the left. Paul Schlumberger urged his sons to share the profits of their company with employees. He financed his sons only on the condition that “the interests of scientific research take precedence over financial ones.” Conrad was a pacifist and a socialist until Stalin's Russia disillusioned him. René Seydoux, the husband of Marcel's daughter Geneviève, who ran Schlumberger's European wireline operations, and to whom Riboud reported after Marcel's death, in 1953, was an ardent and active supporter of the French Socialist Party. Jean de Ménil, who supervised all South American operations in the period after the Second World War, supported various liberal causes in the United States. Along with his wife, Dominique, a daughter of Conrad Schlumberger, de Ménil became a major financial contributor to Martin Luther King, Jr., and the American civil-rights movement. And in 1981 Jean Riboud, as an intimate of President Mitterrand, supported the Socialist government's proposed nationalization of forty-six enterprises.

Riboud is a man of contrasts. He is a hugely successful capitalist, with an annual salary of seven hundred thousand dollars and Schlumberger stock worth about thirty-three million dollars, yet he calls himself a socialist. He loves business, yet most of his friends are from the worlds of art and politics. He was born into a French banking family in Lyons, the historical birthplace of the French ruling class, yet he says that one of his principal goals in life is to battle this class. He has deep roots in France, yet he considers himself an unofficial citizen of India and of the United States. He places a premium on loyalty and sentiment, yet he is a tough businessman who has unhesitatingly fired loyal executives and has had a hand in easing out four members of the Schlumberger family. He is charming yet distant. He is a strong and independent man, yet he has a history of “more or less falling in love”—in the words of his friend the writer Françoise Giroud—with leading French politicians of the left.



Even to many of his friends, Riboud is an enigma. They do not understand his success as a capitalist—in part because he does not speak of Schlumberger to them. “Jean Riboud impersonates a businessman who is trying to hide a certain poetry,” Saul Steinberg says. “He is in some sort of Sydney Greenstreet business, as far as we see it—oil, Arabia. I say, ‘What's this pussycat doing as director of this company? I can see the pussycat. But where is the crocodile?’ Now, no pussycat becomes officer in charge of such a company, and I tell myself that in order to be good on the highest level of anything you need mysterious sources.”

FEW cities dominate nations the way Lyons once dominated France. A city of over half a million people in the center of France, Lyons was synonymous with the French business establishment. The Ribouds were Roman Catholic—the right religion—and comfortable. The family lived in an apartment in Lyons until 1929, when they moved to a spacious house in the suburb of Écully. Summers were spent fifty-five miles north of Lyons, at La Carelle, an estate of thirteen hundred acres of farmland and wooded hills, which has been in the family since 1850. Like many members of the French establishment, Camille Riboud, Jean's father, attended L'École des Sciences Politiques, in Paris, where his circle of friends included Georges Boris, who became a close associate of Pierre Mendès-France; André Istel, a future banker; Maurice Schlumberger, who became a banking partner of Istel's; and Jean Schlumberger, who became a writer of some distinction. Maurice and Jean Schlumberger were brothers of Conrad and Marcel. After Camille Riboud and Maurice Schlumberger graduated from L'École des Sciences Politiques, their parents gave them an eighteen-month trip around the world, which they embarked on in 1910. The bond between Camille and Maurice deepened, and years later they would often take their children on trips together

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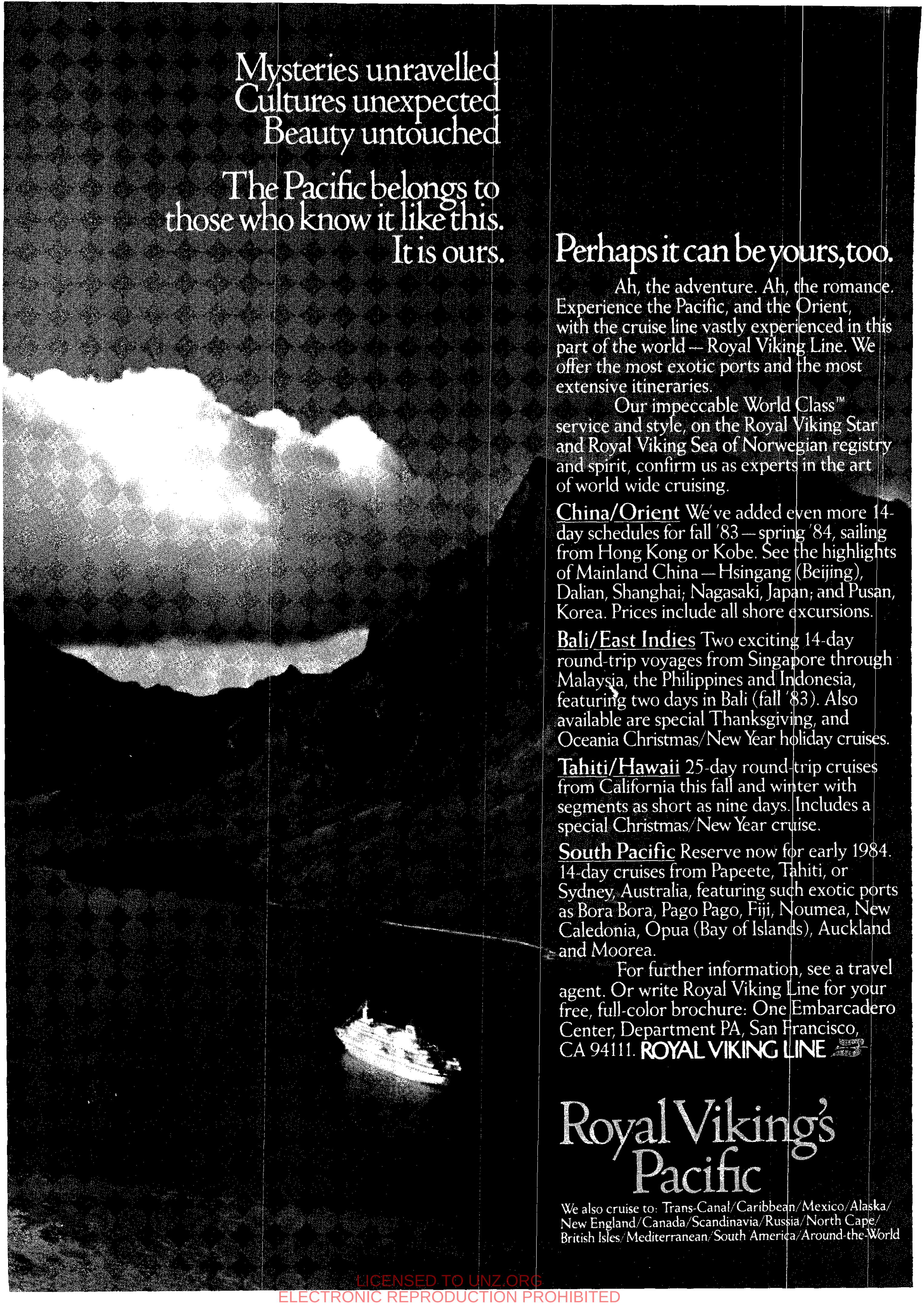

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Camille returned to Lyons in 1912, with dreams of becoming a professor of literature, but his father, who was a banker with the Société Lyonnaise de Dépôts, wanted his son to be a banker, too, and Camille obeyed. Secretly, he disdained many of his banking associates—especially those who were "the son of," Antoine Riboud, Camille's eldest son, recalls. Many of his close friends were professors from Lyons universities. Unlike many of his banking colleagues, Camille was not "of the right." Nor was he "of the left." Jean Riboud says, "My father was an enlightened conservative. He was really part of the establishment and wanted to be part of the establishment, and yet he wanted to be entirely independent-minded—independent of the establishment." His days were devoted to commerce. At night, he read to his children: Homer, Euripides, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud.

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Camille's wife, Hélène, grew up in Lyons, and spent her summers in the nearby town of Givors, where her father's family owned a bottling factory. Hélène Riboud was taught to be a devout, unquestioning Catholic, to obey her husband, to control her emotions, and to organize a good home. She "was not a silly woman," Antoine Riboud says, but she was "ordinary"—without "the sparkle of my father." Jean Riboud offers a different memory of Hélène. "She was a lively, attractive, gay woman, without the culture of my father," he says. "But she was not an ordinary person." The qualities that Jean remembers most vividly are "an extraordinary dignity and an extraordinary sense of duty." Krishna Riboud remembers her mother-in-law, who died in 1957, as a woman of "great determination and great character," but she also says that Jean has a romanticized view of his father. "He feels that all his cultural background comes from his father," she says. "All the authority he has comes from the mother. I see more of the mother in him than the father."

Hélène and Camille Riboud were married in 1915 and had seven children—four boys and three girls. The firstborn was a daughter, Michele. Then came Antoine, a sickly child, who spent part of his youth in sanatoriums. The Ribouds had a second son eleven months later, on November 15, 1919, and named him Jean. Because they feared that Antoine would not survive, they treated Jean as the eldest child. He was the favored son, and his parents expected him to guide the older Michele and Antoine as well as the younger children—Françoise, Sylvie, Marc, and Olivier. (Olivier died of scarlet fever at eleven.) While Antoine struggled in school, Jean was an outstanding student and also a good athlete. He was voted the "best liked" in high school and was made Boy Scout leader for the entire Lyons region. Of all the Riboud children, Jean and his sister Françoise, who were close, especially enjoyed listening to their father read aloud at night; they liked meeting his friends and discussing art, literature, and politics. Influenced by the books they read, by the ideas discussed by the university men, and perhaps by their father's own opinions, Jean and Françoise became the most political of the children, and by the time they reached their teens they were denouncing the people who ruled their church and their city as "the little Fascist bourgeoisie." In 1936, they ardently embraced Léon Blum's Popular Front government and its thirteen-month effort to bring about social change in France. They vehemently opposed Hitler, Franco, and the Munich pact.

In 1939, at the age of fifty-three, Camille Riboud died of a heart attack, and Jean, who was then nineteen, became the de-facto head of the family. "Jean is exactly the portrait, the figure of my father," Antoine Riboud says. "He has the same intellectual way of thinking as my father. To all the children, he was the second father. Sometimes too much, even with Françoise. Sometimes too much with Marc. The only one who had no interference in his life was Antoine. I never had problems with my brother." Perhaps because Jean was seen as assuming too much authority, some lasting resentments were created. Marc Riboud, who is now a world-famous photographer, and Jean speak to each other only to be polite. Michele, who is now a housewife, until recently had little contact with Jean. Antoine and Jean consult on business matters, and like and respect each other, but are not close. Françoise, who today runs a school and home for handicapped children at La Carelle, has been distant from Jean since 1977, when she challenged his slate in a local election and won the seat on the village council

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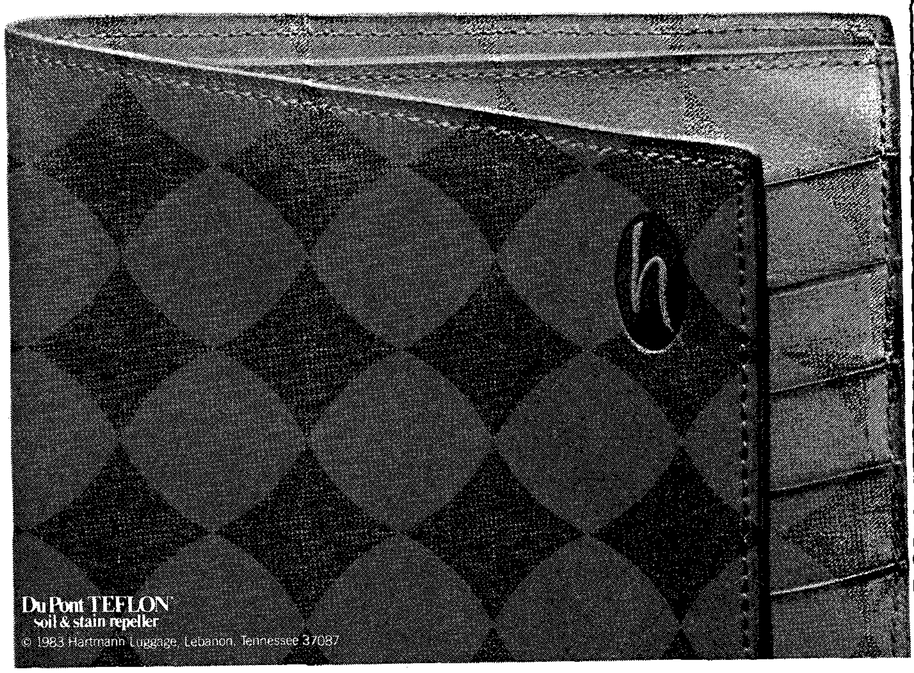

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which he had held since shortly after the war. Of all his sisters and brothers, the closest to Jean is Sylvie, who is a housewife in Aix-en-Provence.

With the approach of the Second World War, Antoine married and entered his maternal grandfather's bottling factory. There he spent the war years, eventually taking over. He had a flair for marketing and sales, and transformed the bottling company into BSN-Gervais Danone—a multinational rival of such corporations as Nestlé S.A. and General Foods. Its products include, in addition to bottles and glass, Dannon yogurt, Kronenbourg beer, Evian water, soft drinks, pasta, mustards, baby foods, and plastics. Whereas Antoine was cheerfully nonpolitical, Jean felt that he could not escape choices. In 1939, after graduating from L'École des Sciences Politiques, he volunteered for the Army but was rejected, because, at nineteen, he was too young. The next year, though, he joined the Army as a tank officer, and when Germany invaded France he was sent into battle in the Loire Valley. He was captured in June of 1940, but he escaped. In the spring of 1941, he went to the Sorbonne to study law and economics and prepare for the Civil Service. He studied and lived for two years in occupied Paris, and during this time he kept in touch with the budding Resistance movement in Lyons, attending organizational meetings and slipping back and forth between occupied France and Vichy France.

In the summer of 1943, he and a fellow-student, Yves Le Portz, were urged by others in the Resistance to join the Free French Army in North Africa. To get there, they decided to take a route that had been used by, among others, Georges Schlumberger, a son of Maurice: to Perpignan, in the south, by bicycle, and from there the twenty-five miles or so to Spain by kayak. On a moonless August night, Riboud and Le Portz hid their bicycles at the top of a cliff, put their kayak into the water, and paddled furiously, hoping to parallel the coastline just out of sight. But a storm came up, sending water crashing into their tiny craft and shoving them out into rough seas. Frantically, they struggled back toward the shore, where the water was calmer, and then they made their way south, to a point where the Pyrenees plunged straight down into the Mediterranean. They spotted a cave and, leaving their kayak outside, crawled in

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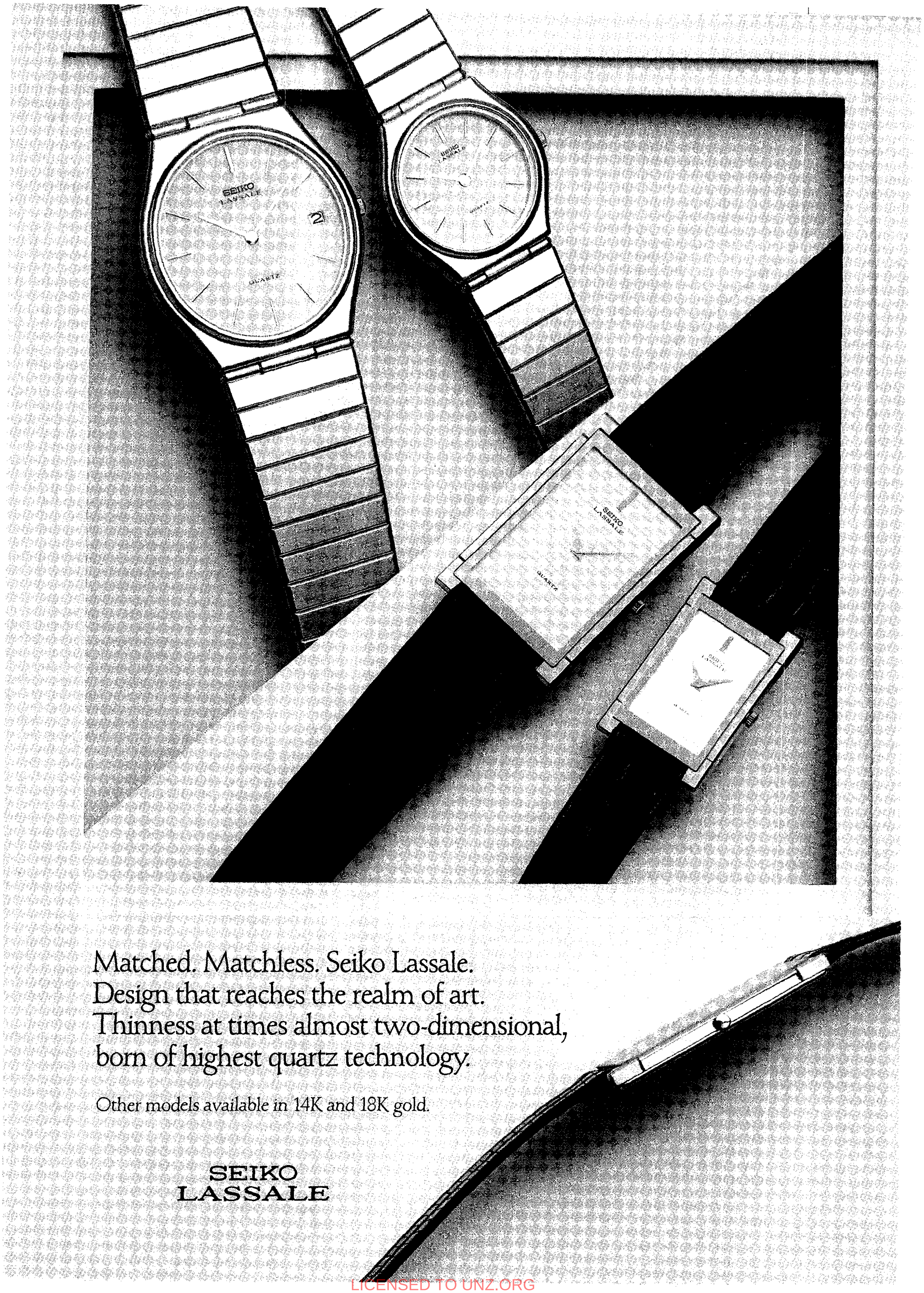

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to sleep. When they awoke, Riboud recalls, "two men were looking at us, and they were obviously totally baffled." The two men happened to be German naval officers. Riboud and Le Portz pretended to be students. The Germans stared at them and departed without saying a word. Riboud and Le Portz went back to sleep. They were awakened a short while later by officers from a German patrol boat, who, after one look at the detailed maps of the coast of Spain the two were carrying, arrested them. The Germans took them to be interrogated by a colonel, who first saluted their bravery and then turned them over to the Gestapo in Perpignan. After two weeks of questioning, they were taken to the city of Compiègne, north of Paris, and in September they were among twelve hundred prisoners shipped by train to Buchenwald.

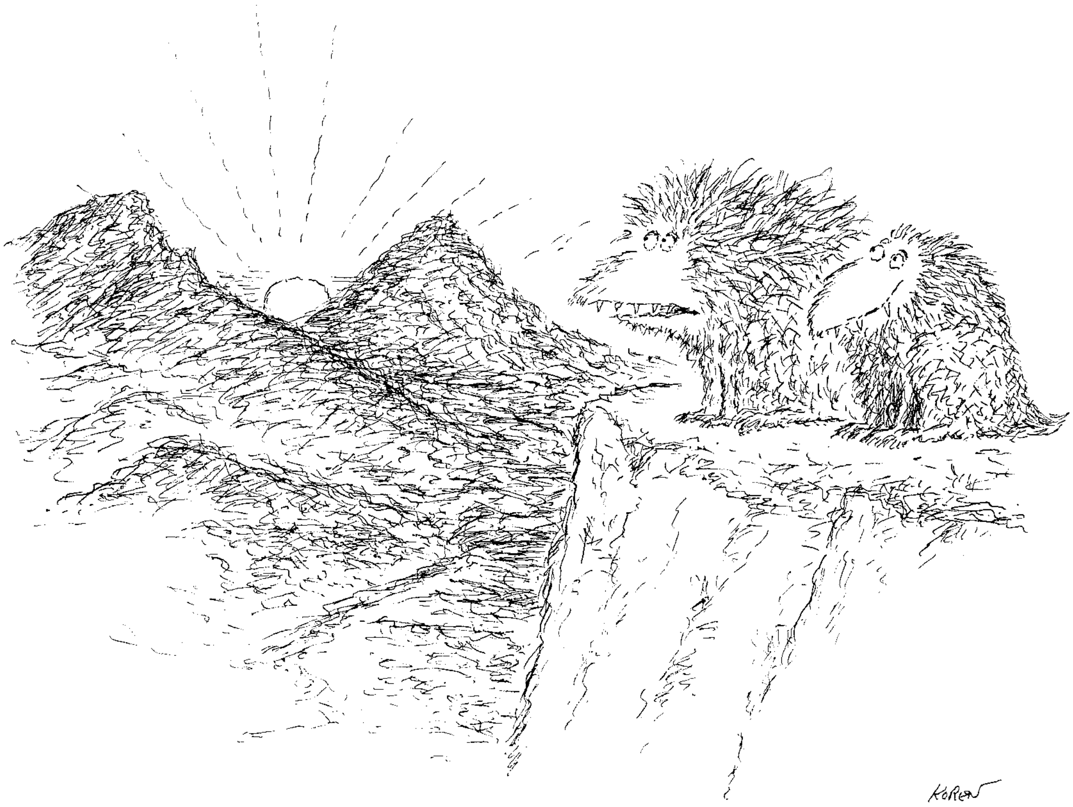
When Riboud and Le Portz arrived at Buchenwald, experienced prisoners gave them some advice: The Gestapo will ask if you are able to do mechanical work. Say yes. "We had no idea of mechanics at all," recalls Le Portz, who is today chairman of the European Investment Bank. But they followed the advice, and were sent to an aircraft-construction plant near Buchenwald. Prisoners who said they were ignorant of mechanics were sent on to Dachau, the extermination camp. Buchenwald was brutal—particularly the long hours working outdoors in winter without a coat. In addition to the cold, the hard labor, and the Gestapo, prisoners of war had to contend with common criminals whom the Germans had rounded up and sent to the camps. "To divide us, they mixed ordinary criminals with members of the Resistance," Le Portz says. "There were as many conflicts among inmates as between inmates and guards. Unity among the prisoners was essential."

Riboud recalls that in many of the camps "some of the Christians and the Communists became forces of order." They helped their fellow-prisoners not to lose faith, and to accept discipline and solidarity. Riboud himself soon emerged as a leader at Buchenwald. "We didn't speak German," Le Portz says. "Yet a few months after entering the camp Jean was the official German interpreter for the prisoners—and he'd read German newspapers to them. Moreover, he was a man of extraordinary courage and humor. He tried to make life as easy as possible for other prisoners. Jean managed to establish contact with the outside world and get information to the camp. He was not a passive man."

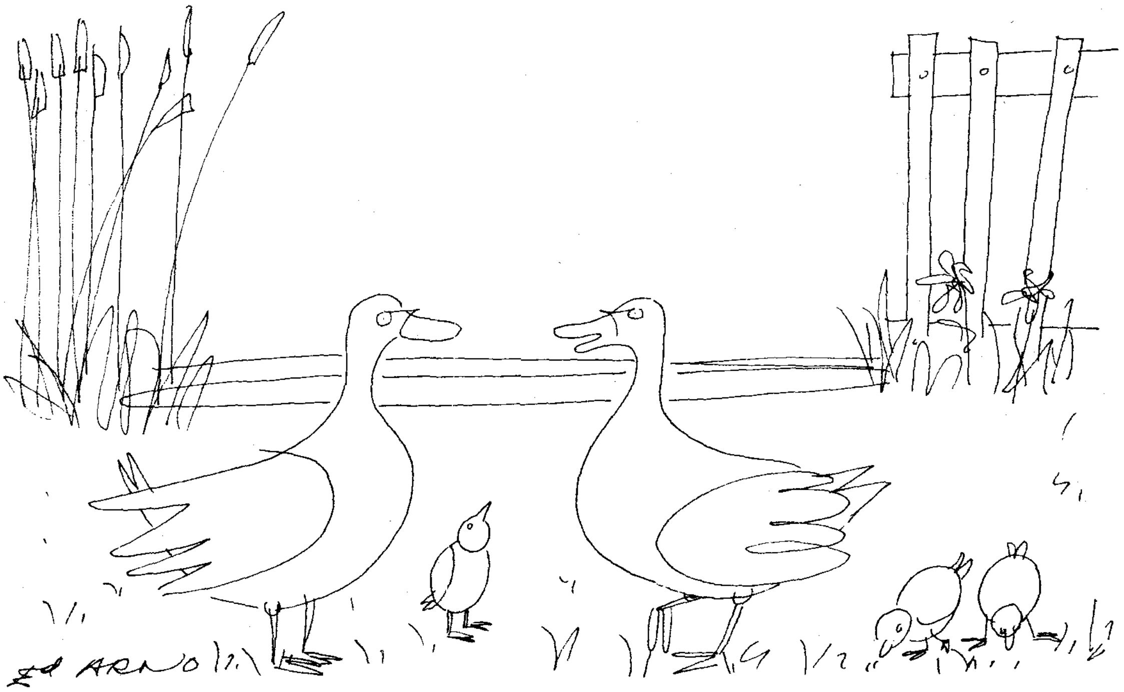
Riboud's brother Antoine and his friend Cartier-Bresson have said that Riboud emerged from the camp thinking of himself as a Communist, although not in the sense of being a Party member or a Stalinist. "I was never tempted at all to become a Party member," Riboud says. He does concede, however, that it took him "a long time to realize the force of destruction that was Stalin," explaining, "I couldn't believe that people I'd known in Buchenwald—who had convictions, and integrity—could have lent themselves to an evil like Stalinism." Of his years at Buchenwald, Riboud says, "I've seen the worst and the best of human beings, to an extent that I never thought could be as bad and as good, as ominous and as perfect." The experience contributed to a lifelong conviction that, in Riboud's words, "in the presence of death there are the ones who fight and the ones who give up, the ones who survive and the ones who do not." Antoine Riboud says that Buchenwald made his brother "more liberal" and also made him "very strong, very capable of resisting anything."

When Buchenwald was liberated, on April 11, 1945, only ninety-two of the twelve hundred prisoners who had been on the train from Compiègne were still alive. Two days later, some French nationals arrived to interview the prisoners, and were horrified by what they learned. They chose a delegation of five prisoners, including Riboud, and rushed them to Paris by plane to give officials an account of their ordeal. They received a hero's welcome, after which Riboud took a train from Paris to Lyons, and from there travelled on to La Carelle. All four hundred residents of the village of Ouroux turned out to greet him, and he stayed up through the night drinking wine with them at the village café, and singing. Riboud never forgot the bond he felt with the people of Ouroux. Some time later, he was elected a member of the village council, and he attended two or three meetings a year until his defeat in 1977.

WITH the war behind him, Jean assumed that a job in his father's bank awaited him. A career in banking had been Camille Riboud's



"I want to be able to speak the desperate things the heart feels."



"Oh, sure, I've laid a few. But that was when gold was over seven hundred dollars an ounce."

wish for him, and though Jean had no ambitions along those lines he decided to fall in with his father's plan. He recalls, "I went to see the man who was the head of the bank"—his father's partner—"and he said to me, 'There is no room in the bank.' " The partner also told Riboud that he had "no gift for banking." Something he didn't say was that he had reserved a major position for his own son. Riboud was both depressed and relieved—depressed because his future was blank, and relieved because he would not have to become a Lyons banker. Unsure of what he wanted to do, he went to Paris to have an interview for a job in industry, and while he was there he also went to see André Istel, who had been a banking partner of Maurice Schlumberger. Riboud knew both men, since they had been friends of Camille Riboud. Istel, a French Jew, had fled to the United States during the war, and now he planned to open a New York banking office, to be called André Istel & Company. Among Istel's clients was the oil-field-service company Schlumberger. Istel and Riboud had dinner at the Hôtel de Crillon, on the Place de la Concorde, and then walked along the Seine, talking, Riboud recalls, about de Gaulle, the war, the United States, economic policies, and Camille Riboud but not about the investment-banking business.

Two days later, Istel phoned Riboud's hotel to arrange an interview, and when they met again Istel said, "I'm opening an office in New York, and I want you to come work for me."

"You're out of your mind, M. Istel," Riboud recalls saying. "I can't speak a word of English. Second, I've never worked. What could I do for you?"

Istel replied, "If I had Napoleon at my disposal, I wouldn't be asking you. But I don't have Napoleon, so it's my problem, not your problem."

Two months later, in September of 1946, Riboud opened Istel's New York office, working at a salary of two hundred dollars a month. "It was another planet," he says. "Europeans had absolutely nothing. I took all my belongings to America, and I remember that they were one pair of shoes and two shirts. That's all I had—that was everything." For a year, Riboud rented a furnished room on the East Side, and then, his salary having risen, he moved into a hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar-a-month apartment on Sixty-third Street between Madison and Fifth Avenues. A number of art galleries were nearby, as was the Museum of Modern Art, which he particularly enjoyed. Again, as at Buchenwald, Riboud quickly learned the language being spoken around him. At the suggestion of friends in France, he got in touch with Cartier-Bresson, who at the time was being honored with his first one-man photography exhibit, at the Museum of Modern Art, and the two Frenchmen became lifelong friends. Riboud also met Cartier-Bresson's sister, Nicole, a passionate leftist, who wrote poetry and studied psychology. They attended meetings at Cartier-Bresson's apartment, under the Manhattan side of the Queensborough Bridge; protested against Dutch colonialism in Indonesia and French colonialism in Indochina; and worked for a variety of causes. Through Cartier-Bresson, Riboud met members of the art and literary worlds, including Charles Olson, who was then living in Washington, D.C.

Olson and his wife, Constance, became special friends of Riboud's. Every two or three months, Riboud took the train to Washington to spend a weekend with them. The three would stay up talking until dawn, sleep until midafternoon, talk until dawn. Unlike Riboud, Olson came from a working-class background; his father was a mailman and a union organizer in Massachusetts. Riboud read Mao Zedong's writings aloud in French to Olson, who used several of Mao's lines in his 1949 poem "The Kingfishers," and who wrote enthusiastically of Central America's "Communist future." Olson, who was something of a mystic, taught English at Black Mountain College, in North Carolina, and was considered a leading avant-garde figure of his day. His devoted students included John Cage, Robert Rauschenberg, and Merce Cunningham.

As a young man, Riboud had become accustomed to meeting his father's literary friends, and he had read the classics; he had always cared about art and about politics; and now he shared the passions and interests of his new friends in the New York literary and artistic community. He often accompanied Langston Hughes on Sunday walks through Harlem, stopping to listen to some jazz or to the rhythmic words of preachers. He supported Charles Olson in his war with traditional forms and in his quest for new ones. He believed that Cartier-Bresson and Robert Capa, two of the founders of Magnum Photos, were artistic pioneers. He sided with Rauschenberg and others who were accused of exhibitionism, of trying to shock for the sake of shock. He spoke the language of these artists. "Like all intellectuals, Riboud has an understanding of shortcuts," Saul Steinberg has observed. "He understands paradox, and comparison that avoids lengthy explanation."

Riboud did well at the bank. He came to know some conservative businessmen and formed friendships with several—notably Garrard Winston, an attorney whose bloodline stretched back to the early days of the American republic. But investment banking did not inspire Riboud the way politics did. His was a generation that had been dominated from its early years by political questions: by Fascism, the Spanish Civil War, Hitler, the Second World War, the Holocaust, the United Nations, and colonialism; and now by Senator Joseph McCarthy. "We had to choose," Riboud says. Enemies were unambiguous. Some of those who had been aligned with him against Hitler now devoted their energies to opposing Stalin. Stalin, they argued, was another Hitler, with his own concentration camps, his own imperialistic designs on Eastern Europe. In this postwar split of the left, Riboud decried the self-proclaimed realists. He wanted the left to remain united, to remain focussed on traditional enemies, to help prevent the Cold War. When Riboud thought of Communists, he thought not of a Stalin Gulag but of Buchenwald, populated in part by Communists "who had convictions and integrity," and who had saved his life. At that point, nobody, he has said, "could make me believe that the French Communists were bad."

When Alger Hiss, whom Riboud knew, was successfully prosecuted by the federal government and later attacked by McCarthy, Riboud supported Hiss, opposing those who believed that Hiss was a Soviet spy. He saw the Hiss case as a modern-day version of the Dreyfus case. He wasn't sure—and still isn't, he says—whether Hiss was innocent or guilty, and he felt that in a way it didn't matter. He could excuse transgressions on the part of Hiss, for he was certain that the forces of oppression, of militarism, of narrow nationalism were mobilized on the other side. As he had when he

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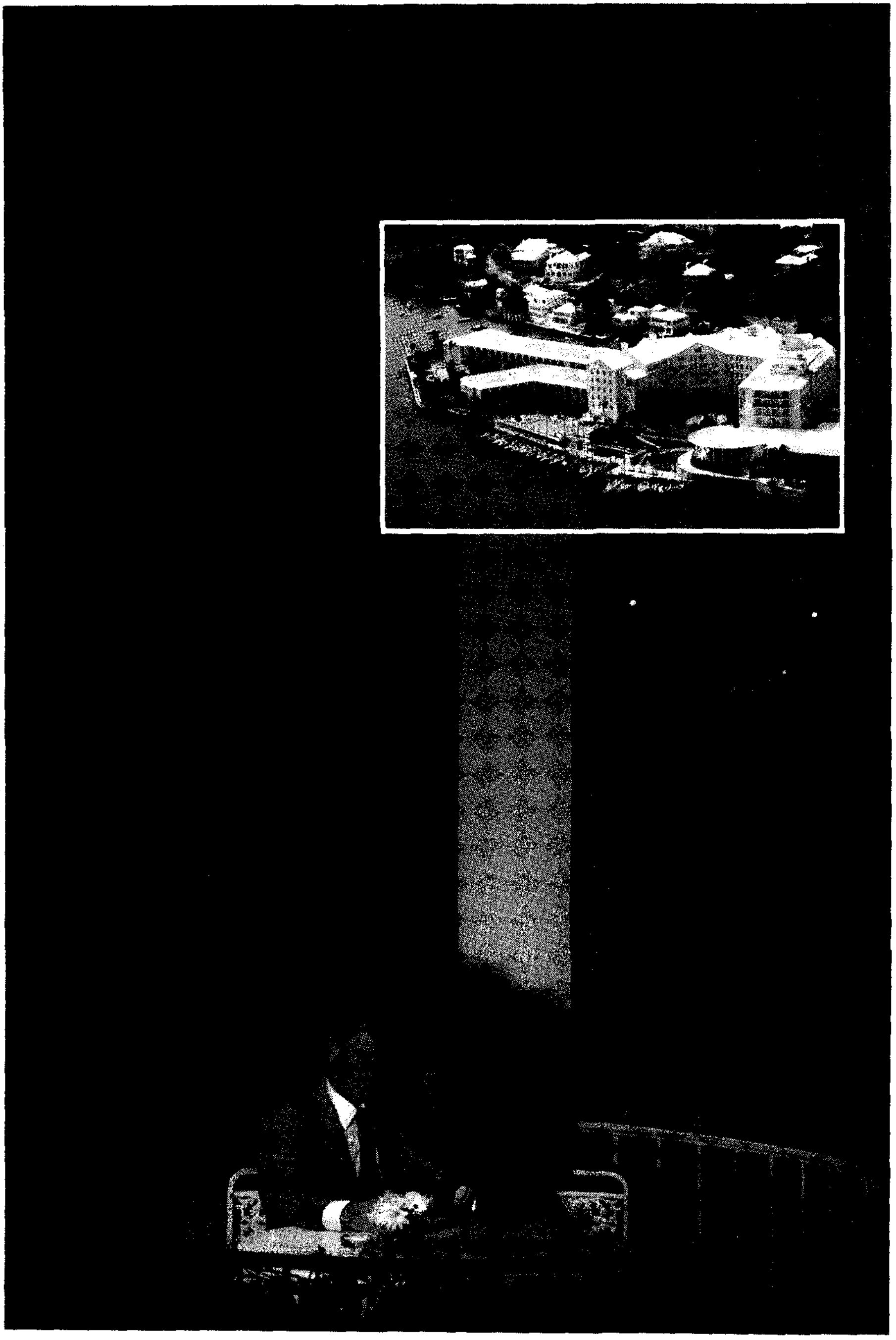

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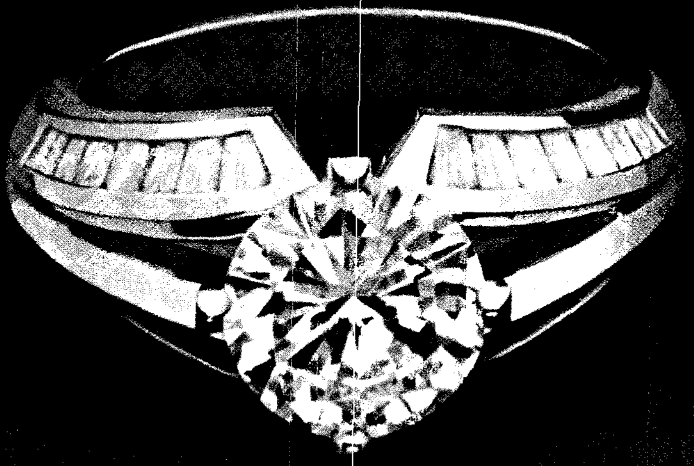

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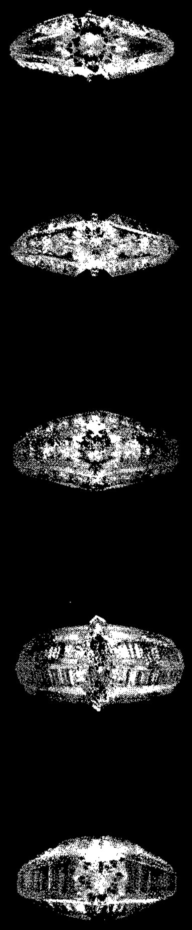

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joined the Resistance, he felt that he had to choose. It was a matter of "us" against "them." Today, Riboud sees the Hiss case as "the beginning of something that was fairly important, part of American history that is resurrected now with Mr. Reagan, which is the peace problem, the McCarthy problem, witch hunts—really, the problem of freedom in America." Saul Steinberg says of that time, "Whenever we sat down in a group of people, we looked around to see who would join us on the barricades."

In the spring of 1947, Riboud went to a party for Cartier-Bresson given by the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, and there he met Krishna Roy. She was one of "three absolutely adorable, beautiful young Indian girls"—his words—who were visiting from Wellesley College, where they were studying philosophy. Krishna Roy was born in Dacca on October 12, 1926, and, like Riboud, she had grown up comfortably. Her father, Rajendra Roy, had been director of public health in East Bengal, and the family of her mother, Ena Tagore, included the poet Rabindranath Tagore and a revolutionary leader, Soumyendranath Tagore. Rajendra Roy died when Krishna was ten, and she grew up in the city of Calcutta under the tutelage of her uncle Soumyendranath, who had a lasting influence on her. "My uncle, whom I had a passion for, was a revolutionary Marxist, and his Marxism was very different from the Communism we know now," recalls Krishna Riboud, a short woman with dark skin and straight black hair. Full of idealistic fervor, her uncle visited the Soviet Union between 1927 and 1929; he became a friend of Nikolai Bukharin, and slowly became horrified by Stalin's ruthless consolidation of power. After returning home, he, like Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru, was repeatedly arrested by the British colonial administration for revolutionary activities. Krishna vividly remembers a time at the Calcutta railway station when she saw her uncle manacled by British police and carted off on a train.

A well-placed friend helped to obtain the release of her uncle on that occasion, and, later, helped get Krishna into Wellesley. The friend was Spencer Kellogg, Jr., scion of a wealthy family, who had met Krishna's family when his daughter Lois became ill on a visit to India and was treated by Krishna's father. When Kellogg returned to the United States,

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he wrote to Krishna's mother to suggest that Krishna be allowed to enroll at Wellesley. Nehru's sister, Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, who later became president of the United Nations General Assembly, had sent her daughters there, so Ena Tagore Roy did not immediately dismiss the suggestion. Then Lois Kellogg wrote to say that she would be Krishna's guardian, and that Krishna could spend winter vacations with her at the Kelloggs' home in Scottsdale, Arizona, and weekends at their home in Connecticut. After a time, Mrs. Roy consented. In 1943, Krishna Roy went to Wellesley. She was not just another foreign student. She came with letters of introduction to John Dewey and Albert Einstein, both of whom knew her uncle the poet and her uncle the revolutionary. She remembers visiting John Dewey, who cautioned her not to study Western philosophy. She remembers driving to Princeton on a rainy day to meet Einstein. "I walked into this small house, and he asked, 'How is your uncle?' " she says. "He was so sweet. He took me up to a small veranda and made some tea. He said to his daughter, 'She's the niece of that wonderful Communist, Tagore.' Then he played the violin for me."

The first time Krishna Roy and Jean Riboud spoke at any length, they, too, spoke of her uncle the revolutionary. She had seen Riboud at the Cartier-Bresson gathering but had paid no heed to him—he had made "no impression whatsoever," she recalls. After that first meeting, however, he invited her for a walk, and in the course of it he asked about her uncles, her country, her philosophy studies. They argued, he remembers, about modern art, which they both admired. They began to see each other regularly. Two years later, Riboud told her, "If we are going to keep on seeing each other, we must take a trip together around the country." She agreed, and Jean invited his sister Françoise, to whom he was still very close, to join them. It was the summer of 1949, and they travelled by car to Seattle and the Pacific, to Arizona, and across the country to the Olsons' house at Black Mountain College.

In 1949, Krishna and Jean decided to get married, though they knew that Ena Tagore Roy wanted her daughter to marry an Indian national, and that Hélène Riboud wanted her son to marry a Catholic. With encouragement from Françoise, they decided to write to their mothers and announce

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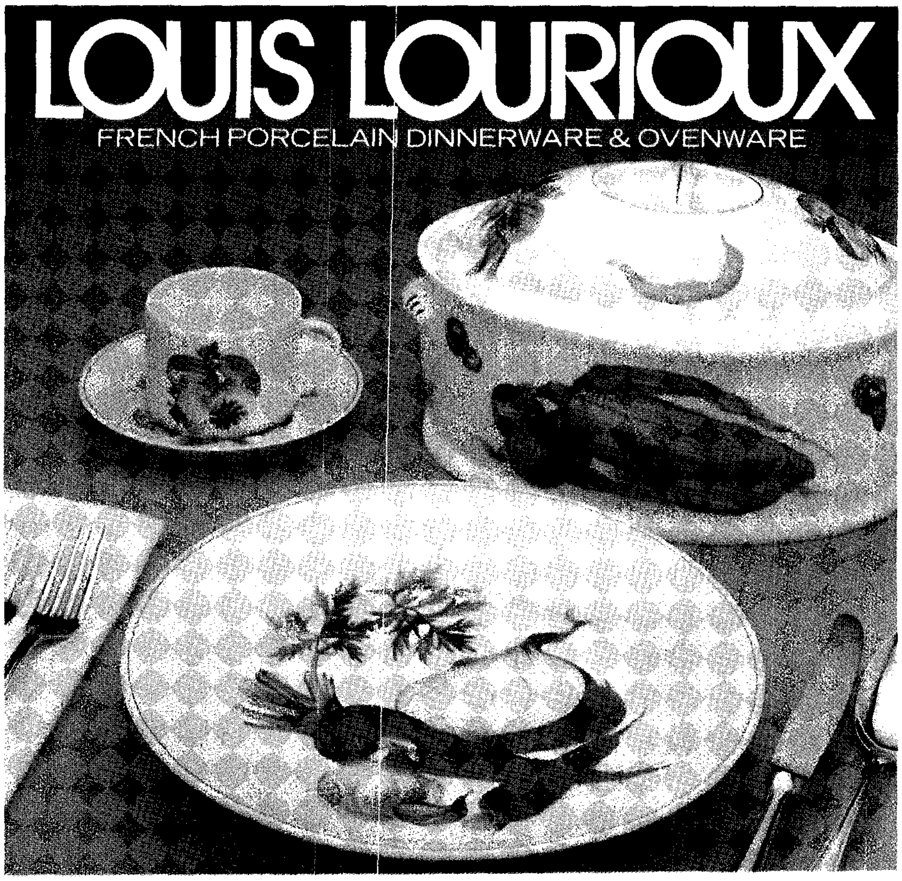

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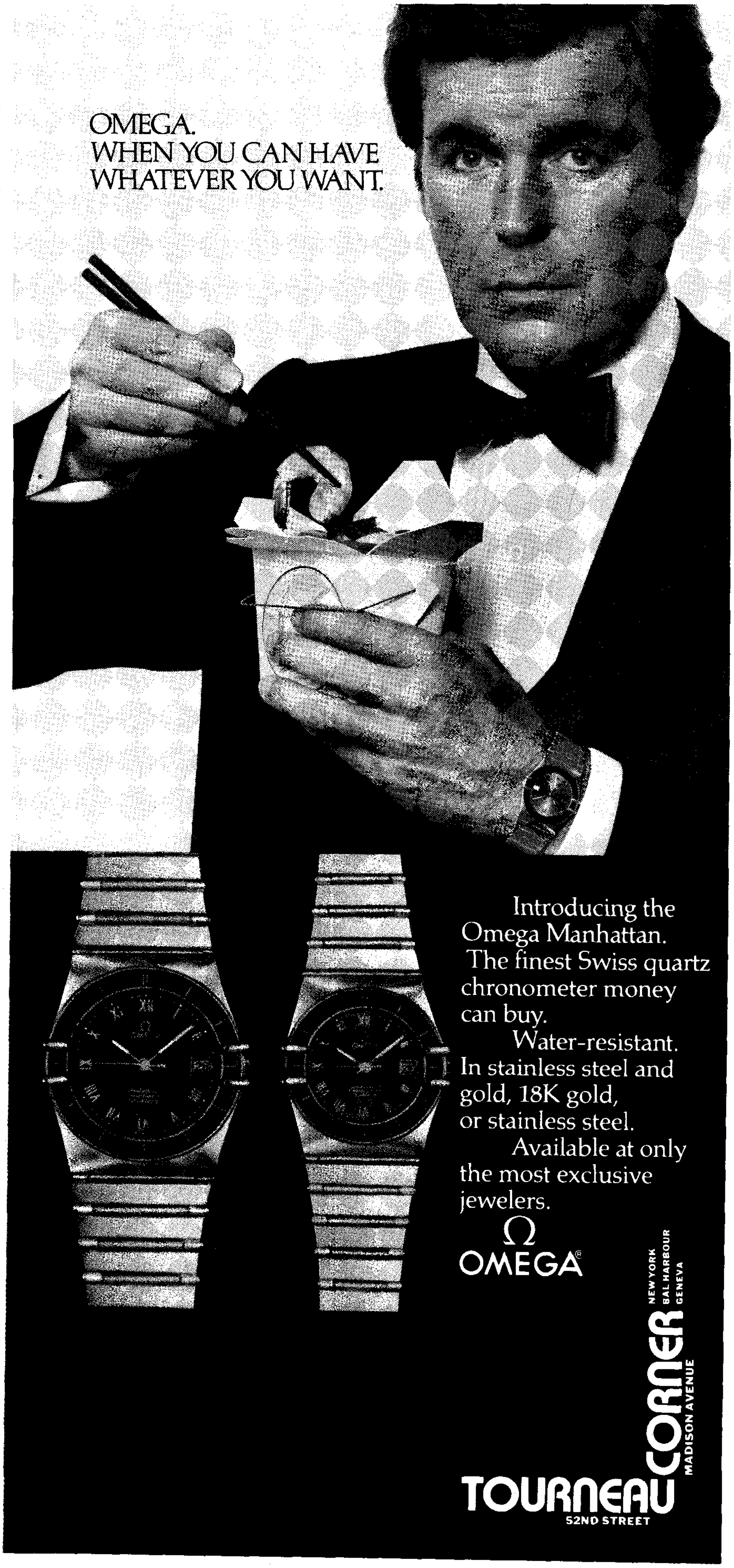
their intention, but not to wait for replies. On October 1, 1949, Krishna and Jean were married by a priest at the Kelloggs' house in Connecticut. Françoise was matron of honor, and Krishna was attended by her close friend Rita Pandit. The wedding party included Anne Schlumberger Doll and her husband, Henri, and other members of the Schlumberger family, who were principal clients of André Istel & Company.

THE Schlumberger family had been keeping an eye on Jean Riboud. Glowing reports arrived from André Istel and Maurice Schlumberger. The Schlumbergers had come to know Riboud directly, because a third of the investment bank's financial-advisory business was with their company or with the family itself. Riboud was invited to family dinners, and impressed other guests with his knowledge of politics, art, and literature. One day, Marcel Schlumberger arrived at the house of his niece Anne, in Ridgefield, Connecticut. She recalls that he seemed depressed. Schlumberger had always been a family company, and Mr. Marcel, as he was called, usually hired its engineers himself. But the company was growing rapidly—it now had offices not only in Paris but also in New York, Ridgefield, and Houston—and Marcel worried that it was becoming too successful, too bureaucratized, and would lose its sense of intimacy and fall into the hands of men without character. Anne listened to Marcel's lament, and after a while the talk turned to Jean Riboud. "You see him now and then," he said. "What do you think of this lad?"

In "The Schlumberger Adventure," a family memoir published in the United States in January of 1983, Anne (who, divorced from Henri Doll, had become Anne Gruner Schlumberger) writes that she replied, "I think he has a heart—a feeling for humanity, I guess I want to say. That's rare enough in someone committed to high finance. If you're thinking of taking him on, I'll be surprised if he disappoints you."

"Oh, I find him *sympathique*," Marcel said. "We'll see." He paused, then added, "I wouldn't know how to use him. Finance is not our business, and I don't believe in it."

Marcel arranged to have lunch with Riboud in Paris in July of 1950. Jean and Krishna had had a son, Christophe, that year, and had talked often



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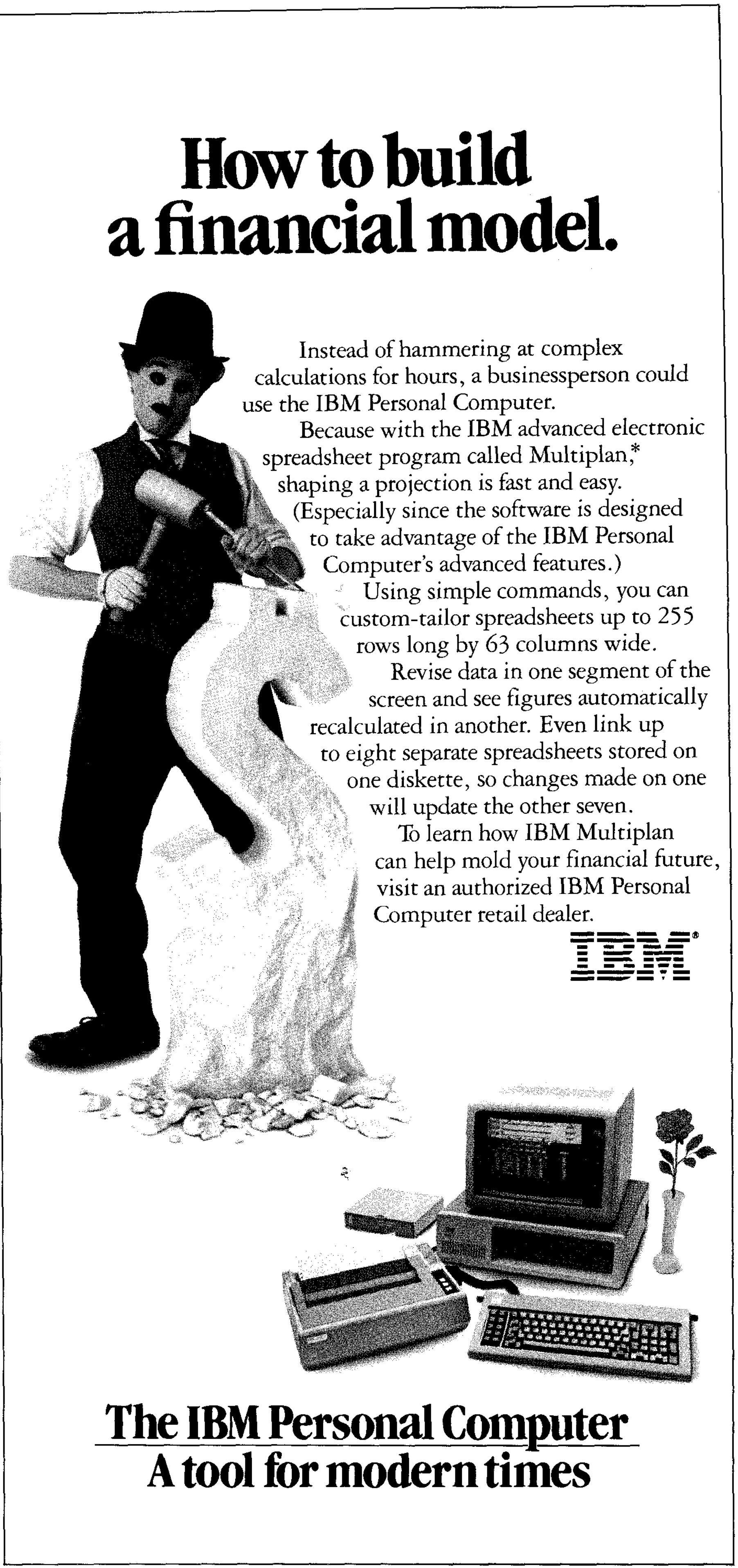
of starting a new life in France. Riboud felt unfulfilled as an investment banker. He was restless in America, and was concerned that he was losing touch with France. Moreover, he had never been to India; he wanted to go there, and then settle in Paris and maybe open a bookstore. Earlier that year, he had notified André Istel that he planned to leave the banking business and go to India for six months. Now, when Marcel learned of these plans, he offered Riboud an undefined position with Schlumberger. "I haven't the foggiest idea what you'll do," he said at lunch. He offered to pay Riboud five hundred dollars a month—two thousand five hundred dollars a month less than he was then making. He proposed to send him to Houston as an assistant to his son, Pierre, but Riboud, because of his Indian-born wife, preferred not to live in the South. Still, he was intrigued by Schlumberger and by the sense of adventure that the oil business promised. He agreed to go to work for the company, but on two conditions: he must first visit India, and he must work at Schlumberger's Paris office. Marcel accepted his terms.

The Ribouds sailed for France in January of 1951, and stayed at the Paris flat of Dominique and Jean de Ménil for a week, during which Hélène Riboud came to visit. Then Krishna, Jean, and Christophe embarked on a two-day plane trip to Calcutta, where Riboud met the Tagore and Roy families, and was extensively exposed to Eastern culture and the Hindu faith. Awestruck, he travelled throughout the country, asking questions, admiring the art and the traditions. He has visited India every year but one for the past three decades.

Upon returning to France, in May of 1951, Riboud went to work at Schlumberger. He worked on finances, on merging what had become four independent Schlumberger companies into one, but mostly he listened. "For the first year, I really did nothing except listen to Marcel," he says. "Marcel used him as a gadfly," says Paul Lepercq, who is also from Lyons and was recruited by Riboud as his replacement at the New York bank; today Lepercq is the second-longest-serving member of the Schlumberger board of directors. Riboud watched Marcel—the "adapter," as Paul Schlumberger called him—spend hours asking penetrating questions, or sit through meetings without saying a word, his eyes unreadable under thick eyebrows, his expression blank. Marcel focussed on personnel decisions, which, he told Riboud, were the most important decisions an executive had to make. Even though Marcel was approaching seventy, he would cross the ocean to attend meetings of engineers and managers. William Gillingham, a British-born engineer who had been hired by Marcel in 1934 and had become the head of Schlumberger's oil-field-service operations, recalls saying, "Mr. Marcel, you must enjoy coming over here and hearing these technical papers," and that Marcel glared at him and said, "Mr. Gillingham, I don't come here to hear these papers. I can read them in my office. I come here to see what kind of people are running *my* company."

Riboud learned that nothing seemed to please Marcel. Although Marcel is said never to have raised his voice, he was hardly a diplomat. Jérôme Seydoux, the son of Marcel's daughter Geneviève, recalls, "He disliked anything that was not well done." The old man often spent weekends at their country home in Cormeilles, outside Paris. "He could be quite rude," Seydoux says. "If a meal was not good, he would say to us, 'It's not good'—and wouldn't eat it. One sentence or one word was enough. He gave us a sense that you have to do quality work. If things were perfect, he'd say, '*C'est bien*'—but that's all." Marcel disliked frills. If an employee bought an expensive carpet or piece of furniture for his office, Marcel would bark a few gruff monosyllables at him. He would complain if there were too many words in a telegram. He lived for the company. Monday mornings, Marcel arrived at the office and asked his employees what new thoughts about Schlumberger they had had over the weekend. If they had had shrewd insights or had done outstanding work, he offered no compliments. "When he was really friends with you, he offered you a cigarette," says Claude Baks, who joined Schlumberger as an engineer in 1946. He later became one of Riboud's principal advisers, and remembers Mr. Marcel with great affection.

Despite his flaws, Marcel communicated to Riboud his almost religious devotion to Schlumberger. As with other corporate pioneers—Thomas J. Watson, of I.B.M., A. P. Giannini, of the Bank of America, Henry Ford—this devotion became a legend. Riboud speaks of an incident that took place in 1940, when the Germans had invaded



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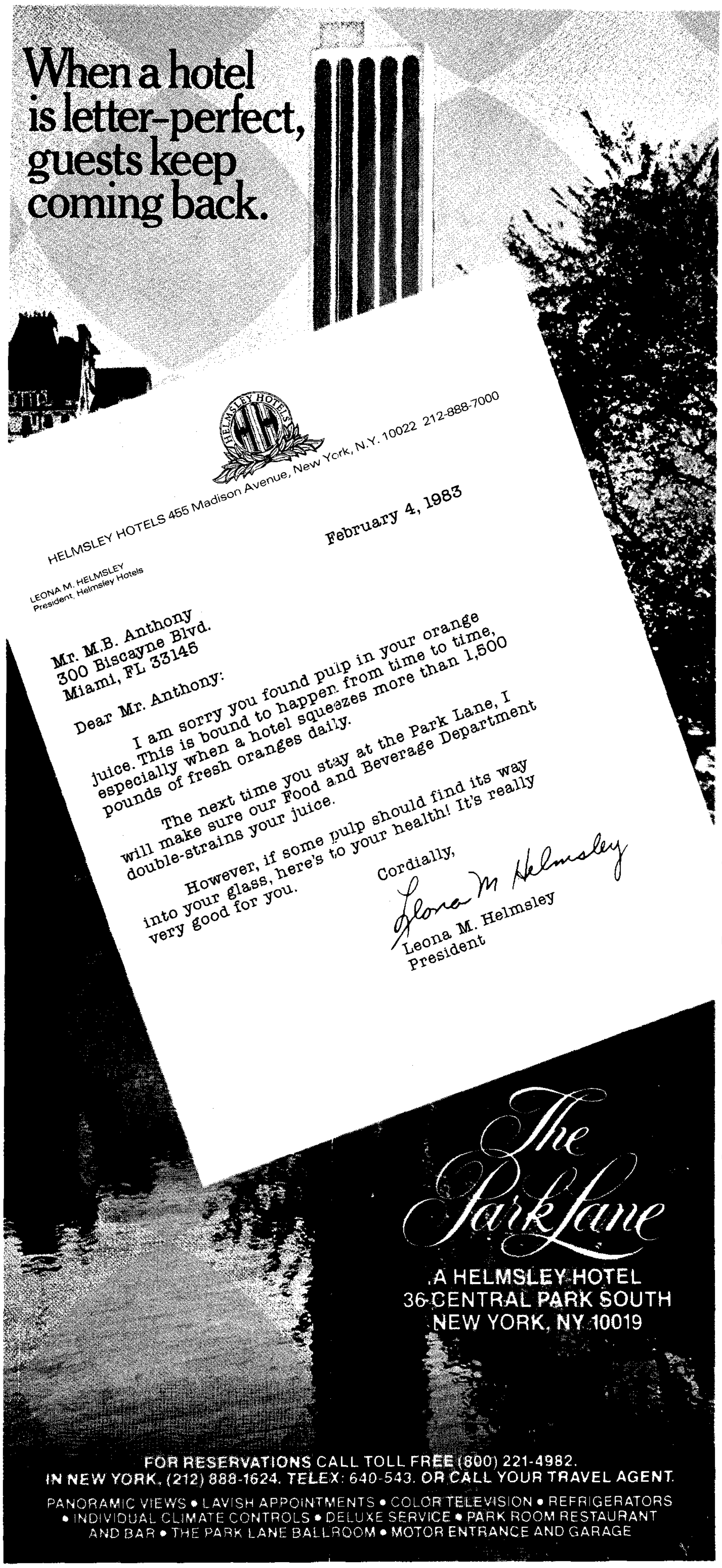

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Belgium and were poised to overwhelm France. Erle P. Halliburton, the head of the Halliburton Oil Well Cementing Company, which was Schlumberger's chief oil-field-service rival, paid a visit to Marcel. "Everybody knew that France was going to be defeated, that Paris would be totally cut off from Houston, and that Houston wouldn't survive by itself, without Paris," Riboud says. Halliburton offered to buy Schlumberger for ten million dollars. Marcel made no reply but slowly rose from his chair, and beckoned Halliburton to follow him. They walked silently to the elevator, where Marcel thanked his visitor and said goodbye. Another executive might have hesitated, Riboud says. Why didn't Marcel? "Because there are some questions you never discuss," he says. "If somebody were to come and ask you to sell your wife, you wouldn't hesitate, would you?" Riboud draws a lesson from this tale: Marcel Schlumberger was never swayed by passing storms, because he remained anchored to a set of beliefs. "The first was, Think for yourself," Riboud says. "Whatever is happening at the moment, try to think for yourself."

In the summer of 1953, at the age of sixty-nine, Marcel died of heart failure. In a eulogy, Jean de Ménil said, "He had known for several weeks that he had not much time left to live. He never alluded to it. With those who entered his office, he would discuss, listen, and advise as usual. To his wife, a few days before his death, he said, 'My motor is stalling.' Then, on August 20th, in the late morning, he retired to his room without a complaint. He died as he had lived: upright."

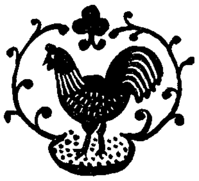
Although Marcel's corporate heirs shared his sense of the company's special mission, his death robbed Schlumberger of its central authority. Feuds surfaced among the branches of the Schlumberger family. No one emerged as chief operating officer to replace Marcel. Instead, the company was divided into four fiefdoms, each ruled by a family member. The technical side of the business was the domain of Henri Doll, the husband of Conrad's daughter Anne, and the engineer who in 1927 performed the first successful wireline experiment. Doll, who believed in technology, pushed the company to apportion a larger share of its profits for his research activities. Science was Doll's forte, his love. He fled France in 1940 and lent his skills to the Allied cause. Doll supported his small company, Electro-Mechanical Research—which he started in Houston and moved to Ridgefield, Connecticut, after the war—with defense contracts. He invented a device to detect land mines, and helped perfect rocketry guidance systems. When the war ended, Schlumberger bought this company, and under Doll's direction the Ridgefield lab produced the first induction log, a device using electromagnetic waves to measure resistivity, which increased Schlumberger's lead in the wireline business. William Gillingham has estimated that when Doll retired, in 1967, forty per cent of Schlumberger's revenues sprang from his inventions. But Doll was a scientist, not a corporate manager; although he ranked first in seniority when Marcel died, he chose not to assume the leadership of the company.

Pierre Schlumberger, the only son of Marcel—and the only son of either founder—ruled the most profitable division: Schlumberger's North American wireline operations. Schlumberger came out of the war a weakened company, with its executives scattered. In 1946, Pierre set up an organization in Houston that would keep pace with the growing American oil market. Like his father, Pierre was a man of simple convictions. With his father gone, he came to believe that if Schlumberger was to grow it had to become a public company rather than remaining a family one, and that it had to make its financial operations more professional—to codify a set of rules rather than follow the whims of one man. Pierre had ambitious plans, but the other family members resisted them.

A third sector—Schlumberger's wireline operations in South America and the Middle East—was run from Houston by Jean de Ménil, the husband of Conrad's daughter Dominique. For eight years after his marriage, de Ménil, a Paris banker, resisted Marcel's importunings to join the company, but in 1939 he did, and became responsible for Schlumberger's financial structure. During the war, de Ménil successfully schemed with Marcel to free the company from potential Nazi control by shifting its base of operations from France to Trinidad. And after the war de Ménil played a large part in making Schlumberger a truly international corporation, by requiring that all business be conducted in English and that the dollar be the common currency, as is now customary in the oil business. Like Conrad Schlumberger, de Ménil was an idealist, and lent his financial support to political and artistic movements that challenged the status quo. And, also like Conrad, he believed that Schlumberger's ability to help others find oil was a natural extension of his political beliefs. "You were bringing to human frontiers technology that helped people," says his son George de Ménil, who is a professor of economics. "During the war, it contributed something crucial to the war effort. After the war, it contributed something crucial to the growth of the world economy."

Schlumberger's European operations—the fourth fiefdom—were run by Marcel's son-in-law René Seydoux. Like de Ménil, he had intense political convictions, and he became a supporter of the French Socialist Party. During the war, he was captured by the Germans and sent to a prisoner-of-war camp. After the war, he returned to Schlumberger and was made head of its Paris office. Among those who worked for him following Marcel's death was Jean Riboud, who admired his gentle nature. Through Seydoux, Riboud came to know many Socialist Party leaders. Of the four family members, a person who knew them well says, "The others were stronger personalities in a sense, but René Seydoux was always the cement, trying to hold things together."

The cement did not adhere. For three years after Marcel Schlumberger's death, the company remained divided into four parts. Relations among the family members were amicable, professional, often affectionate. The four parts were united in their devotion to Schlumberger and its mission, but there was no central planning and coördination. Riboud and other executives disliked this arrangement, and campaigned to restructure the corporation. Finally, in 1956, a new parent company, Schlumberger, Ltd., was created to unify operations. Pierre Schlumberger became president; Henri Doll was elected chairman of the board. The company was incorporated on the island of Curaçao, in the Netherlands Antilles, which was then becoming one of the world's major tax havens.



Pierre Schlumberger, in Houston, supervised the company's worldwide operations. He took the company public, selling shares on the New York Stock Exchange, and declared that family members would no longer receive preference within the company for promotion. This angered family members, who were uneasy, in Riboud's words, because they wished "to keep family control of the company"—but as profits rose discontent dissipated. In 1959, however, Pierre's wife died, and over the next eighteen months Pierre stayed at home most days. When he did come to the office, he was irritable and autocratic. He sometimes arrived at board meetings hours late. His period of grief ended when he met and quickly married a beautiful young Portuguese woman, Maria da Diníz Concerçao, but his erratic behavior did not, for he had grown fond of café society. "Pierre was very fragile and lost his balance," observes his cousin Anne Gruner Schlumberger. By this time, Doll, de Ménil, and Seydoux were near retirement. Schlumberger executives pleaded with them, for the good of the company, to intercede. Jean Riboud was then the general manager in charge of all Schlumberger operations in Europe and the eastern hemisphere. Under Pierre's direction, he essentially ran half the empire, while the North and South American half was run by Ame Vennema, an American working in Houston. Riboud was "always Pierre's choice to succeed him," says Paul Lepercq, who was then a member of the executive committee. But there was "a big power play," he recalls, with the company's chief financial officer, Carl Neureuther, an ally of Pierre's, warring with the six other members of the executive committee. Riboud, as one of the six, stood opposite Neureuther. Yet he was somewhat ambivalent, telling associates that the situation was intolerable but adding that he cared too much for Pierre to depose him. Lepercq, as a board member and also the family banker, met with other members of the family, all of whom felt that Pierre must leave. "They took over power from him," Claude Baks recalls. "Everyone was in on it. I was in the middle of it."

Eventually, the factions came to agree on the man who should be Pierre's successor—Jean Riboud. Everyone knew Marcel Schlumberger's former assistant. The branches of the Schlumberger family disagreed about many things, but not about the value of Riboud. Everyone saw in him familiar qualities. Like Marcel, he was an asker of questions, a quiet, wise man. Like Conrad, he took an interest in his employees and in leftist politics. Like Pierre, he was a professional manager, and his very appointment would demonstrate that Schlumberger was no longer a family fiefdom. He was dignified, like de Ménil; gentle, like Seydoux; a believer in research, like Doll. He shared with them a fervent faith in Schlumberger. And he was seen, after Pierre, as Marcel's chosen heir. “I know that Marcel felt that his end was near and that his death might precipitate an outbreak of discord that would bring down the work to which he and his brother had given their best,” Anne Gruner Schlumberger writes in her memoir. “To take Jean Riboud under his wing, form him in his school, and bequeath to him the stamp of his authority was, to his thinking, the way to avoid the worst.”

In early May of 1965, the family asked Riboud to replace Pierre Schlumberger. Riboud says that he immediately resigned, declaring, “I will not replace Pierre, because I owe too much friendship to him. The only decent thing for me to do is to resign.” The family prevailed on Pierre to resign first, and then asked Riboud to become president and chief executive officer of Schlumberger. He did so on May 13, 1965.

FOR eighteen years, Riboud has ruled Schlumberger, in the words of one company executive, “like an absolute constitutional monarch.” Felix Rohatyn says, “He is the absolute, unquestioned boss in the company. His authority is as absolute as that of any chief executive I've seen.” When Riboud speaks of Schlumberger, he often does so in the first person singular. Explaining, for example, Schlumberger's 1979 acquisition of the Fairchild Camera & Instrument Corporation, he says, “It seemed to *me* . . .” Although he is not a Schlumberger, his authority within the family is comparable to that of Conrad or Marcel. “He has the unanimity of the family behind him,” according to Dominique de Ménil, who is now seventy-five and is a close friend of Riboud. Since the Schlumberger family owns about a fourth of the company's stock, the support of the family is significant. Still, because Schlumberger has generated consistently higher profits under his reign, because he has succeeded in completing the transformation of a family enterprise into a public company, because he is acclaimed on Wall Street, and because he has at times ruthlessly asserted his authority, Riboud has assured his independence.

The only overt challenge to Riboud's reign has come from Jérôme Seydoux. From the time Jérôme was a little boy, Marcel Schlumberger had urged his grandson to become an engineer. Jérôme heeded the advice and, in 1959, received a degree in electrical engineering from L'École Nationale Supérieure d'Électronique, d'Électrotechnique et d'Hydraulique, in Toulouse. But by then Marcel was dead, and Jérôme's uncle Pierre, determined to make Schlumberger a public company, discouraged him from joining it until he had proved his worth elsewhere. “To some extent, it was a shock to me,” Seydoux recalls. “I had been educated to work for Schlumberger.” Instead, he went to work for the family's investment-banking firm, Istel, Lepercq & Co., the successor to André Istel's firm. In the early nineteen-sixties, Jérôme Seydoux worked under Paul Lepercq in New York; then, in 1963, having climbed rapidly, he returned to Paris, where he became a partner. He had more than the right name; he also had talent. He is a handsome man with pale-blue eyes and blondish hair that falls onto his forehead, and even today, at the age of forty-eight, he has a boyish appearance. By the end of the sixties, he had caught the attention of Riboud. In 1969, Jérôme's father, René, retired from the board of directors, and Riboud invited Jérôme to join it. He hailed the younger Seydoux as one of the brightest men of his generation, valued his advice, and took him into his counsel, as Marcel Schlumberger had done with Riboud.

In 1969, while Seydoux was vacationing in the South of France, Riboud phoned and asked to meet him on a matter of urgency. Seydoux still remembers the date of the meeting—the first day of May. Riboud offered Seydoux a job with Schlumberger. Some months later, Schlumberger acquired the Compagnie des Compteurs, a French manufacturer of electric meters and other instruments, and Riboud offered Seydoux the job of president. The company had been losing money, but Riboud believed that it could become profitable. Riboud remembers telling Seydoux that if he succeeded with the new acquisition he would have “a big future.” Seydoux remembers Riboud's saying that he would become president of Schlumberger. In any case, Seydoux did succeed, transforming the company into a profitable operation that is now known as Measurement & Control—Europe. Five years later, in September of 1975, Riboud appointed Seydoux president of Schlumberger, retaining the positions of chief executive officer and chairman of the board. Seydoux remained president for just eighteen weeks. His memory of his tenure remains vivid. Now president of Chargeurs S.A., a Paris transportation company, Seydoux recently told a visitor to his office, “I always worked very well with Riboud. We talked easily and communicated well. Yet a few days after I became president he wasn't happy. It lasted four and one-half months, but I really think it lasted only a week. Very soon after I became president, we stopped communicating.”

In the opinion of people who knew him then, Seydoux began acting as if he were the chief executive—as if the family dynasty had been restored. When he moved into his new office, one of his first acts was to hang on the wall over his desk a picture of his grandfather Marcel Schlumberger. Riboud thought that Seydoux was acting like someone who believed that his station was inherited, and not earned. Riboud's unease was intensified by complaints from executives who had been instructed to report to Seydoux. Jérôme was too officious, too brusque, they protested. William Gillingham says that Jérôme lacked “the human touch.” Some executives were doubtless unhappy that they no longer reported directly to Riboud, and Riboud himself was unhappy, because he had discovered that at the age of fifty-five he did not want to step aside.

Riboud, having decided to dismiss Seydoux, carefully met with or telephoned every other member of the board—there were sixteen members—and said that there was not room for two corporate heads at Schlumberger and that he planned to dismiss Seydoux. With the board's approval, he visited and won the concurrence of five of the six branches of the Schlumberger family. And then, one winter morning, he summoned Seydoux to his New York apartment, at the Carlton House, on Madison Avenue. In his soft, polite way, Riboud said that he was unhappy with the current arrangement and asked Seydoux to leave. “It was not a

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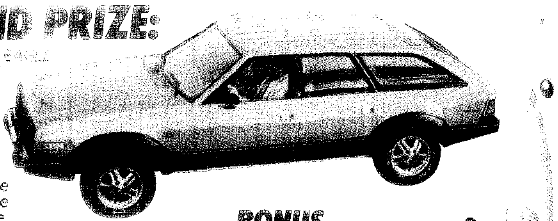

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pleasant conversation, but it was not harsh," Seydoux says. They talked for an hour, and then walked to the corporate offices on Park Avenue, where Seydoux asked his secretary to get him a reservation on the first plane to Paris. He left an hour later, never to return. "I didn't like it, but I understand that he was the boss," Seydoux remarks, adding that he is not bitter about the experience and that he and Riboud occasionally see each other socially.

Riboud, as he demonstrated with Seydoux, is not timid about firing people. "Jean has less difficulty facing up to tough personnel decisions than any other executive I know. Most executives dread it," Felix Rohatyn says. Carl Buchholz, an American who started as an engineer, was once vice-president of personnel, and is now president of The Analysts, says, "One of my predecessors sat outside Riboud's office all day, and Riboud wouldn't talk to him. If someone was blowing hot air in my office, I'd say, 'Get the hell out of here!' If you're blowing hot air around Riboud, he'll smile and put his arm around you and walk you to the door and make you feel good—and you'll never get in there again."

A man who sulks after losing at golf or at gin rummy—something that Riboud does—is capable of holding grudges. "When something goes wrong, it's finished," says Jeanine Bourhis, Riboud's secretary in Paris for the past thirteen years. "Jérôme Seydoux was family. He liked Jérôme very much, too. And all of a sudden—*phiff!*" In 1971, without receiving permission, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, a longtime friend and ally on the French left, announced to the press that Riboud was a political supporter. Riboud soon sold all his shares in *L'Express*, Servan-Schreiber's magazine, and for ten years refused to speak to him. In 1966, Riboud was enraged when Magnum Photos, which, by Riboud's estimate, had received about a million dollars in business from his company, sued Schlumberger for losing a few negatives. Riboud issued an order never to give Magnum another piece of business, though he had been one of the company's early and enthusiastic supporters. "He never forgets," says Henri Cartier-Bresson.

"Riboud handles personnel matters as if no personalities were involved," says Benno Schmidt, who is a managing partner of J. H. Whitney & Company and was a member of Schlumberger's board from 1973 to 1982. "If he considers you the wrong man, he'll remove you in five seconds. He's invariably generous as far as the personal welfare of the person is concerned, but he feels no obligation to keep people in jobs they're not doing. It's matter-of-fact." Several months after making those remarks, Schmidt himself felt the cold side of Riboud. Riboud visited Schmidt in his office, on Fifth Avenue, and told him that after prolonged deliberation he had decided that Schmidt and three other board members should retire. (Board members who were not also employees of the company received twenty-four thousand dollars annually for their services, and nine thousand more if they served on the executive committee, the audit committee, or the finance committee.) Riboud did not ask whether Schmidt, a sometime golfing partner and a member of the Schlumberger executive committee, wanted to step aside. He simply told Schmidt politely that he must go. Riboud explained that he was reimposing a mandatory retirement age of sixty-eight for board members in order to ease a particular individual off the board and also to inject "new blood" into the corporate leadership. Riboud said that he saw no way to avoid applying this rule to his friend Schmidt. Schmidt had risen from poverty in Abilene, Texas, to become editor-in-chief of the *University of Texas Law Review*, a professor of law at Harvard, an Army officer during the Second World War, a managing partner of J. H. Whitney, and an intimate of Presidents and senators. His pride was wounded, but he did not complain. Riboud, knowing his associate, was prepared to assuage the hurt. He said he would like Don E. Ackerman, one of Schmidt's protégés at J. H. Whitney, to take his seat on the board, and he invited Schmidt to attend subsequent board and executive-committee sessions, including the summer board meeting in Paris.

At the quarterly gathering of the board in New York on February 18, 1982, Riboud gave Schmidt and the other deposed board members an elaborate sendoff. Speaking from handwritten notes, he said that reimposing the mandatory retirement age was "one of the toughest decisions of my professional life." He then paid tribute to each retiring board member. The "forcefulness of his personality," he said, gave Benno Schmidt "a unique position on our board." The "financial background" and "the gentleness, the charm of his personality" made Ellmore C. (Pat) Patterson, former chairman of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, "the best member of the finance committee." Jacques de Fouchier, chairman of the Compagnie Financière de Paris et des Pays-Bas (Paribas), which is one of the largest banks in France, brought to the board "simplicity" and "steadfastness" and "judgment . . . unsurpassed in my business experience." Finally, he said of Françoise Primat, a daughter of Marcel Schlumberger and the owner of the largest block of Schlumberger stock (four per cent), that although she "did not talk very much" and had missed a score of meetings since joining the board, in 1965, "I have not known a more loyal, friendly, active supporter."

Riboud understood that the moment called for diplomacy, but he also knew that the time had come to bring fresh thinking to the board and to begin preparing for an eventual successor. He had harmonious relations with all four of the deposed board members, but the one he was genuinely sorry to lose was de Fouchier. "I can't retire Pat and Schmidt at sixty-nine and not retire de Fouchier at seventy-one," he said. Those close to Riboud say that he felt Schmidt had become too set in his ways, too predictable, and that there was also some concern that he was pushing to become chairman of the board—a position from which he might influence the choice of Riboud's successor. When Patterson retired as chairman of Morgan Guaranty, several years before, he weakened his claim to represent what Riboud called "the Eastern financial establishment." Riboud wanted such a representative to head the company's audit committee, of which Patterson was also a member. To replace Patterson, Riboud sought the current chairman of the bank, Lewis T. Preston—a move that softened the jolt to Patterson. However, Riboud asked Preston to resign from the board of General Electric before joining Schlumberger's board. Preston said no, because his rival Walter Wriston, the chairman of Citibank, was also on the G.E. board. On the other hand, Preston did not wish to relinquish his bank's invest-

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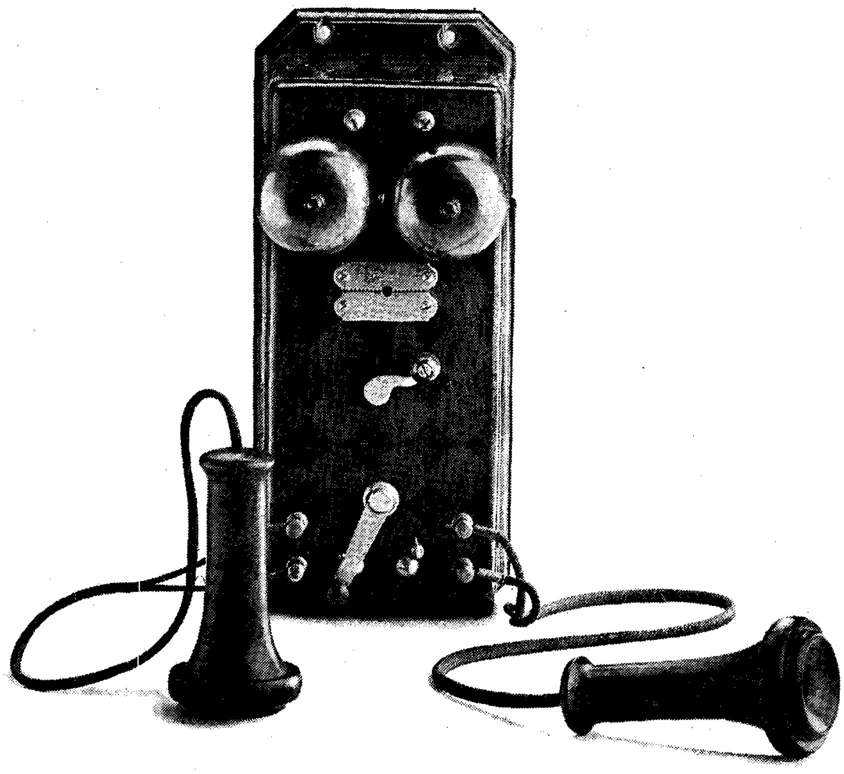

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ment in Schlumberger. (In 1981, the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company made loans of nearly two hundred and fourteen million dollars to Schlumberger, and received interest payments of twenty-five million dollars and fees of two hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars.) Preston suggested another Morgan executive as a replacement for Patterson. Having anticipated this countermove, Riboud not only rejected it but had already asked Richard Shinn, then the chairman and chief executive officer of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, to serve. "I took a little gamble by talking to him before I talked to Preston," Riboud admits. Françoise Primat was deposed for several reasons. Not only had she missed many meetings but she had hoped to have her son, Didier Primat, who was then thirty-eight years old, take her place—a hope that Riboud did not share. Riboud saw the prospective vacancy as an opportunity to engage in some family fence-mending. To replace Françoise Primat, he selected Jérôme Seydoux's younger brother Nicolas, a Paris businessman, who was then forty-two. Before making the commitment, however, he warned Nicolas Seydoux that his "obligation was to the stockholders, not the family."

Riboud was left with a board whose outside directors balanced several of what he calls his "constituencies." The Schlumberger family is represented by Nicolas Seydoux; by George de Ménil, forty-two, a son of Dominique and Jean; and by Pierre Marcel Schlumberger, forty, a Houston attorney, who is a son of Pierre. The American financial establishment is represented by Shinn, sixty-five; the French business community is represented by Renault's chairman, Bernard Hanon, fifty-one, who replaced de Fouchier; Houston's establishment is represented by George H. Jewell, sixty-one, a law partner in the influential firm of Baker & Botts; Wall Street is represented by Felix Rohatyn, fifty-five, a general partner in Lazard Frères & Company, which received $1,565,949 in fees for handling Schlumberger's acquisitions in 1981; and access to the intellectual and technological community is provided by Jerome B. Wiesner, sixty-eight, the former science adviser to President John F. Kennedy and currently the president emeritus of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Riboud's ability to control the membership of the board is but one example of his absolute command of Schlumberger. Over the years, he has dismissed from the company four family members: Marcel Schlumberger's only son, Pierre; Marcel's daughter Françoise Primat; Marcel's grandson Jérôme Seydoux, who was also the son of Riboud's former boss; and, in 1958, Eric Boissonas, who had married Conrad Schlumberger's youngest daughter, Sylvie, and was a vice-president of research. (Boissonas was dismissed because Riboud and Pierre Schlumberger were dissatisfied with his performance.) In each case, Riboud felt that for the good of the company he had to ignore personal sentiment. Jerome Wiesner says of Riboud, "He can separate his human feelings and what he feels is necessary for the company. Any successful chief officer must. The worst failing of any executive is the inability to separate his personal regard for people from his judgment of what is necessary for the welfare of the company."

Whatever personal pain Riboud feels is soothed by the conviction that loyalty to the company outweighs personal loyalties. He believes that he is simply doing his duty. "If you want to be St. Francis of Assisi, you should not head a public company," he says.

AT the beginning of 1982, seventy per cent of the world's active oil-drilling rigs outside the Soviet bloc were in the United States and Canada. Because of the current oil glut, the number of active drilling rigs in North America fell from four thousand seven hundred in January of 1982 to nineteen hundred and ninety in March of 1983, but that was still more than the twelve hundred active rigs operating in the rest of the non-Communist world. The United States produces more barrels of oil daily (about eight million six hundred thousand) than Saudi Arabia (about four million six hundred thousand). And Schlumberger's Wireline division generates forty-five per cent of the corporation's revenues and an estimated seventy per cent of its net profits. It is therefore not surprising that this division occupies much of Riboud's time.

On a recent Friday afternoon, Riboud, accompanied by André Misk, a former field engineer who is a vice-president and the director of communications, went to Teterboro Airport, in New Jersey, and boarded one of six jet airplanes belonging to the company for a flight to Houston. In Houston, Riboud stayed at the home of Ame

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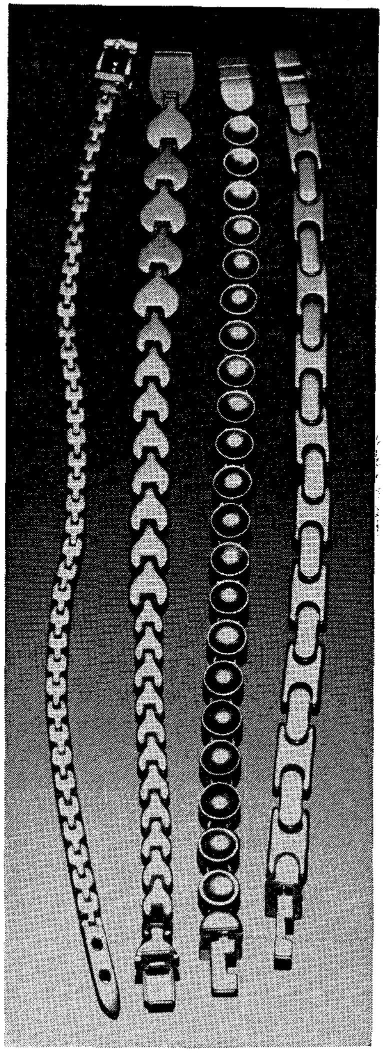

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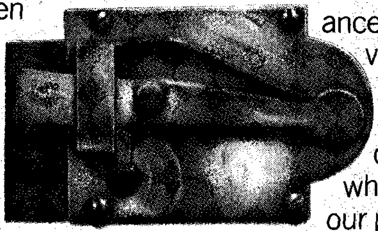

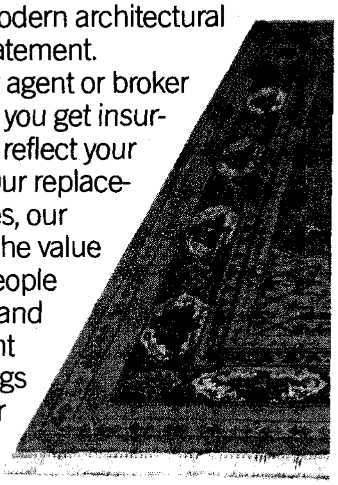

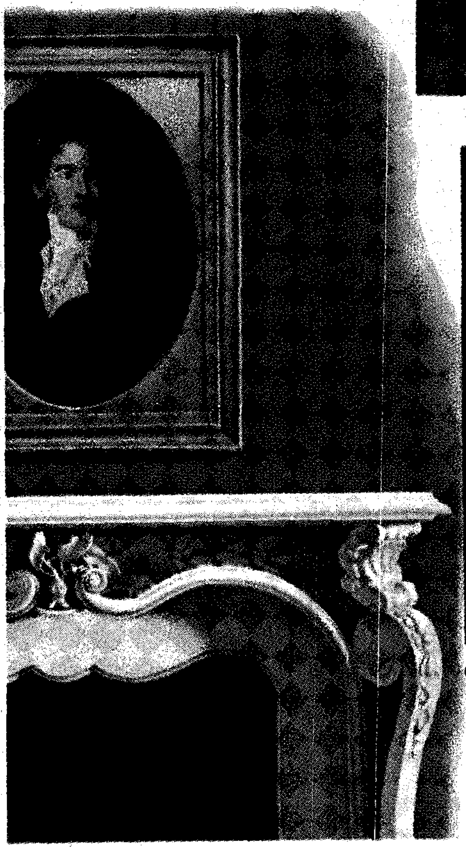

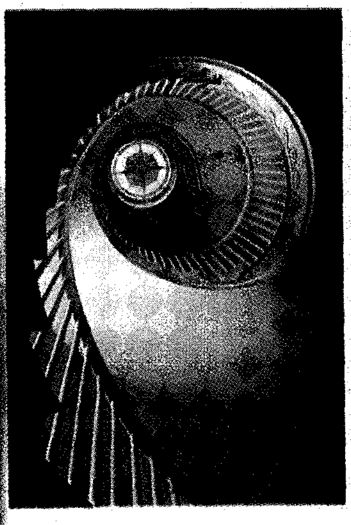

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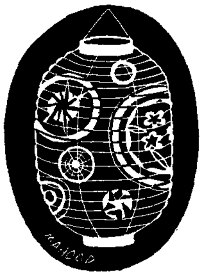
Vennema, who rose from field engineer to chairman of the executive committee before he retired, and who shares Riboud's love of gin rummy, golf, and modern art. Friday evening was set aside for a quiet dinner with Vennema and his wife, Kay. Saturday was devoted to golf with Vennema and George Jewell. Saturday evening, Riboud met Dominique de Ménil on the Rice University campus, where they viewed an Yves Klein art exhibit that Mrs. de Ménil, a patron of modern art, had helped bring to the Rice Museum. Riboud, who often disparages business fads and social fashions, does have a weakness for what he considers "new thinking," whether it is in art or politics. He was much taken with the monochrome canvases of Klein, a French artist who died of a heart attack at the age of thirty-four, and who was known for inviting the press to watch him jump from buildings to help prove that air was art, and for getting nude models to bathe in paint and roll on his canvases. Challenged about the value of Klein's art, Riboud says, "Who are we to know what will be important fifty years from now? People have dismissed Cubism and realism and modern art. That is the reaction people have to all innovation."

After seeing the exhibit, Riboud had dinner at Dominique de Ménil's house—the first house ever designed by the architect Philip Johnson. Surrounded by works of such artists as Max Ernst, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and Giorgio de Chirico, they discussed, among other things, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, for whom Riboud has little respect. Riboud's animosity toward Kissinger stems in part because of Kissinger's views on foreign policy—what Riboud refers to as Kissinger's contempt for Western European opinion and for the Third World. He told Mrs. de Ménil that Kissinger was too cynical, too disdainful of European opinion, had been too preoccupied with proving to President Richard Nixon that he was free of parochial loyalties to his native Europe. Riboud's attitude toward Kissinger is also based, in part, on a personal encounter in 1980. Riboud was spending a summer weekend at Southampton with Felix Rohatyn and his wife, Elizabeth. Together, they watched the televised Wimbledon final match between Björn Borg, of Sweden, and John McEnroe, of the United States. That evening, they had cocktails with William Paley, then chairman of CBS, and Kissinger, who happened to be staying with Paley, and at one point the talk turned to the Wimbledon final. According to Riboud and another guest, Kissinger said, "I've met many people in my life, but the two people I cannot stand in the world are the Swedes and the Indians."



After a clumsy silence, Rohatyn said, "Henry, you know that Jean is married to an Indian woman?"

After another silence, Kissinger asked solicitously, "Where is your wife from in India?"

Riboud does not recall his response, but he does recall that this confirmed his worst suspicions about Kissinger's hostility toward Europe and the Third World. Kissinger says that he has "no recollection" of using such stereotypes, but adds, "It's possible in my life that I've said unfriendly things about Swedes or Indians in the context of their self-righteousness."

The next day in Houston, Riboud spent playing golf, and then he had drinks with Pierre Schlumberger and dinner at the Vennemas' with seven past or present Schlumberger executives and their wives.

On Monday morning at nine, Riboud went to the office of Ian Strecker, who has been in charge of Schlumberger's wireline, engineering, and manufacturing operations in North America since the beginning of 1982. Strecker is a burly, gregarious man of forty-three whose normal work outfit consists of cowboy boots, an open-necked sports shirt, and slacks. He joined Schlumberger twenty-one years ago in England, where he was born, and has since held twenty jobs in eighteen different locations. Part of Riboud's purpose in meeting with Strecker was to get a feel for him and other employees in order to gauge, in Marcel Schlumberger's words, "what kind of people are running *my* company." One of Riboud's preoccupations is that Schlumberger will lose its drive as a company and grow complacent—a concern he had discussed on the plane to Houston. "Any business, any society has a built-in force to be conservative," he said. "The whole nature of human society is to be conservative. If you want to

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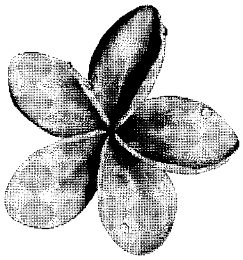

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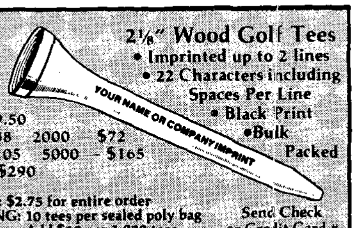
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innovate, to change an enterprise or a society, it takes people willing to do what's not expected. The basic vision I have, and what I'm trying to do at Schlumberger, is no different from what I think should be done in French or American society." In other words, sow doubt. Rotate people. Don't measure just the profits in a given division—measure the man in charge, too, and his enthusiasm for change. Strecker's predecessor, Roy Shourd, learned at first hand just what Riboud means. Shourd headed the North American Wireline division from 1977 through 1981, and in those years its profits rose an average of thirty per cent annually. But Riboud worried that Shourd was growing complacent with success, that he was surrounding himself with an inbred group of executives and becoming too clubby with the Houston oil establishment, so late in 1981 he suddenly shifted Shourd to New York and a staff job. (Typically, one year later, in another surprising move, Riboud elevated Shourd to the position of executive vice-president for drilling and production services. Riboud was satisfied that Shourd's year in exile had reignited his competitive spirit.)

This visit to Houston allowed Riboud to take the measure of Strecker, whom he did not know well. Strecker's office is in a three-story red brick building overlooking Houston's Gulf Freeway. Strecker and Riboud sat down at an oval cherrywood conference table, and then Riboud, who had arrived with no reports or notes, silently inspected his fingernails, formed his long fingers into a steeple, on which he rested his chin, and began the meeting. He asked how Strecker's wife, Elaine, had adjusted to Houston, how their two sons, who had remained in school in England, were getting on, how the Streckers had enjoyed a recent visit to England. Before long, the meeting got around to specific employees. Riboud made detailed comments on them, giving not only his impression of their abilities but also his impression of how well their abilities were matched to their jobs. He emphasized that final judgments on all employees were Strecker's to make. After Riboud had finished with the personnel matters, he asked Strecker if he had been spending much time in the field—among eighteen hundred field engineers whom Schlumberger employed in North America.

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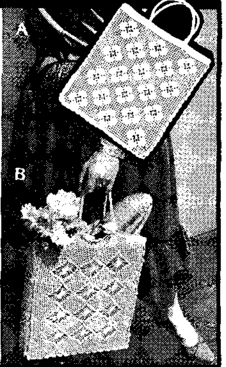

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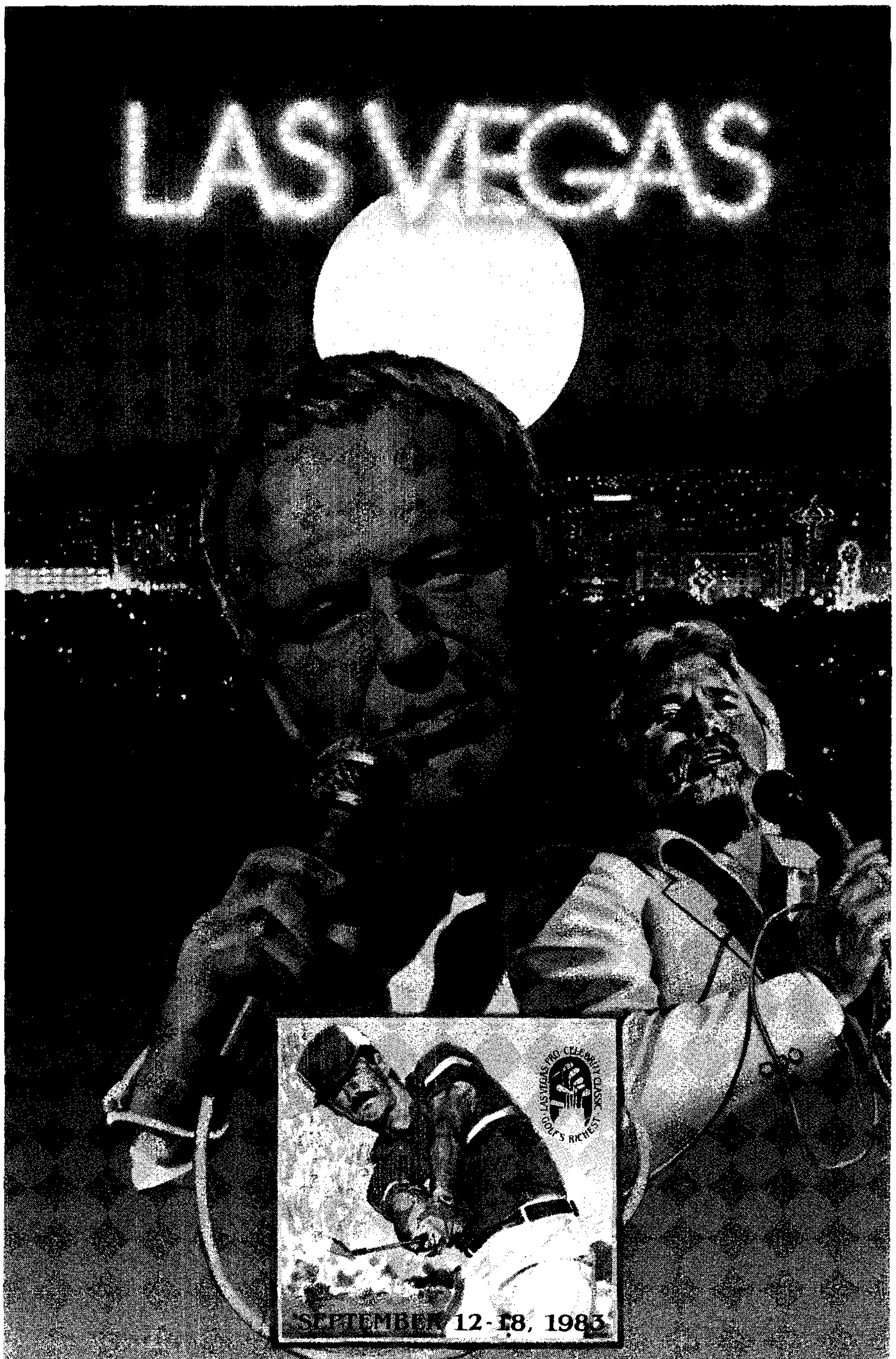
engineering," Strecker replied, referring to engineering research. "So I'm spending most of my time there now." He said that the next day he would join all the engineering department heads for a three-day retreat in California, at which they would evaluate priorities and challenges. Riboud suggested that the engineers might want to consider pushing the manufacturing section of Schlumberger Well Services, in Houston, which produces sixty per cent of the equipment used by the Schlumberger field engineers. Even though this is more than the company's other manufacturing plant, in Clamart, France, produces, Riboud is not satisfied. He wants Schlumberger to become totally self-sufficient —to farm out less work to such companies as Grumman and International Harvester, which makes the frames for Schlumberger's trucks.

There was a long silence. Riboud sat inspecting the fingers of one hand, and finally Strecker asked if Riboud had any further questions.

"I've got a major concern about what happens to your business in the next few years," Riboud said. He then noted that Strecker's monthly report for January, which he had received in New York, revealed that North American logging operations were eleven per cent below plan and that operations in completed wells—so-called cased-hole explorations—were five per cent below plan. "The January report blames the weather," he said. "But then I read and see that the biggest decline was in log interpretation, and you can't blame the weather for that." Riboud said he was confident that the world would remain dependent on oil for at least fifty years longer, but he added that two unknowns threatened oil exploration—and thus Schlumberger revenues—in the immediate future. One was the faltering American economy. The other was a decline in the price of oil.

Even in a recession, Strecker said, independent oil drillers can earn enough to continue searching for oil as long as the price is at least thirty dollars a barrel. He observed that after President Carter began to decontrol the price of oil, in 1979, the number of oil rigs in North America climbed from twenty-five hundred to forty-seven hundred and fifty between 1979 and 1981. "Decontrol caused that rapid growth," Strecker said. But now, with the real price of oil declining, with the economy in recession, and with abundant, if perhaps tempo-



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rary, oil surpluses, the number of rigs was back down to just under twenty-five hundred. Strecker said the natural-gas picture was totally different, with supplies plentiful but the price "probably too high."

"It's funny—the gas manufacturers are lobbying in Washington today against decontrol of all gas prices," Riboud said.

If gas should be fully decontrolled, Strecker said, gas producers would not be able to sell all their supplies in this sluggish economy, and the price should drop. (It has not yet done so.) With lower prices, gas producers would concentrate on shallow-well drilling, which was less expensive. Deep-well drilling would become prohibitively expensive, just as it was for independent oil prospectors whenever the price dipped below about thirty dollars a barrel.

Riboud and Strecker, their session over, walked to the office of Robert Peebler, the North American Wireline's vice-president of finance, to review the division's business projections for February. Surveying the expected rig counts of Schlumberger and of its competitors, Riboud seized on the figure of ninety rigs credited to competitors off the Gulf Coast. "I'm always surprised by how many offshore rigs our competitors have," he said. Peebler replied that competitors had only ten per cent of the offshore market, but this did not seem to appease Riboud; he asked Peebler to forward an analysis of the situation to his New York office. Riboud's message was clear: Only total victory counts. Schlumberger could lose its edge; competitors with more to prove could be hungrier and more aggressive. Already, Wall Street analysts who examined oil-field-service companies had reported that Dresser Industries' Atlas Oilfield Services Group, a worldwide competitor, was leading in the development of the Carbon/Oxygen log and the Spectralog—two advanced logging tools. Gearhart Industries, which was bidding for a larger share of the American market, claimed to have hired three hundred graduate engineers in 1981—an increase of a hundred per cent over 1980. (Because of the drop-off in drilling and the recession, the number fell to a hundred and forty in 1982.) Schlumberger remains far ahead of its competitors, but to stay there, Riboud feels, it must continue to challenge its employees.

After Riboud's meeting with Peebler came a slide presentation by engi-

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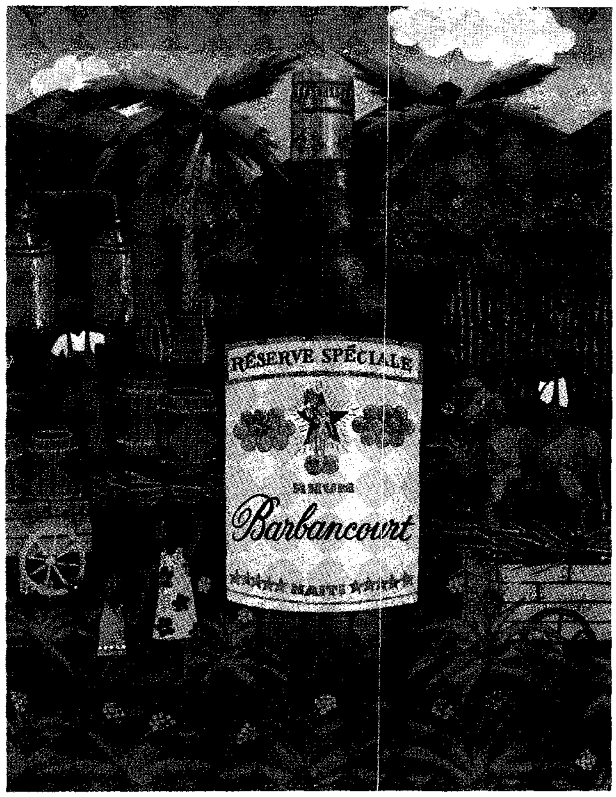

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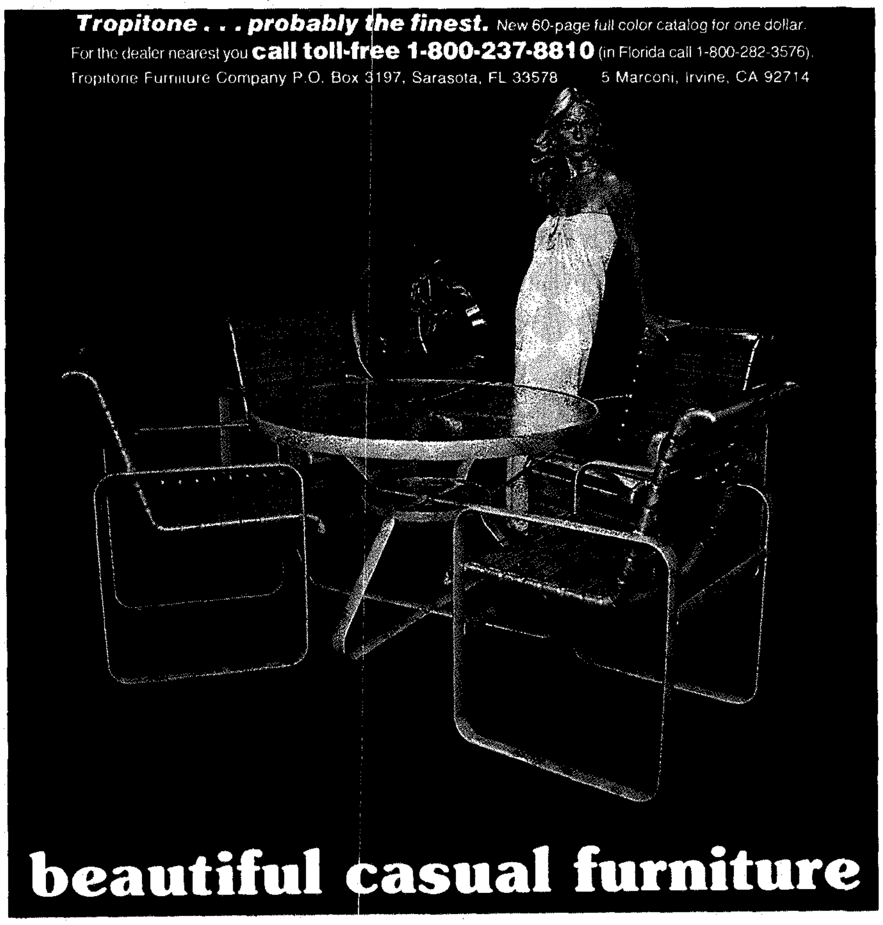

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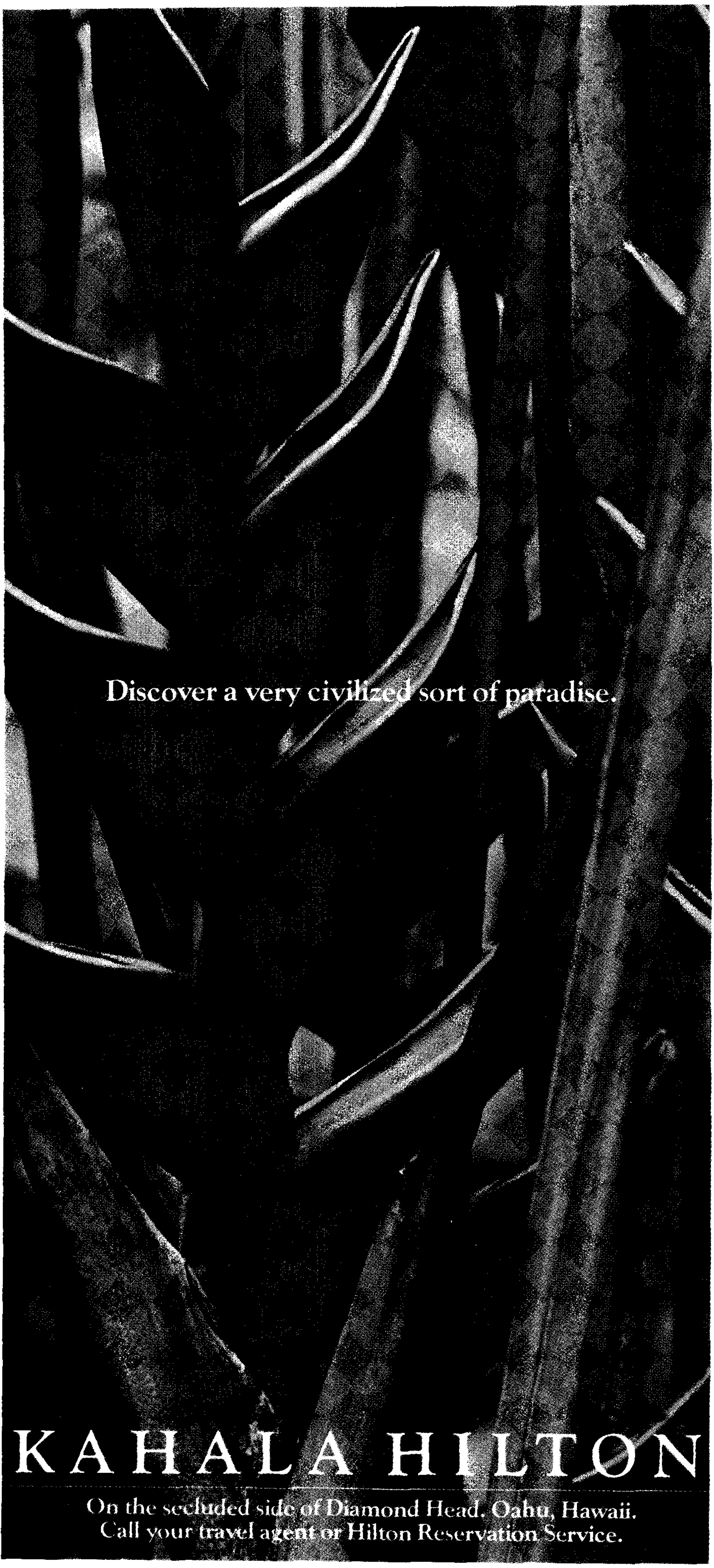
neers and scientists, who talked about such things as a "neutron porosity tool," a "Gamma Spectroscopy Tool," the "radial geometric factor," and the "finite element code." The advanced technology that such arcane terminology represents is perhaps the major reason that Schlumberger stays ahead of its competitors—who concede that Schlumberger's tools are generally more advanced than theirs. And since Schlumberger spends a hundred and twenty-five million dollars annually on wireline research—a sum greater than the profits of any wireline competitor—its lead will be difficult to overcome. Much of the research is designed to perfect drilling and logging tools that help identify hard-to-reach oil in already drilled wells and help extract it. This residual oil is expensive to recover, and oil companies claim that as long as the price per barrel stays below thirty dollars pursuing it is not profitable. (This permits them to argue that it is in the consumer's interest to pay higher prices for oil.) But if the price rises above thirty dollars, and if supplies become scarce (they are now abundant), new opportunities await the oil companies and Schlumberger. An analysis made by Philip K. Meyer, a vice-president with the Wall Street firm F. Eberstadt & Company, in April of 1981 explains why: "We have found in the U.S. roughly 450 billion barrels of original-oil-in-place of which only some 100 billion barrels have been produced to date. This means we know the location of 350 billion barrels of remaining (residual)-oil-in-place. . . . If only a third of this residual-oil-in-place were to economically respond to tertiary recovery, over 100 billion barrels would be added to U.S. reserves."

Riboud listened intently to the engineers and scientists, and when the presentation was over he said, politely, "I have read all this. You are just preaching motherhood. Where are the problems?"

One problem, Ian Strecker responded, is that there is some duplication between Houston's research operation and the research pursued at the Schlumberger laboratories in Ridgefield, Connecticut, and in Clamart, France. This problem is not new to Riboud. Early in 1982, Jerome Wiesner and Jean Babaud, a vice-president, jointly wrote a "Report on Research and Engineering," covering ten years, for Schlumberger's executive committee, of which Riboud was chairman. The authors praised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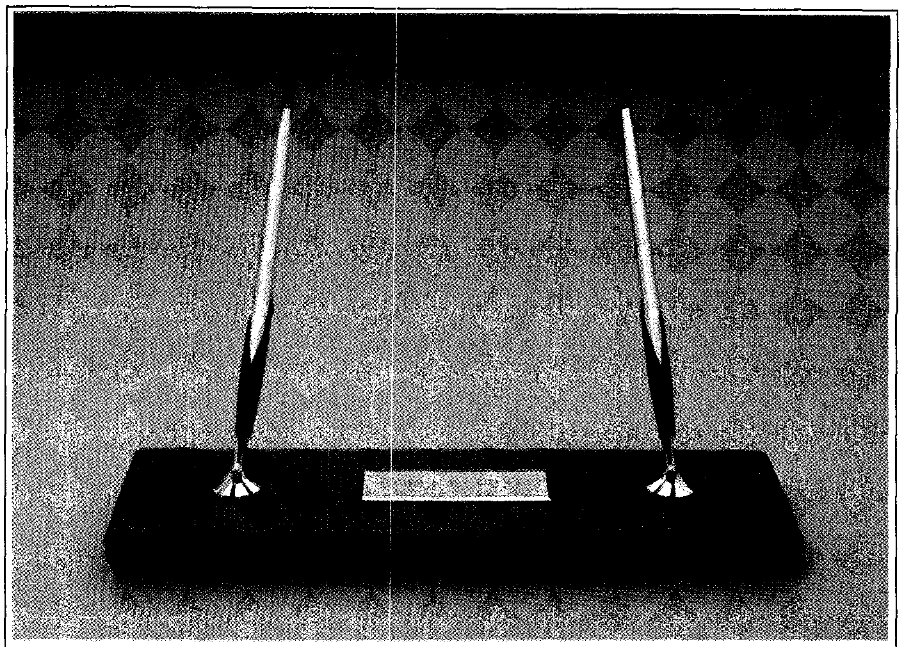

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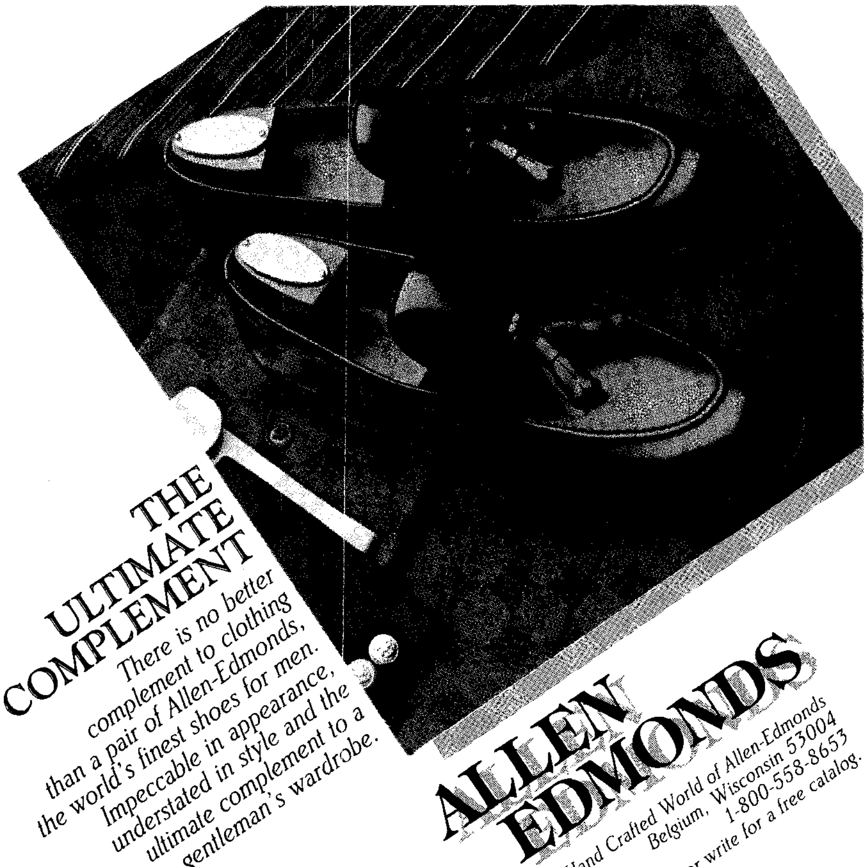

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Schlumberger's research but said that the company's success had brought about "an embarrassment of riches." As a step that would improve coördination, they urged the creation of a new position—vice-president and chief scientist. The man who held it would supervise all research and report directly to Riboud. Wary of bureaucracy, Riboud at first resisted the recommendation, but he later changed his mind and, as part of a corporate reorganization, appointed Babaud to a staff job as senior scientist, with responsibility to analyze but not to direct all research.

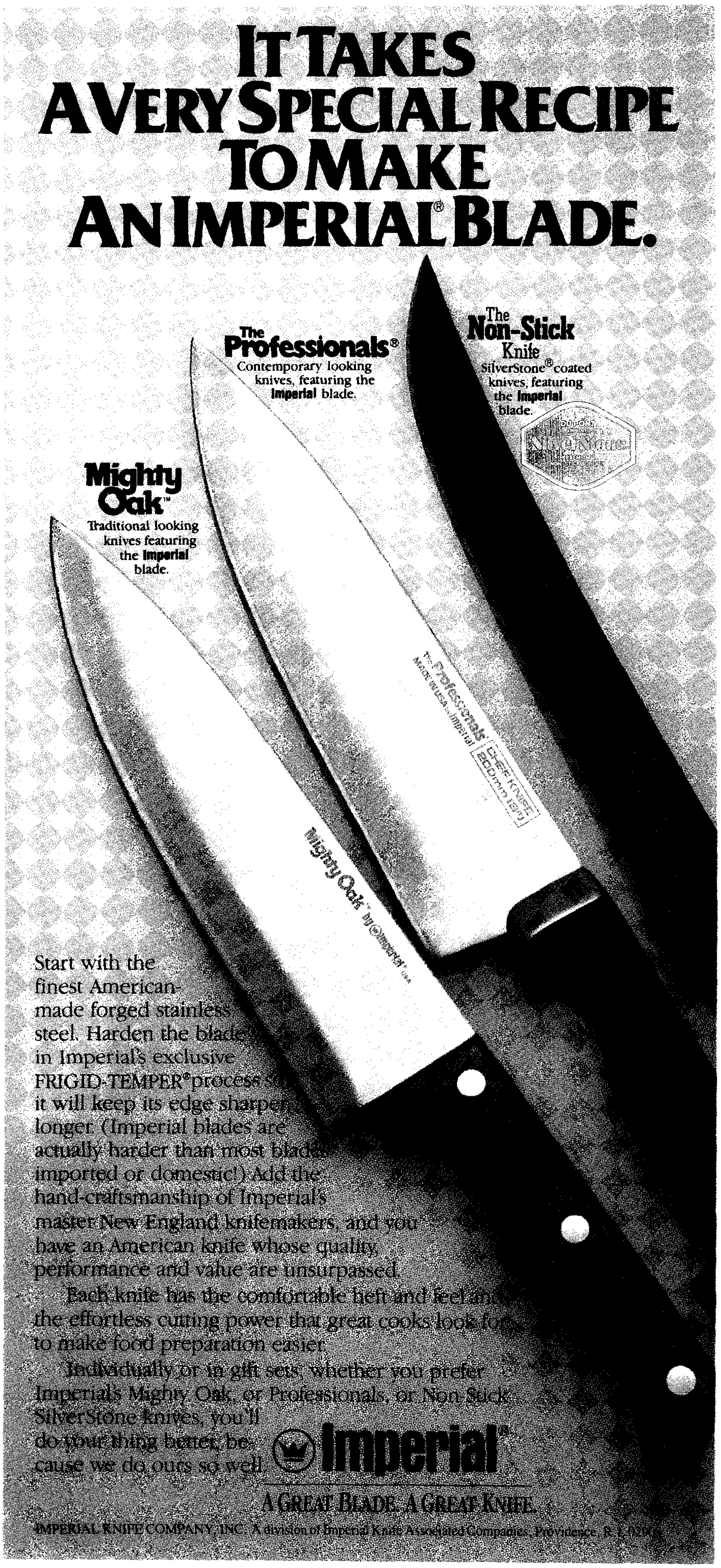
Not long after the engineering presentation, Riboud had lunch in the executive dining room with three dozen section heads, most of them in their late twenties or early thirties. A number of them said that at Schlumberger they didn't feel isolated in their offices or laboratories, as they had at other places they had worked, and that they weren't dependent on memorandums or rumors to gauge the reactions of their superiors.

"I was at Bell Labs for four years, and I don't think I ever met the vice-president of research," said Dennis O'Neill, who was head of the informatics section and had been with Schlumberger for five years. "Here within six months I was making presentations to the executive vice-president of the Wireline." James Hall, who had been employed by Schlumberger for ten years, said he had had the same experience. "It's a lot more personal at Schlumberger," he said. With a Ph.D. in nuclear physics from Iowa State University and two years of advanced doctoral work at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, in Zurich, Hall was the head of the engineering-physics section. While he was completing his studies, he worked for Mobil Oil. "You felt more isolated there, because contact with management was much less," he said of that experience. "You had contact just with your bosses. You didn't feel the direct contact with your managers you have here. It tends to build more of a team spirit when not only your boss comes to talk to you about a project but several levels of command above as well. To me, in engineering that's what the Schlumberger spirit is. The individual design engineer feels that the responsibility of the company is placed on him."

In Riboud's field visits, time is often set aside for questions from employees like Hall. During the lunch in Houston, the first question was from a young engineer-researcher, who asked for Riboud's "view of the non-wireline" part of Schlumberger's empire.

"You are an engineer," Riboud said. "Be a little more precise in your question." Riboud did not wait for the young man to rephrase the question. He apparently sensed that, like many wireline employees, the young man was concerned about Schlumberger's purchase, for four hundred and twenty-five million dollars, of the Fairchild Camera & Instrument Corporation—a giant semiconductor company, which lost thirty million dollars the second year after the purchase. Now Riboud went on, "The question is really: When we have this little jewel of a wireline business, why do we bother à la Fairchild and so forth? It's really a philosophical problem. Why does the company have to grow, and in which direction? I'm not saying I'm right, but I feel two things—two dangers. One danger is of becoming a conglomerate and trying to do everything. The other danger is of just staying a wireline company. I don't think we could have maintained the profit margin we had and the motivation of our people if we'd done that. The real problem in any organization is to have new challenges, new motivations."

Riboud then told his audience that employees had also been nervous when Schlumberger branched out into the drilling business, in 1952. Today, the company's Forex Neptune subsidiary is the world's largest oil-drilling company. And employees were nervous again, he said, when, in 1970, Schlumberger acquired the Compagnie des Compteurs, the electric-meter manufacturer. Schlumberger paid seventy-nine million dollars for that company. In 1981, its after-tax earnings were more than seventy million dollars. Riboud said that while the Wireline was Schlumberger's chief benefactor, generating seventy per cent of the corporate profits, the division could not continue to expand at an annual rate of between thirty and forty per cent, because of the predicted slowdown of the oil business over the next several years. New outlets for corporate energy must be found, he said. In this sense, Riboud subscribes to the views propounded by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman, Jr., in their book "In Search of Excellence: Lessons from America's Best-Run Companies"—a book that, incidentally, identifies Schlumberger as one of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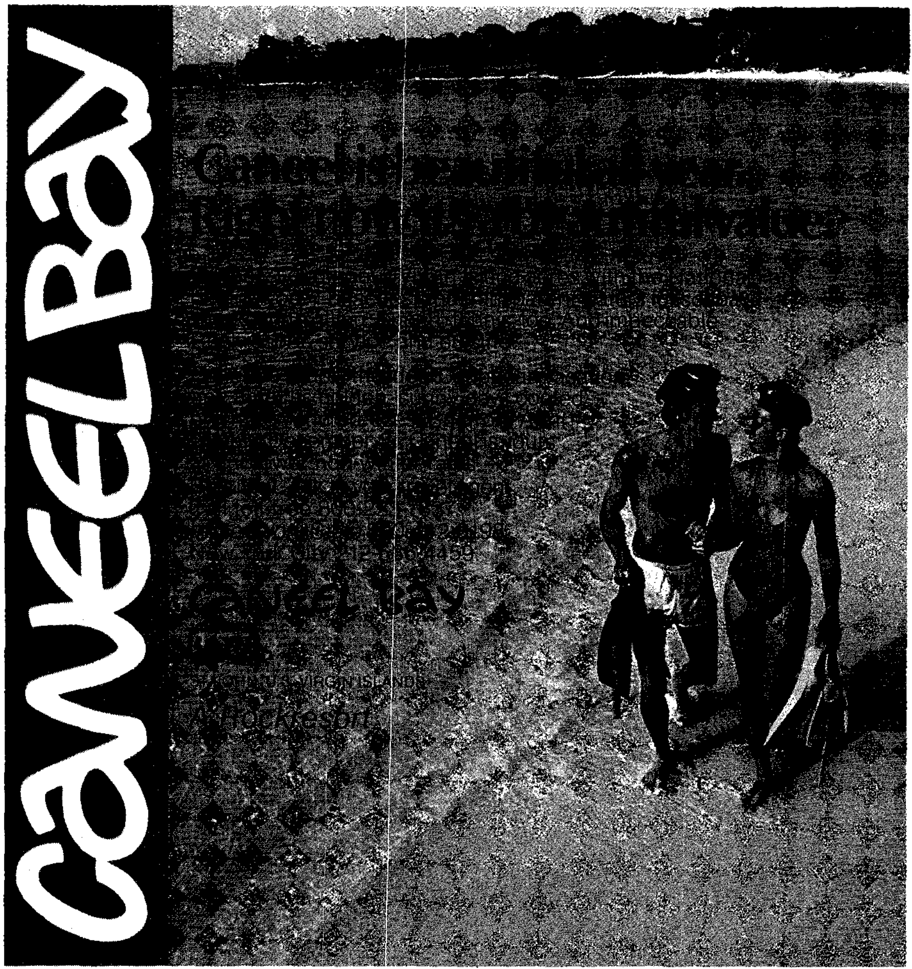

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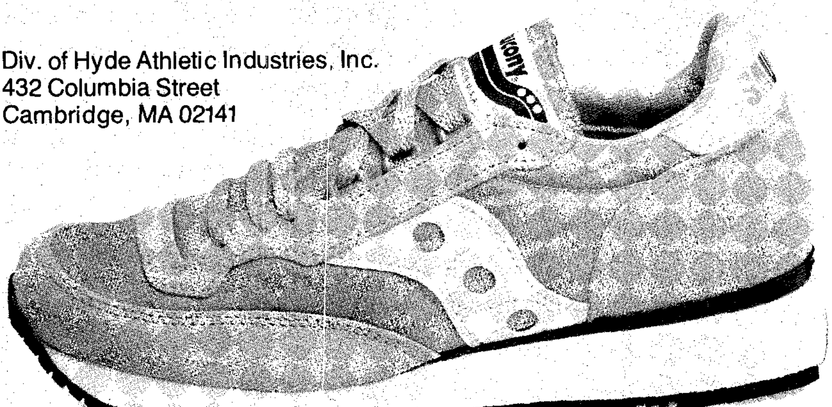


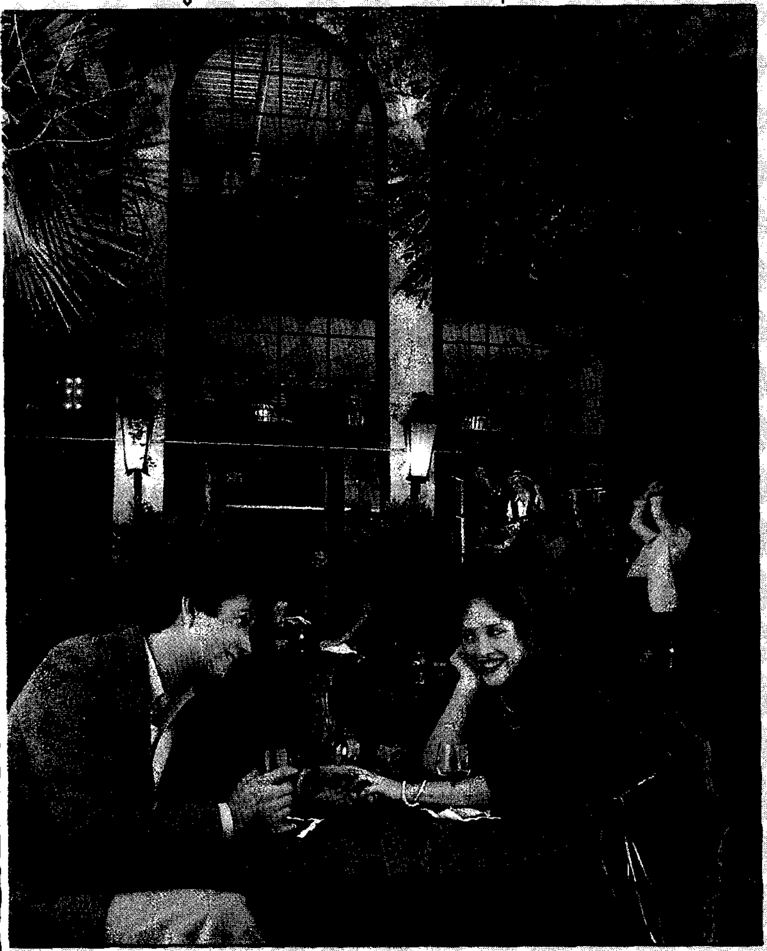
the best-run companies in the world. "The major reason big companies stop innovating is their dependence on big factories, smooth production flow, integrated operations, big-bet technology planning, and rigid strategic direction setting," Peters and Waterman write. "They forget how to learn and they quit tolerating mistakes. The company forgets what made it successful in the first place, which was usually a culture that encouraged action, experiments, repeated tries." Thus, Riboud said, Schlumberger acquired Fairchild in order to prepare for the high-technology revolution transforming industry and the workplace. Similarly, seeking new corporate energy, Schlumberger had expanded its operations in the Far East, with separate management, research, and manufacturing branches. Now wireline operations in the Middle East reported to an office in Japan instead of to the Paris office. "We keep saying Schlumberger is a multinational company," Riboud continued. "That's not true. We are a combination of Frenchmen and Americans. Not a bad combination. But, fundamentally, in the nineteen-eighties we cannot ignore the rest of the world and the Pacific Ocean." Riboud believes in what Mike Mansfield, the American Ambassador to Japan, has called "the century of the Pacific"—a century increasingly dominated by the products of Japan, Taiwan, South Korea, Hong Kong, and Singapore. Schlumberger must not succumb to a mania for acquisitions and mergers, Riboud said, but it must continue its decentralized operation. It will remain in the measurement-and-information business, he said, and Fairchild's computer technology will be like the keystone of an arch, holding the entire structure together. Riboud said he believed that microprocessors were creating a revolution, because they provided plentiful and inexpensive intellectual power.

The Fairchild subject had not been put to rest, for another employee then asked about Schlumberger's stock, which had fallen from an all-time high of eighty-seven dollars a share in November of 1980 to forty-seven dollars in February of 1982. (It dropped to thirty-four dollars in August of 1982, and then rose to forty-six dollars in May of 1983.)

Riboud replied that he had long ago given up trying to fathom the behavior of the stock market. "I couldn't care less, and let me explain that," he said. "Fundamentally, we must keep in mind that we are responsible on a longer-term basis for the performance of Schlumberger. I say longer-term because one of the things wrong with American industry is its preoccupation with quarterly statements. So the fundamental question is: Where will Schlumberger's earnings be five years from now? If we do our job—that's what I'm concerned about." (Last fall, however, when the value of Schlumberger stock was thirty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents a share, and Riboud alone had lost about thirty-six million dollars, he said, "What has happened to the stock market is a real problem. It's never pleasant to see your wealth cut in half.")

Lunch was followed by a session with department heads from the manufacturing division, which employed nine hundred and fifty people and produced four hundred million dollars' worth of field equipment annually. The heads of the materials-management and purchasing sections presented Riboud with flow charts and graphs showing a steady rise in their productivity, and spoke in the self-assured language of American business schools. Riboud's eyes narrowed. He listened politely but impatiently; finally he leaned forward with his elbows on the conference table and explained why the company could not measure productivity by price or sales alone. "Since we are selling equipment to ourselves, it is hard to measure," he said. There was no competition over price or product or speed of production, he said, and the charts were therefore relatively worthless.

Later that afternoon, Riboud met with the twenty-seven executives and department heads who supervise the North American Wireline division. Many of them also inquired about the acquisition of Fairchild and about Schlumberger's stock. And they asked why Schlumberger had organized a division in the Far East much like the one in Houston. Japan and the rest of the Far East, Riboud repeated, are the frontier of the eighties, as Houston was in the late forties and fifties. There are vast reserves of oil in China. The Japanese have moved ahead of the West in consumer electronics and office automation; they are threatening to move ahead in the development of computers, semiconductors, and genetic engineering. Singapore, Hong Kong, South Korea, Taiwan, and Japan manufacture goods more cheaply and more efficiently than the West does. If Schlumberger does



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not feel the threat of competition in North America or the Middle East, then it will feel it from the Far East. Schlumberger has been so successful for so long, he said, that it risks losing its "intellectual humility." He added, "We have the King Kong attitude."

The next morning, Riboud travelled by helicopter to Schlumberger's new Perforating Center, at Sandy Point, thirty miles south of Houston. The property, a hundred and eighty-nine acres of open land, is rimmed by concrete bunkers; the smell of gunpowder is in the air; and explosions go off intermittently. Here Schlumberger each year manufactures up to a million and a half shaped charges. (Every two-hundredth charge is detonated as a test.) A typical charge is the size of a pear, and consists of a cone-shaped copper liner dusted with explosive powder which is slipped into a steel shell. When the charge is detonated, a bulletlike missile pierces the casing and the concrete outer wall of a pumping well, permitting oil or gas to flow in. Since almost all producing wells have been protected with steel and concrete casings to prevent collapse and to keep out other fluids, the only way to log such a well without destroying its walls is with a shaped charge.

Riboud toured the center and then went to the company cafeteria, where he had coffee with several dozen employees. Gene Pohoriles, the general manager of this unit, was a veteran Schlumberger engineer and, like many old-timers, wore in his lapel a gold Schlumberger pin, with stars that symbolize the number of years he has served the company. Pohoriles introduced Riboud to the employees and then asked the first question: Why did Schlumberger dilute the value of its stock by buying Fairchild?

"Let me be blunt about it," Riboud answered. "What people in the Wireline are asking is: Why did Riboud screw up the Schlumberger stock by purchasing Fairchild?"

"Close," Pohoriles said.

Fairchild was a necessary acquisition, Riboud told him. "I felt strongly that twenty years down the road we had to have a semiconductor capability." He said that because Germany had not invested in semiconductors it had become a captive of Japanese and American computer technology. Schlumberger's basic business, he went on, is information, not oil, and what the Wireline does is provide information to oil companies to help them

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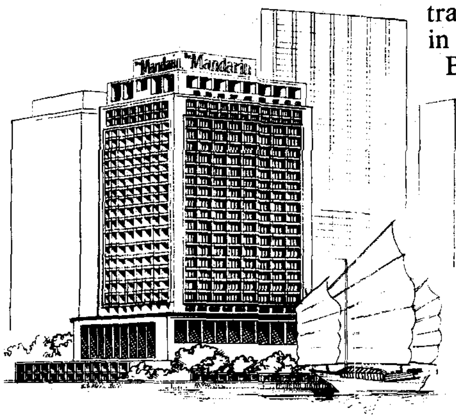

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make accurate decisions. The next generation of wireline and meter equipment, he said, will be more dependent on tiny microprocessors and semiconductors, and he predicted that in five years Fairchild would be "among the top five semiconductor companies in the world, including the Japanese."

That evening, four days after Riboud had arrived in Texas, he boarded the company jet to return to New York. The trip had served three purposes, he said on the flight. "One, it gives me a certain general feeling for the ambience, the people—how they feel. Two, it gives me a specific judgment on a certain number of people. Three, it permits me to judge certain business problems. I get a lot personally out of this. The question-and-answer sessions are helpful. One way to test people is by the questions they ask—by the freedom or lack of freedom of their questions. The field people are a lot freer than the headquarters people. And the Europeans are a lot less disciplined than the Americans. Americans are careful. Take the session yesterday with the manufacturing people. The stuff I heard—the management-school type of thing I heard—was quite illuminating. Whereas the conversations I had with the engineering people were good."

Riboud's reaction to Pohoriles—admiring his courage while excusing what Riboud thought was an ignorant question—hinted at Riboud's style of management at Schlumberger. On several occasions, he has said that the company's goal should be "to strive for perfection." To this end, he searches for fighters, for independent-minded people who don't, in his words, "float like a cork." In 1974, when he appointed Carl Buchholz his vice-president of personnel, it was largely because Buchholz was not afraid to speak out. Riboud recalled first seeing Buchholz at a Schlumberger management conference in near Geneva. "All the people were reciting the Mass, and suddenly Buchholz said, 'You're full of it!' I said, 'This is a fellow who speaks his mind.' " The subject under discussion at the conference, Buchholz later recalled, was the development of managers. The executives in attendance rose, one after another, to congratulate themselves on their success, and finally Buchholz stood up and said that in fact the executives were not successfully developing managers at all. A debate en-

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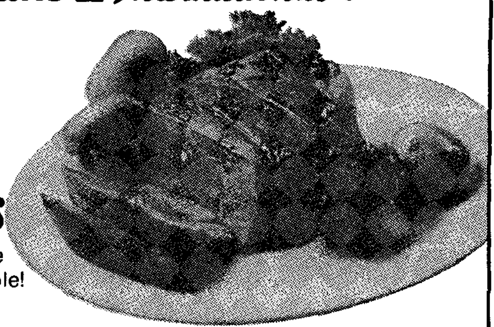

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sued, and Riboud sided with Buchholz. Afterward, Riboud made a point of getting to know him, and not long after the conference Buchholz, who had been assistant vice-president of operations for Schlumberger Well Services, in Houston, was promoted to vice-president of personnel and transferred from Houston to New York, where he quickly developed a reputation as an in-house critic.

In this respect, Buchholz was like Ame Vennema, one of his predecessors. Vennema held a series of posts, including head of international electronic and measuring services, chief of staff, and chairman of the executive committee. He became what Riboud calls his "American conscience." Vennema and Buchholz are from the Midwest; they are men of simple values, Riboud says, who have "the courage of their convictions." Claude Baks, of Schlumberger's Paris office, has observed, "Vennema was one of the few who dared to tell Riboud what he didn't want to hear." Executives would go to Vennema to test an idea before taking it up with Riboud, and if Vennema didn't like it he would simply make a rude noise. Both Vennema and Buchholz performed the role that Riboud wanted them to perform, but they were considered odd, at best, by some colleagues. Employees recall that Vennema never said good morning, and that if you happened to ride up in the elevator with him and said good morning he would grunt as if he were being assaulted. Buchholz had no permanent residence in New York for the five years he worked out of Schlumberger's New York office; during that period, his base of operations was a room at a Howard Johnson's motel in Darien, Connecticut.

Of all the people who have surrounded Riboud at Schlumberger over the years, probably none has been closer than Claude Baks, who was hired by Marcel Schlumberger as an engineer in 1946 and left the company only last fall. An enigmatic man with a blunt manner, Baks had no official duties, but he could enter any meeting uninvited and he reported only to Riboud. He was born in 1917, in Latvia. His parents were Jewish, and with the outbreak of the Second World War he joined the Free French Army, fighting in North Africa and Europe. On assignment for the company in Venezuela some years after he was hired, Baks met Krishna and Jean Riboud, who were travelling there. When he returned to Paris on holiday,

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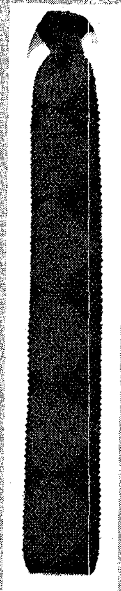

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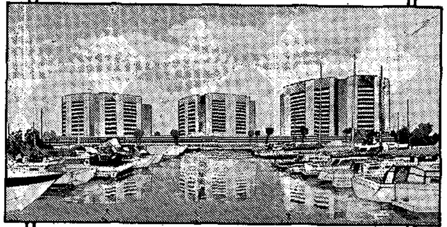
he looked up the Ribouds, and became close to them and their son, Christophe. Riboud, who was then general manager of Schlumberger's European operations, had a hand in getting Baks transferred from Venezuela to Paris, where he was given a staff job. Admiring Baks' independence, Riboud asked him to become his adviser. At this time, Riboud, with Henri Langlois, was raising money to finance a twelve-hour film, directed by Roberto Rossellini, about the history of the world. (They raised five hundred thousand dollars, including a hundred thousand dollars from Schlumberger.) Baks shared Riboud's interest in film, and worked closely with both Langlois and Rossellini on Riboud's behalf. Baks had no family of his own, and the Ribouds in effect became his family.

Riboud and Baks were an unlikely pair. Riboud is a man of delicate appearance and subdued manner. Baks has bushy black eyebrows, a stubbly black beard, and a bulbous nose; he is missing a few front teeth. He has a deep, raspy voice, which some find intimidating, and he is usually wearing a dirty raincoat, and a baggy sports jacket and baggy pants. His office, a cubicle on the fourth floor of Schlumberger's Paris headquarters, was just two doors from Riboud's. He kept the blinds closed and would not open the windows, and visitors seldom stayed long. The walls were bare, the desk top was clear, and besides the desk the only furniture was two chairs and three metal file cabinets. Yet fellow-employees went to Baks' office to try out ideas, to get clues to Riboud's thinking, to learn something of the company's history, to ingratiate themselves with Baks.

In trying to explain the role that Baks played, Riboud has said, "His main contribution at Schlumberger has been to prevent Schlumberger from becoming an establishment." He went on, "He has never had a title in thirty-five years. He has never had a secretary. He has never written a letter. He has no responsibilities. Schlumberger is not a bank where everyone has to have a niche. Over the years, he's had more purpose than ninety per cent of the people I know. He forces people to think." What Baks helped do was keep alive, under chairman Riboud, a sort of permanent "cultural revolution" at Schlumberger.

In 1982, there was considerable speculation about Baks' future—particularly after Riboud's reimposition of a mandatory retirement age for the



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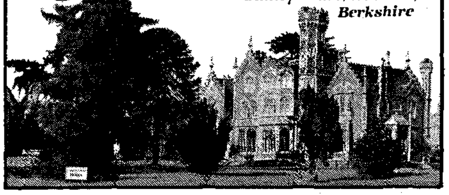

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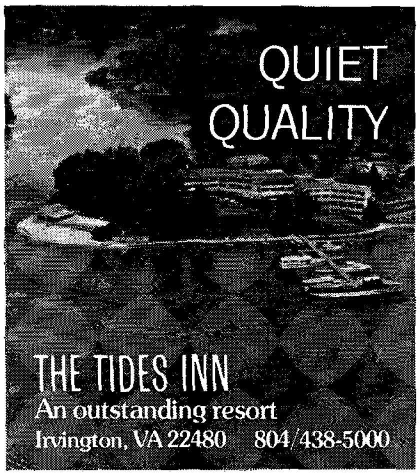

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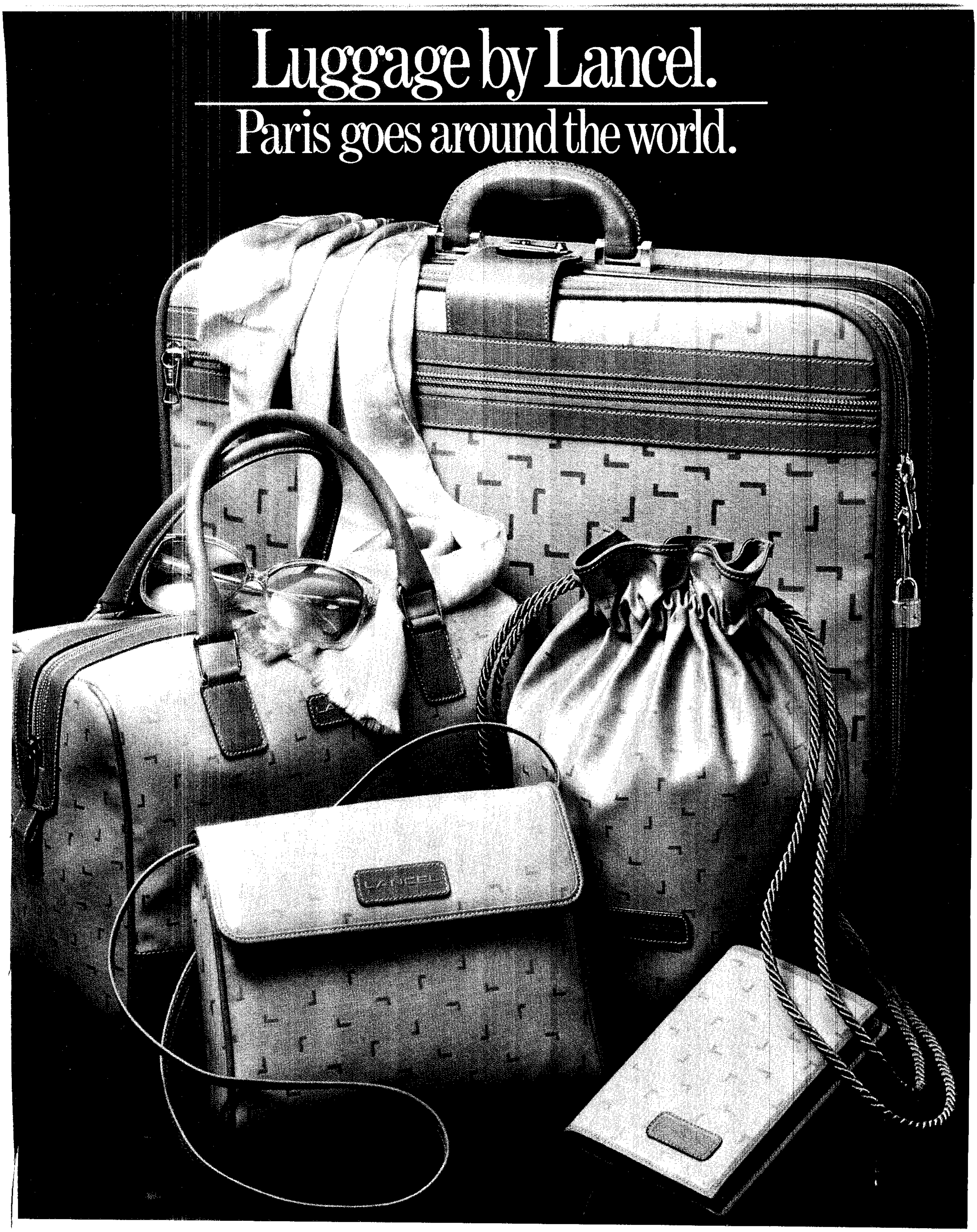
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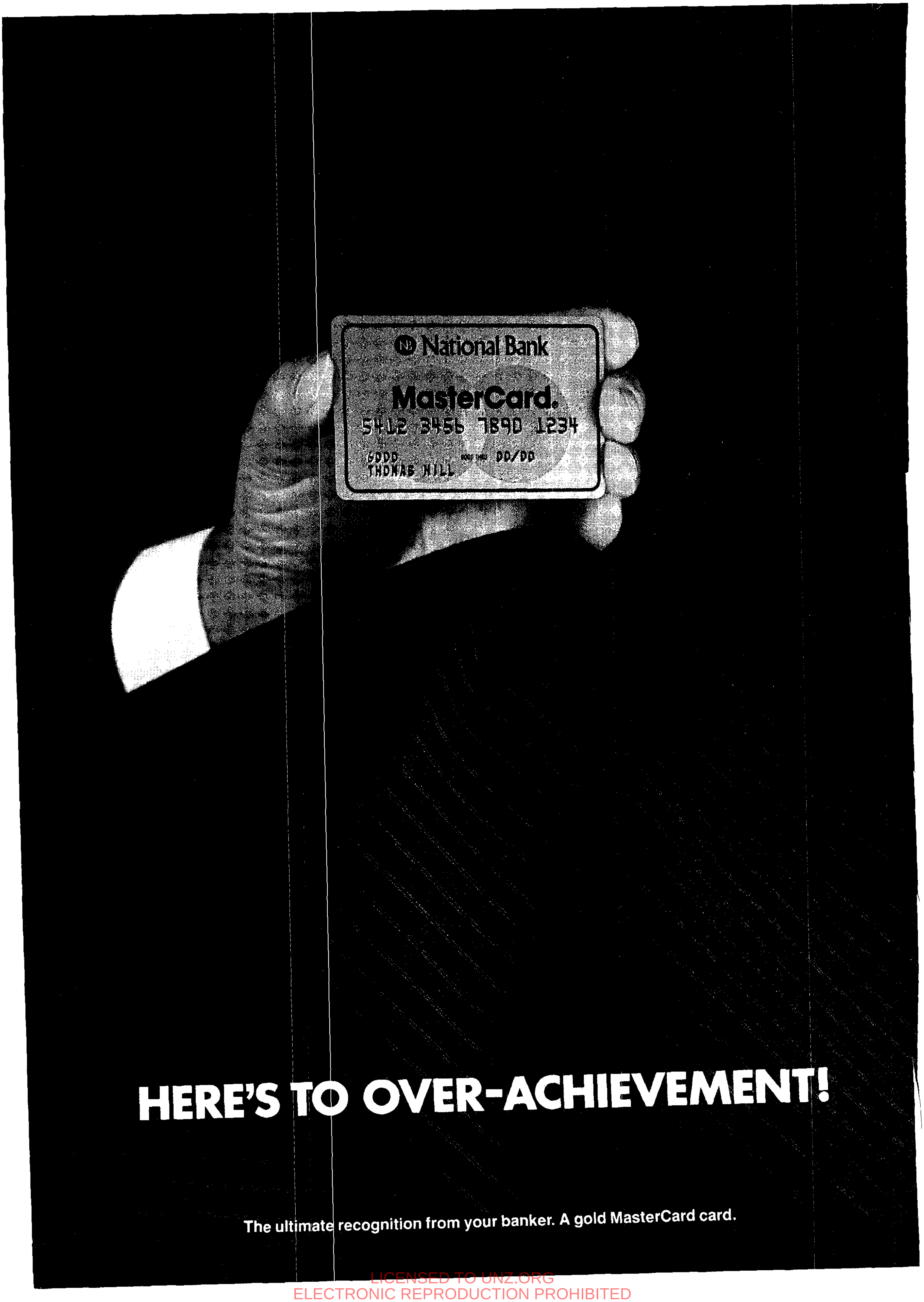
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board of directors. In July, Baks would turn sixty-five, the mandatory retirement age for employees, and associates wondered whether Riboud would stretch the rules for him. On being asked about this in the spring of 1982, Baks said, "Maybe I won't leave. Maybe he'll return me as an adviser. He once told me we'd both leave together. But I don't ask anything." When September came, Riboud went against the speculation within the company and announced the retirement of Baks.

Baks remains bitter about this, but, like others, he knows that Riboud is a master of the unexpected. "Generally, after a while people repeat themselves," observes Michel Vaillaud, who until December of 1982 was one of two Schlumberger executive vice-presidents for operations, his sphere being all oil-field services. "You know what they will ask you. With him, you never feel safe. Never." Vaillaud, who is fifty-one years old, is a lean, regal-looking man. When he met Riboud, in 1973, he was a career civil servant. He had graduated first in his class from L'École Polytechnique, which Conrad Schlumberger attended, and which is acknowledged to be the best scientific school in France. He then received an advanced degree from mining and petroleum schools, and, entering the Civil Service, rose rapidly in the French Ministry of Industry. When Riboud and Vaillaud met, Vaillaud was the Ministry's director for oil and gas. Some weeks later, Vaillaud recalls, Riboud offered him a position at Schlumberger. Although Vaillaud's training and experience were in petroleum, Riboud asked him to move to New York and become vice-president of Schlumberger's electronics division. Vaillaud spoke little English, and he felt unsure of himself in electronics, but he accepted the offer.

Two months after Vaillaud took the job, Riboud called and asked to spend the day with him in New York. Vaillaud remembers feeling that he gave inadequate answers to persistent questions from Riboud. "I came back and told my wife, 'We should pack—I'm going to be fired.' Then I heard nothing the next day, or the next." At the time, Vaillaud did not understand that his uncertain technical answers to Riboud's questions were secondary. Riboud was taking his measure as a man, not as a technocrat. Computers could give out data; Riboud was searching for character. Two years later, Vaillaud returned to France as

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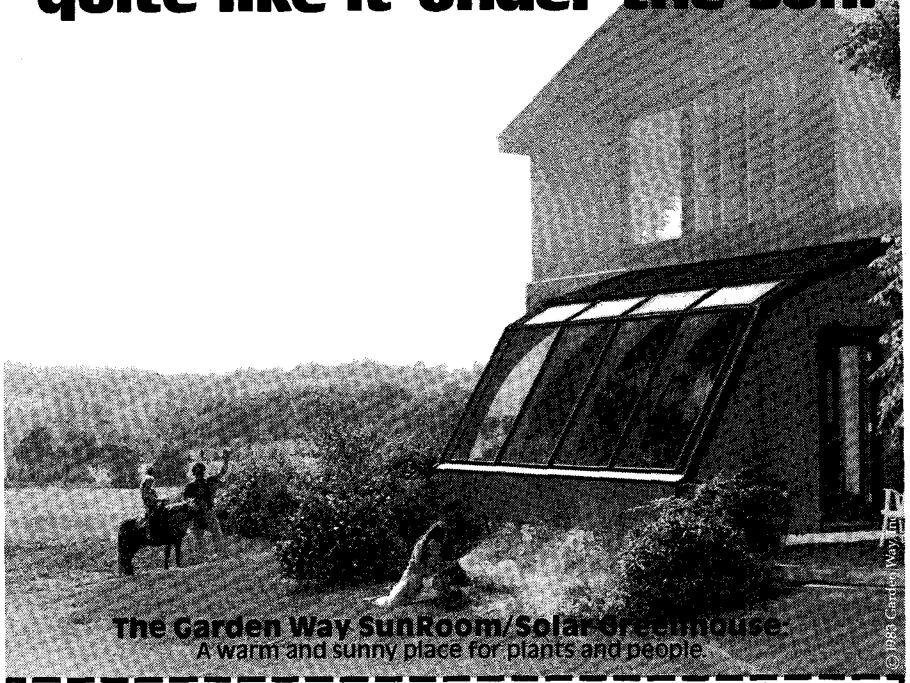
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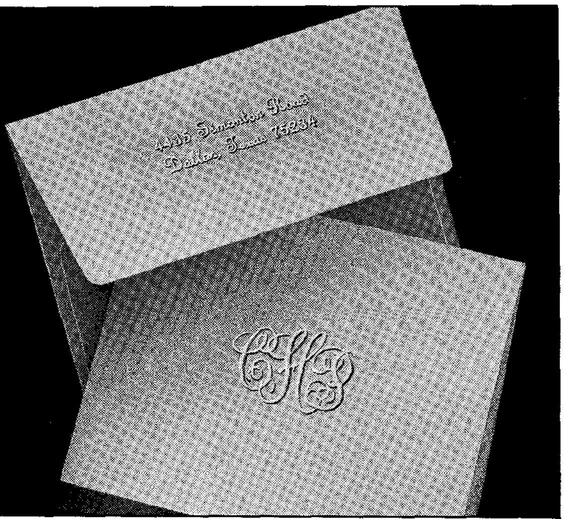

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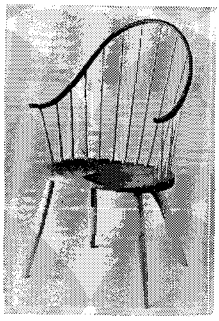
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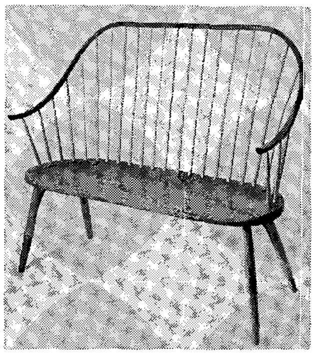
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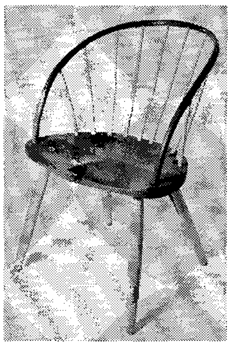
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president of the Compagnie des Compteurs. Then, in 1981, when Riboud decided to divide Schlumberger into two basic parts—the Oil-field Services, and Measurement, Control & Components—Vaillaud and most Schlumberger executives expected him to make Vaillaud the head of the electronics division and Roland Génin, who had been an executive vice-president and manager of Drilling and Production Services, the head of the oil-field division. These appointments would have had a certain logic to them, for Vaillaud had mastered electronics and Génin had spent his career in the oil-field division, beginning in 1950, when he joined Schlumberger as a field engineer. Riboud did just the opposite: Vaillaud became the head of the oil-field division, Génin the head of the electronics division. Riboud picked the less experienced man for each job, because, he says, each would bring a "totally different view," a "fresh imagination" to his new task. Riboud had taken a similar unexpected step a year earlier, when he chose Thomas Roberts, a West Point graduate who had become the vice-president of finance, to be the new president of Fairchild. Roberts had asked him why, and Riboud had answered, "I like to shake the tree."

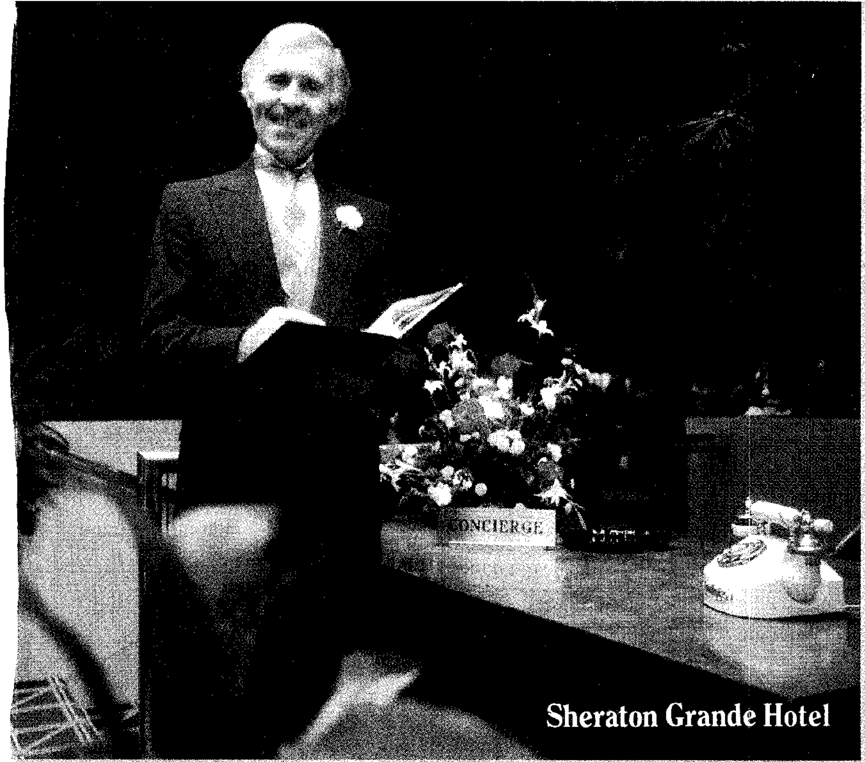
If an eagerness to shake the tree is one of Riboud's most prominent management traits, another one—allied to it—is, obviously, his preoccupation with personnel matters. As his meetings in Houston showed, he is familiar with people at many levels of the organization. Instead of closeting himself with a few top executives, he meets with large groups of employees. The vice-president of personnel at Schlumberger—the job is now held by Arthur W. Alexander—reports to the president, not to an executive vice-president, as is often the case at other companies. "Riboud spends more time on people and people problems, in contrast to business and business problems, than any other chief executive I've ever seen," says Benno Schmidt. "I think the thing he's most concerned with in running this vast business is coming as near as possible to having exactly the right man in the right place all the time. Most people who run a company are much more interested in business, new products, research—all that."

When it comes to evaluating individuals, Riboud can be quite blunt. Once a year, he meets with each of his top executives to offer an evaluation of their performance. Carl Buchholz remembers one of his evaluations: "He said, 'Let's talk about the Buchholz problem.' He talked about my relations with other people, and how I ought to improve them. He talked about what he wanted done that wasn't being done. He was quite specific."

Riboud's attention to personnel matters is typified by Schlumberger's management-potential summary, or SLP-1A form, which every manager in the company completes once or twice annually. The form, which consists of a single page, asks the manager to identify all the people who report to him, and to select two or three who are "ready now" to take over their supervisors' jobs, and two or three who will be "ready in the future." The manager must give a grade—A, B, C, D, E—on employees' performance, and the form provides spaces for their age, potential, years with the company, months or years in their present job, and the date when they will be ready for promotion. The form must also be completed by the executive to whom the manager reports, so that there can be double evaluations of people before promotions are made.

The SLP-1A form springs from a central management principle at Schlumberger: decentralization. This principle accounts for the small number of people at Schlumberger headquarters and for Riboud's clean desk and quiet phone, and his unwillingness to issue orders to Strecker, or to his manufacturing division, or to other executives. Decentralization is not, of course, solely a matter of choice. An oil-field-service business operating in ninety-two countries on five continents must decentralize. An official working out of Schlumberger offices in Paris, New York, Houston, or Tokyo cannot cope with all the clients and questions. "You deal with the client," says John

TROPICAL FISH
6



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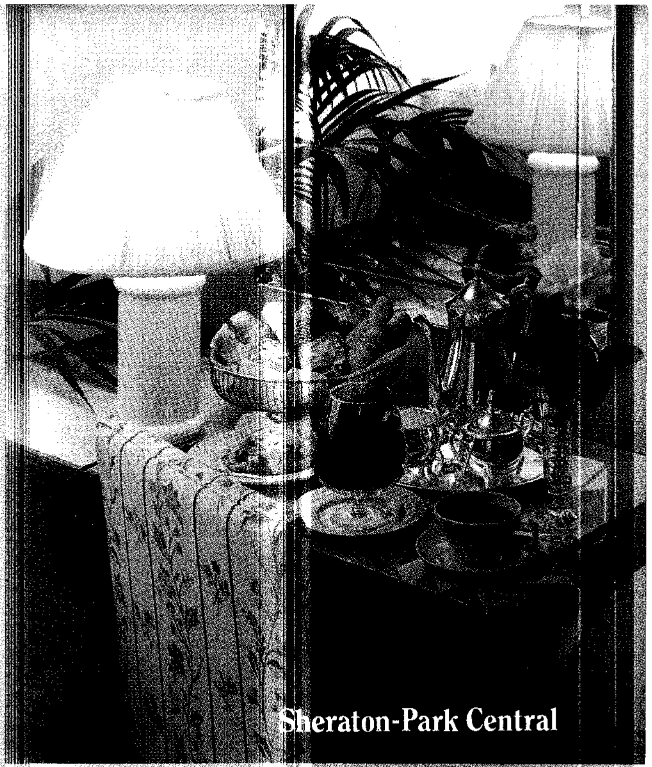

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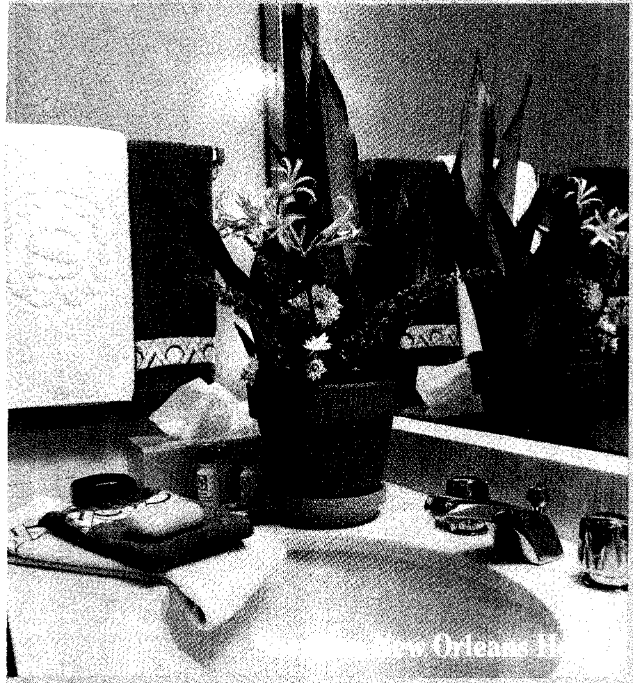

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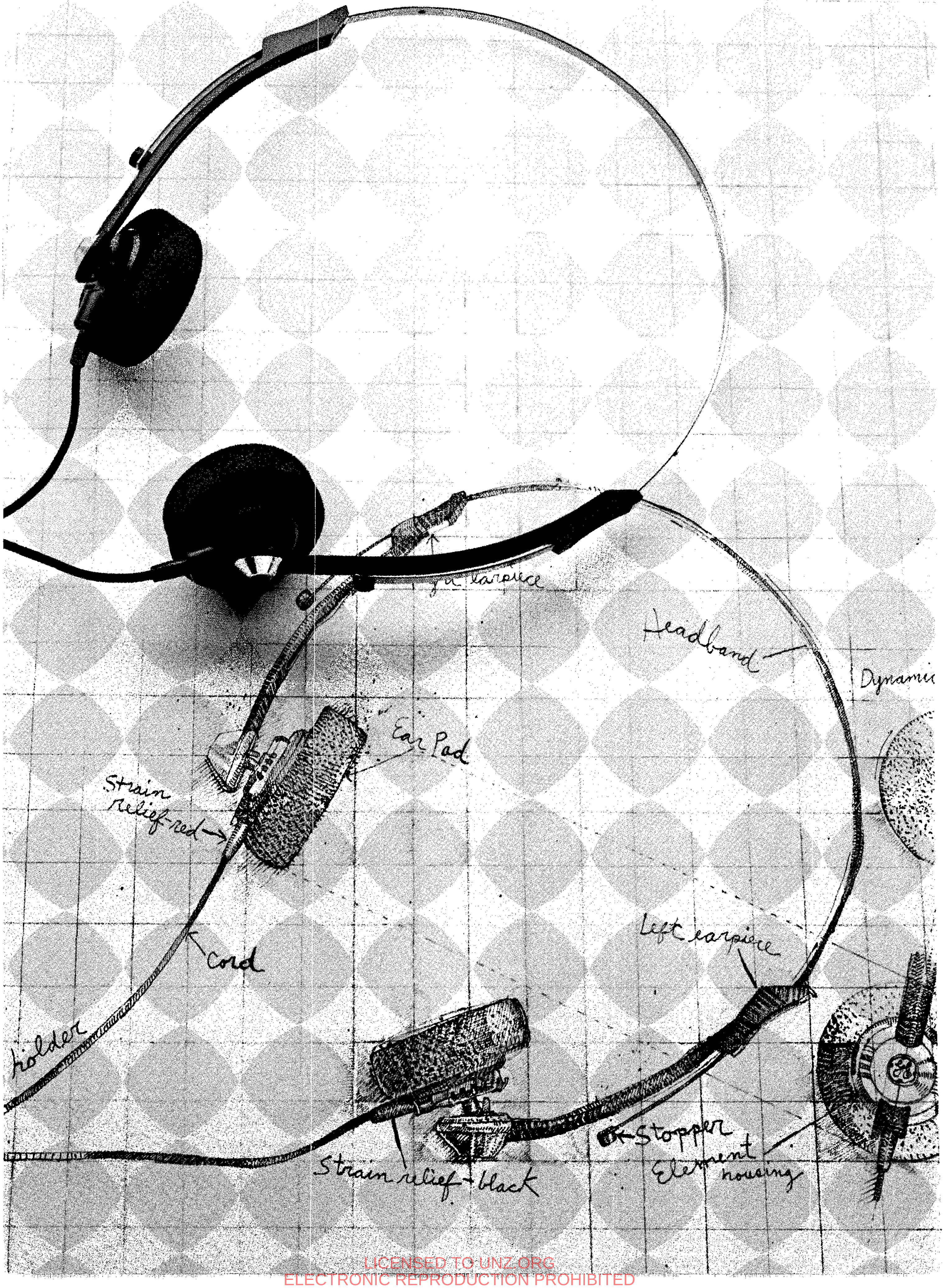
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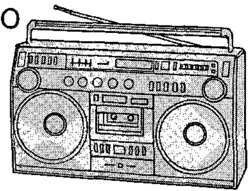

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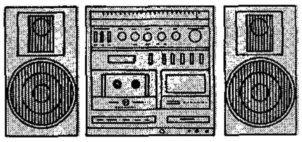

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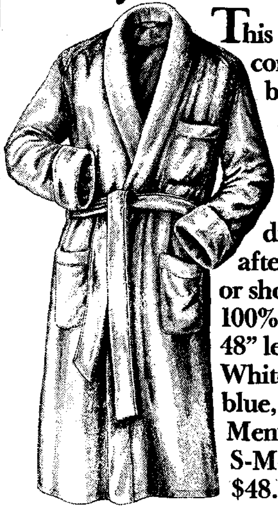

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Kurzeja, a twenty-eight-year-old former engineer, who was the manager of a Schlumberger training center for engineers in Belle Chasse, Louisiana. "You fill out the invoices for our services. You're given millions of dollars' worth of technical equipment to operate. You're operating the client's million-dollar oil well. You're your own company. You're it! When you walk out on that rig, you're Schlumberger!"

Schlumberger services some eighty-five per cent of all the oil rigs operating in the Gulf of Mexico from its Belle Chasse center. At another area of Belle Chasse, fifty workers rebuild vehicles called skids; a skid costs five hundred and fifty thousand dollars and relies on powerful computers to process well-log data in the field or transmit it to data centers. These skids are used on oil rigs in the Gulf, and, like the Schlumberger trucks on land, carry five-ton winch drums with eighteen thousand to twenty-three thousand feet of wireline cable on them, and backup electrical generators.

The training center at Belle Chasse recruited a hundred and thirty-seven electrical-engineering graduates in 1981. For all recruits, the routine was the same: up to three weeks of orientation on an oil rig, followed by three months at the training center. Here they were given on-the-job training, using their own well and rig and several units to generate their own logs. If they succeeded, graduates became junior engineers and were sent into the field for six months of intensive on-the-job training, under the supervision of an experienced engineer. Over thirty months, they had to return to a training center for five weeks of advanced instruction and once a year, before receiving a promotion, they had to take an oral examination, standing before a group of evaluators and giving a formal talk on log interpretation and the use of tools. Then they were subjected to hours of questioning.

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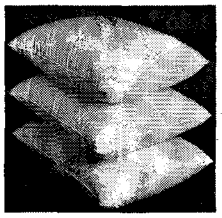

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solves a certain problem. The engineer orders his cable and sonde lowered into the well and sits hunched over an eleven-inch rectangular screen, whose readings can tell him, at each depth, where the oil or gas may be, the type and thickness of the rock formations (thicker formations usually mean less water and more hydrocarbons), the porosity of the rocks (the more porous, the more oil the rock holds), the permeability of the rock (how well the oil will flow from the rock), and the slope and shape of the oil reservoir (which helps the client figure out where to drill). Other perforating tools provide oil, rock, and sand samples. Each measurement is called a "job," and the Belle Chasse engineers average close to four jobs on each trip to a well. The average trip lasts three and a half days, and the normal Schlumberger bill for this is fifty thousand dollars.

In early 1982, before drilling activity slackened in North America, the typical first-year American engineer earned thirty-two thousand dollars in salary and bonuses; in the second year, the engineer averaged fifty thousand dollars. Money is not the engineer's only reward. "You have to decide if your log is good enough. That's an expensive decision," says Alex Knaster, a senior field engineer who emigrated from the Soviet Union seven years ago. The oil company needs quick but sure decisions. The Schlumberger engineer must decide whether to recommend another measurement log, whether he has interpreted previous logs correctly, whether the hole should be cleaned and the measurement repeated. "Once you're out there, you have no one to fall back on," says Nancy Ern, a senior engineer from Virginia, who is one of about thirty female Schlumberger field engineers. "It's given me a lot of confidence."

One better appreciates the need for decentralization, and the independent spirit it fosters, at places like Ras Gharib and Ras Shukhier—remote camps in the Egyptian desert. The engineers there are on their own. They have no telephones or daily newspapers at either camp, and no bars and no movie theatres. The only way Schlumberger's Cairo headquarters can reach the camps is by two-way radio. In recent years, Egypt has attained oil self-sufficiency—a fact that has gone largely unnoticed. Indeed, in 1982 it produced six hundred and fifty thousand barrels daily, or twice the country's needs. Most of its oil is in the

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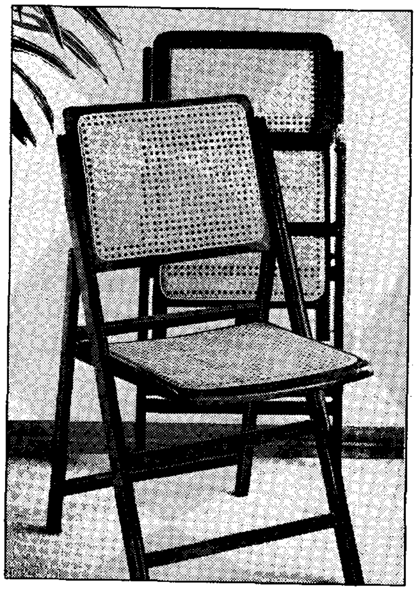

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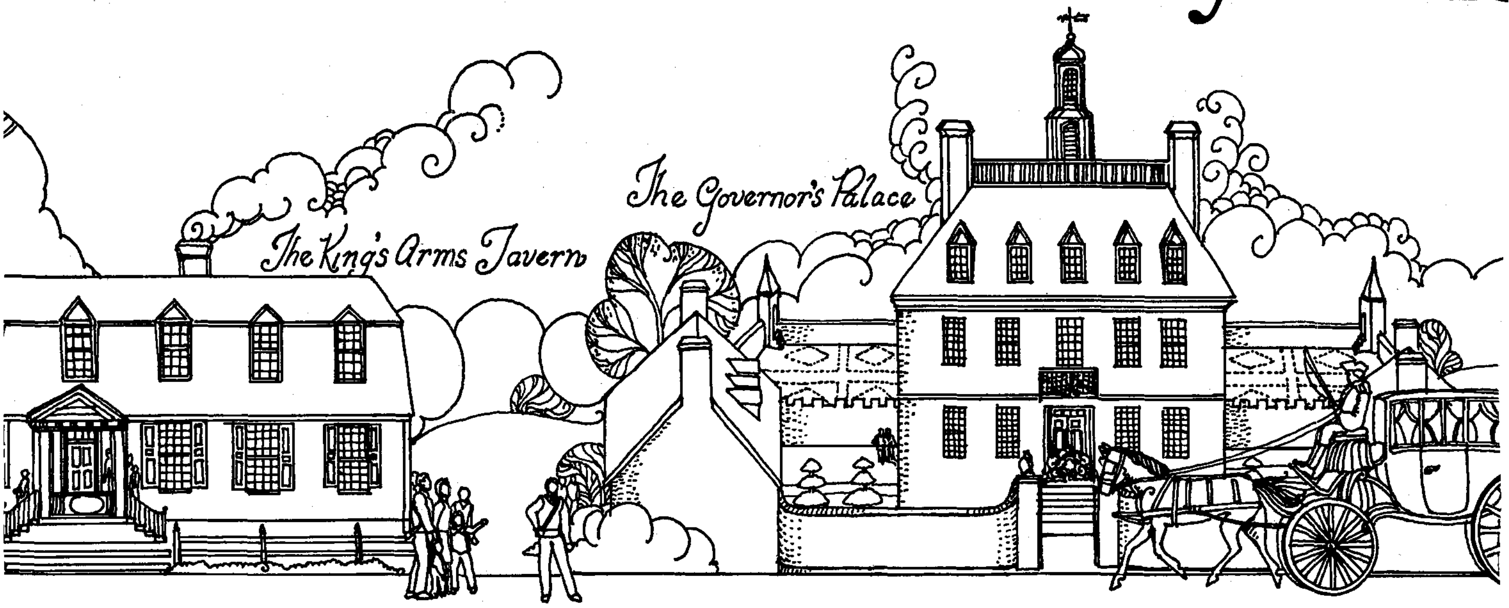
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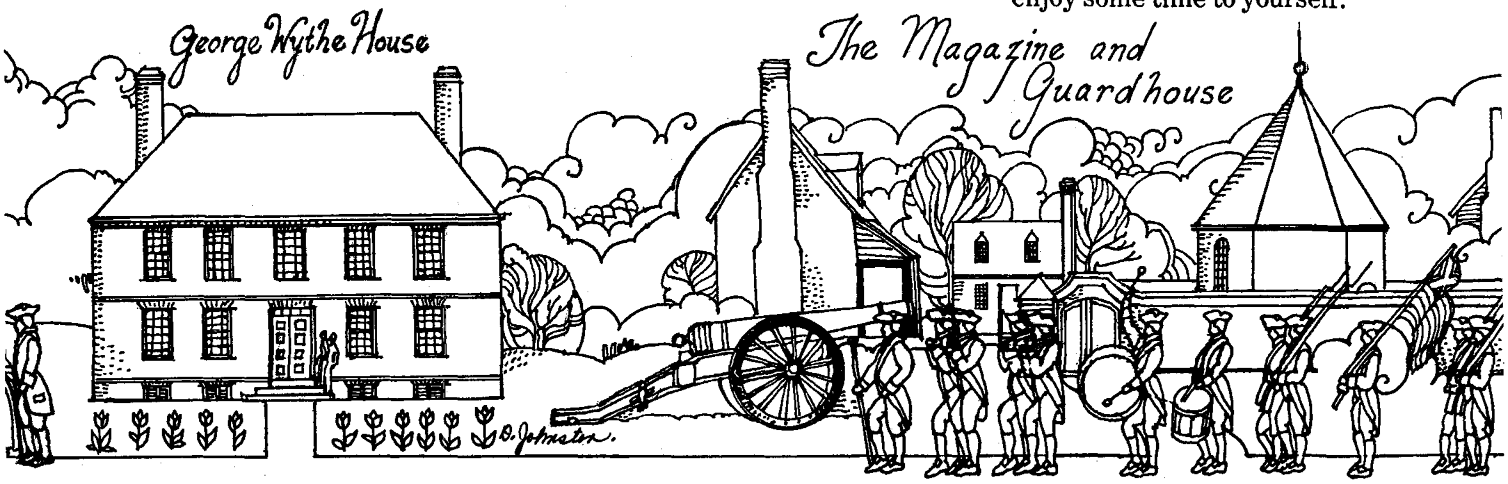
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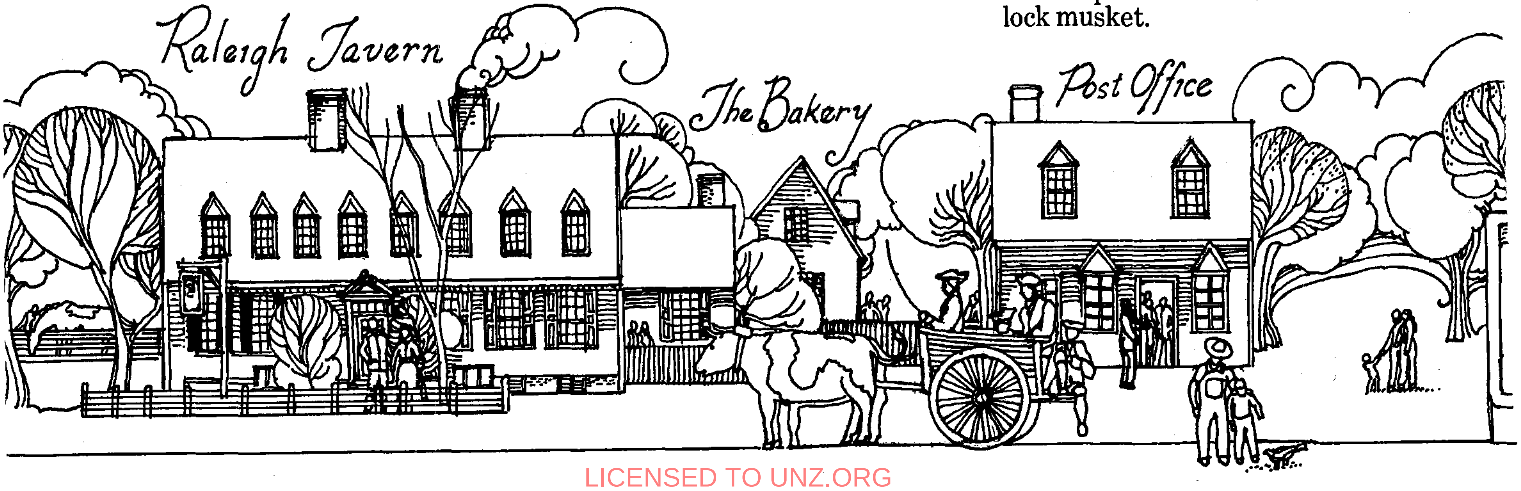
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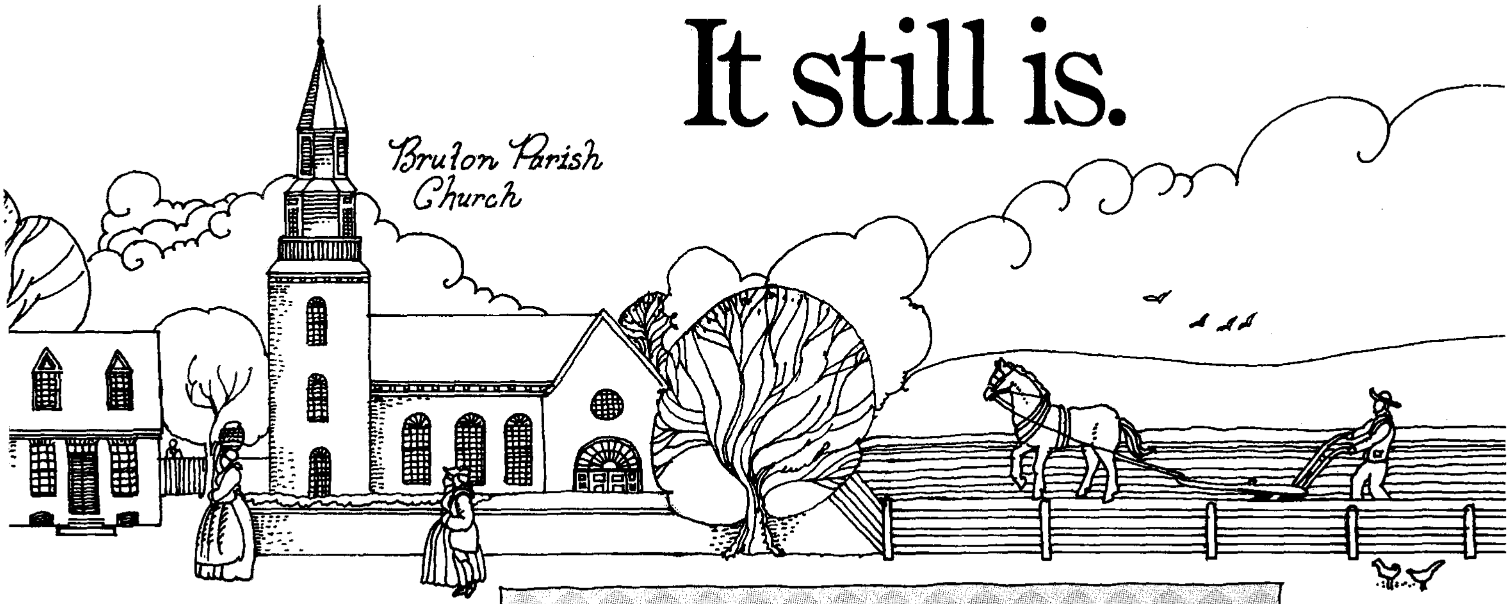

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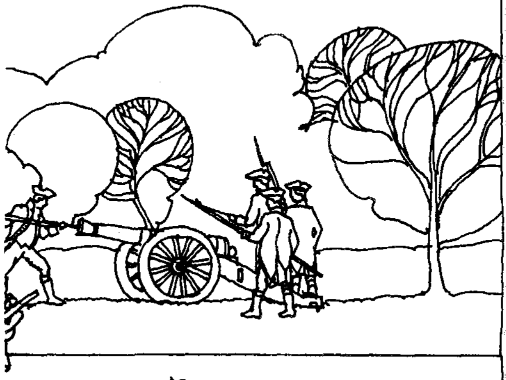

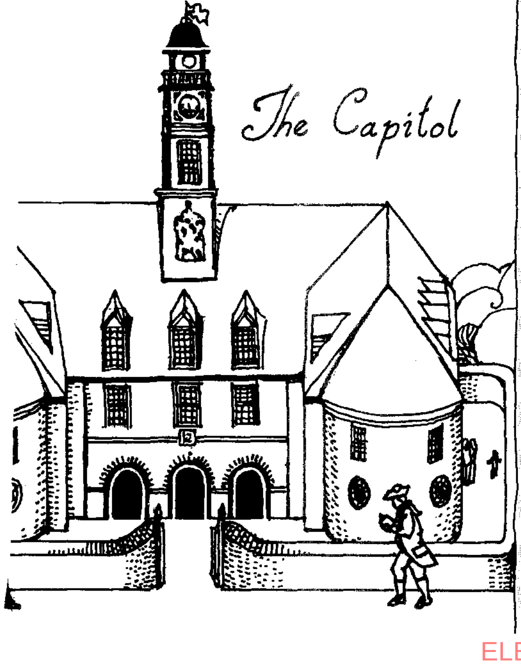

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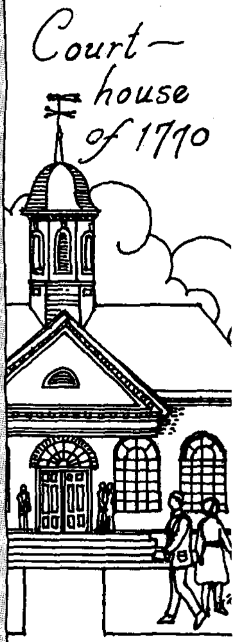

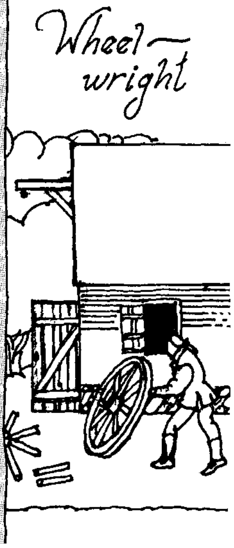

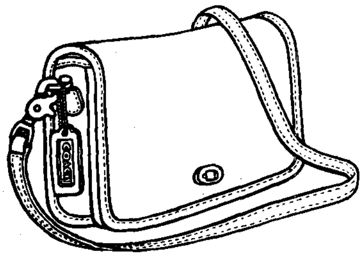

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Gulf of Suez, across from the Sinai. In the spring of 1982, Schlumberger was performing services on forty-two rigs in Egypt. In all, according to William Bufton, then the company's division manager in Egypt and the Sudan, Schlumberger claimed ninety-seven per cent of all oil-field-service work in Egypt. This work is lucrative for everyone. Bufton says that each offshore rig in the Egyptian fields costs an oil company about a hundred thousand dollars a day to operate; each rig produces an average of fifty thousand dollars a month in field profits to Schlumberger—on sales of a hundred thousand dollars.

"This is what is called a bachelors' location," says Étienne Danois-Maricq, a twenty-seven-year-old Belgian, who supervises twelve engineers and forty-six other employees at the Ras Gharib camp, a five-and-a-half-hour drive from Cairo across a pebbly desert. Engineers work seven days a week for two months, and are on call twenty-four hours a day. Although they are on the Gulf of Suez, swimming is forbidden, both because the beaches contain Egyptian mines left from the 1973 war with Israel and because heavy crude oil from the offshore rigs has spilled a half-inch film stretching along the beach as far as the eye can see. Like firemen, the engineers wait for the alarm to ring, summoning them to a job. Over the two months, an engineer will make, on average, six trips to a well, each trip lasting two to three days. When the engineers are not out on a job, they hang around the office, check their tools, and fill out invoices. Recreation usually consists of going to the living room of one or another of a row of dormitorylike clay-brick villas they share, at Ras Gharib, or to a trailer remodelled into a recreation room, at Ras Shukhier, and playing Ping-Pong or cards, planning vacations, or watching videotape cassettes of movies.

The engineers at Ras Shukhier compare their life to military service—isolated, rigorous, disciplined, intense, boring. Yet they also speak of the rewards. A second-year engineer here, according to Schlumberger officials, receives a base salary of fifty-five thousand dollars, not including an annual bonus that averages fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars. Engineers in remote locations like this receive free room and board and an automobile, and after each two-month stint the company pays the equivalent cost of a round-trip ticket to Rome for a two-

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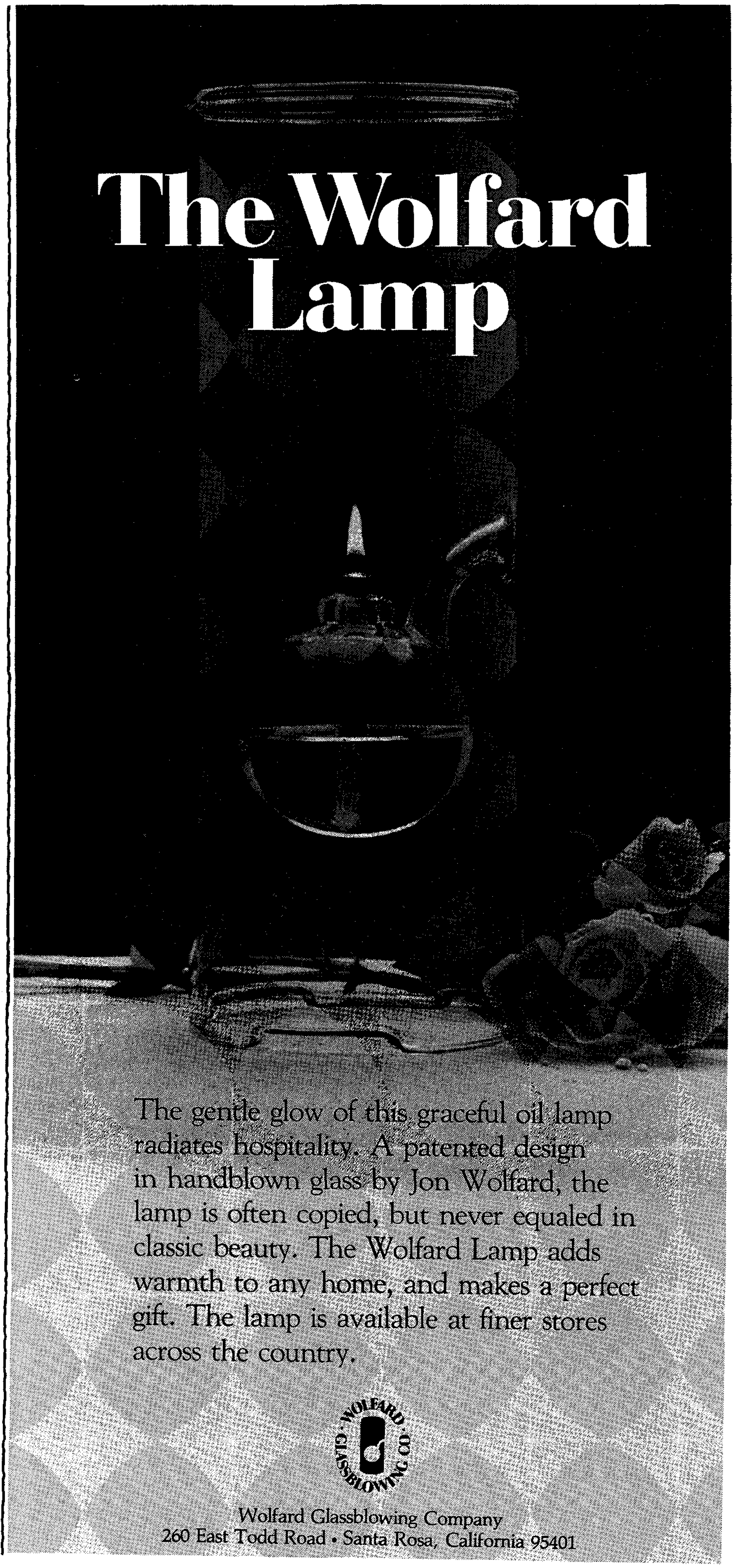
week respite. In addition, they have two months' paid vacation annually, with Schlumberger subsidizing the equivalent cost of a round-trip ticket home. But the financial rewards pale, the engineers say, in comparison to the psychic reward of being "your own boss." David Johnson, a twenty-seven-year-old English engineer, says, "You get lots of responsibility at an early age. It's not like a company in Britain, where you're just waiting for someone at the top to pop off. If you are competent and energetic, you'll do well. It's a good feeling to do a job you really feel is important. It can be hard work, but it's really fun."

"It's not a routine job," says an Iraqi engineer named Alaa Mahdi, who is thirty-one years old. "I don't spend the whole day in the office. I don't have two days that are the same. I have much more responsibility than I would in other jobs. The technical side is quite interesting. The engineer has his own unit, his own tools, his own team."

This sort of work attracts and shapes self-sufficient people. Claus Kampmann, a thirty-two-year-old Dane, whose favorite engineering job for Schlumberger was running a one-man operation in Kurdistan, in northern Iran, says of that job, "It was an ideal setup. I was all by myself. I didn't see anyone from Schlumberger for five and a half months. Only one of my operators spoke English. I joined because I wanted to go overseas and have my own show." Today, Kampmann is one of eleven worldwide unit managers, overseeing all Schlumberger wireline activities in the Middle East. His job pays a hundred and ten thousand dollars a year and comes with a rent-free house, a car, paid vacations, including round-trip fares, and stock options. The company also puts fifteen per cent of Kampmann's gross salary into a profit-sharing plan. Kampmann does not feel that he works for an impersonal giant company. "Originally, I wanted to travel overseas and get experience and then start something on my own," he says. "But now I think my job is more interesting than if I were on my own and in sales. I have a much broader spectrum, and I have the impression that I'm running my own company."

LIKE his predecessors, Riboud wants people at Schlumberger to have a feeling of independence. Day-to-day decisions are left to those in the field. Riboud's job, as he sees it, is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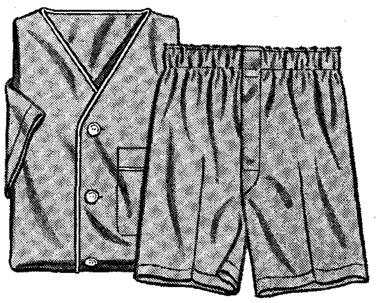

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primarily to think five, ten, twenty years ahead, and to set the basic direction of the company. On September 30, 1977, at a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Schlumbergers' first log, he remarked, "I should say that the most important thing I learned from Marcel Schlumberger was to have an independent mind—to think for oneself, to analyze by oneself, not to follow fashions, not to think like everyone else, not to seek honor or decorations, not to become part of the establishment." On another occasion, he said, "When you fly through turbulence, *you fasten your seat belt.* The only seat belt I know in business turbulence is to determine for oneself a few convictions, a few guidelines, and stick by them."

Riboud the businessman puzzles many of his nonbusiness friends. For years, Henri Cartier-Bresson has wondered why Riboud worked in a corporation instead of plunging full time into art or politics. Cartier-Bresson—a shy man with pale-blue eyes, gold-framed eyeglasses, and close-cropped white hair—recalls asking Riboud, "What are you doing there? You're not a scientist. You have no passion for making money," and that he replied, "I'm a corkscrew."

"It means he knows how a bottle must be opened—delicately and firmly," Cartier-Bresson says.

When Riboud offers advice, he usually does it quickly and without fuss—delicately and firmly. In Paris recently, Cartier-Bresson talked of Riboud's role in the formation of Magnum Photos. After the Second World War, Cartier-Bresson, Robert Capa, George Rodger, and David (Chim) Seymour decided to form Magnum. Cartier-Bresson was high-strung and brittle; Capa was an impulsive adventurer who would take off on a moment's notice to cover a war on some distant continent; Chim was suspicious and private. Assignments often kept them apart, and there were separate offices in Paris and New York. Inevitably, tempers flared. "We always went to Jean for advice," Cartier-Bresson said. "He's a businessman. I remember we went to him once and told him of difficulties between the New York office and the Paris office." Riboud listened without uttering a word while the three photographers poured out their confusion, their frustrations, their bafflement at starting a business. When they had finished, Cartier-Bresson recalls, Riboud said simply, "Nature has not much imagi-

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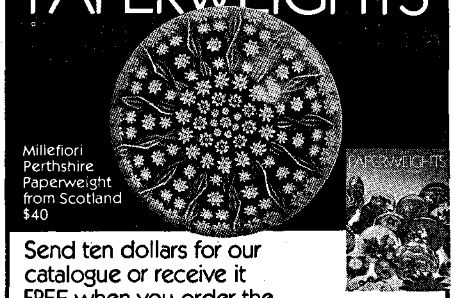

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nation. Your little problem is the same as Schlumberger's. If you three stick together, it will be all right." His advice turned out to be prescient.

In sum, Riboud remains a mystery even to his friends. "He is a man who cannot be classified in any way," says Charles Gombault, the former editor of *France-Soir*, who came to know Riboud through Pierre Mendès-France. "Is he an intellectual? I don't think so. Is he a merchant? I don't think so. Is he an industrialist? It doesn't show. He is one of the few men with a strong influence over the President of France, but he will never talk about it. He never shows off. If you see La Carelle, you will understand. It's a beautiful old house with lots of antiques everywhere, extremely comfortable. But if you want to have the feeling of fortune, you do not have it looking at the house. You have it looking at the ground as far as you can see. He is a man of the earth." —KEN AULETTA

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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[*Adv. in the Lawrence (Kans.) Journal-World*]

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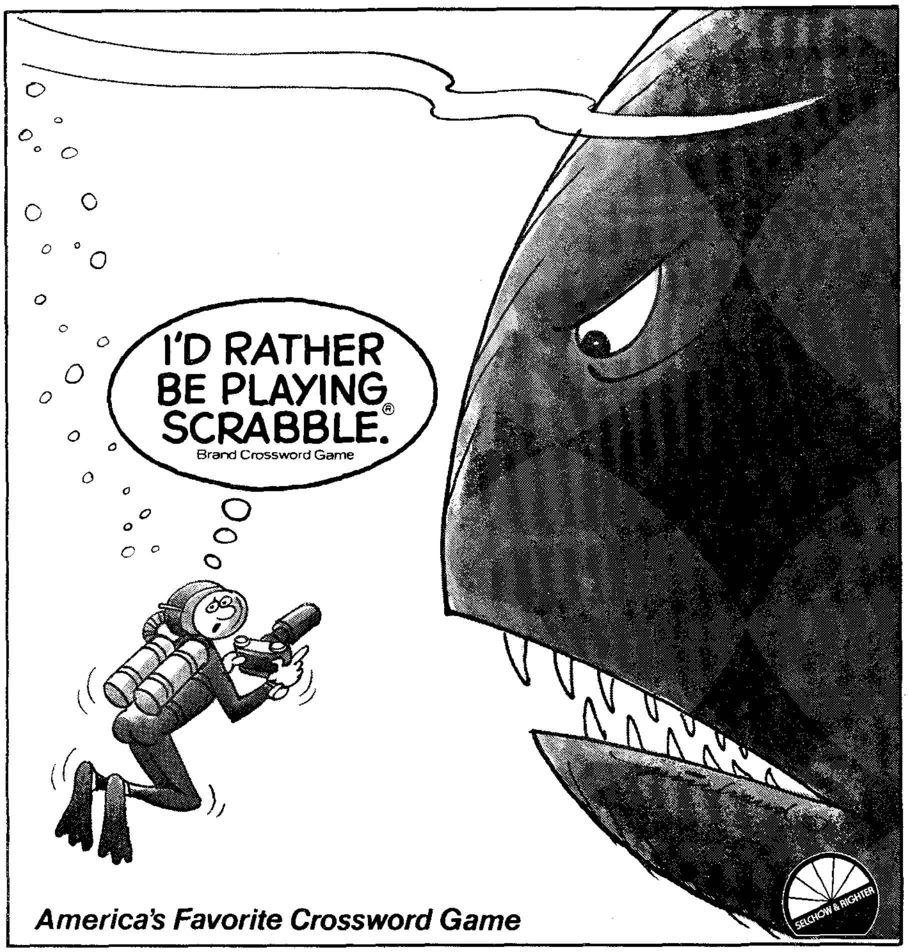
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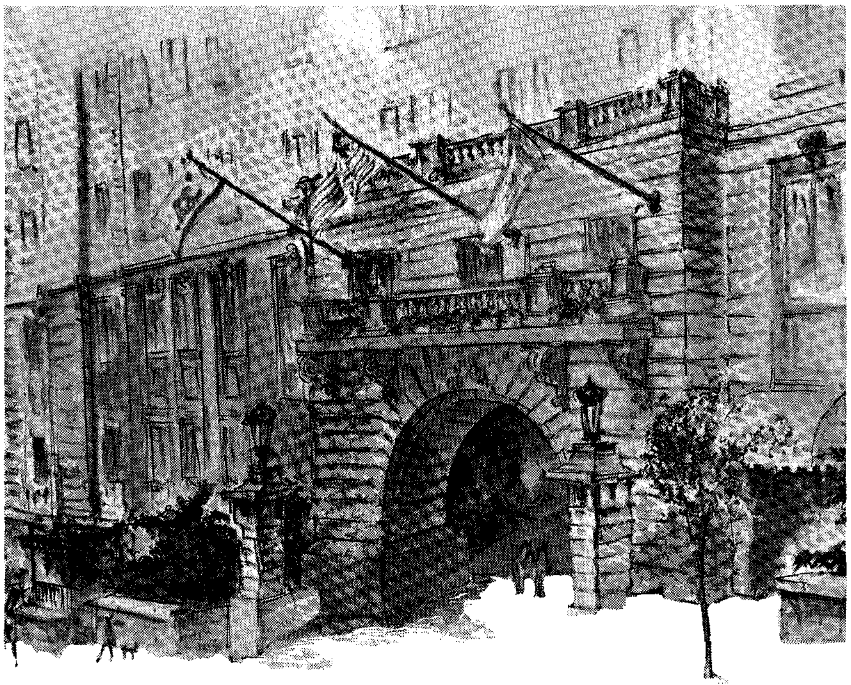

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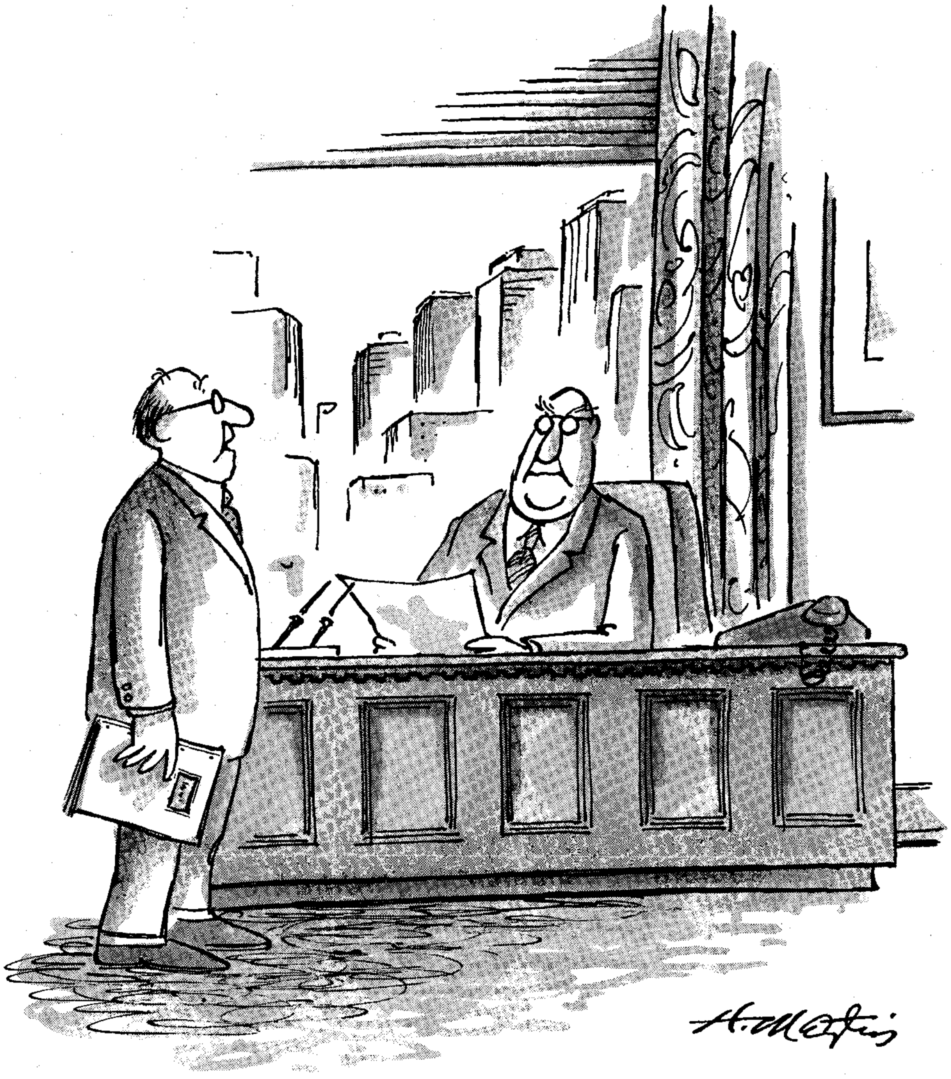
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

SAM SHEPARD, the California (at present) spellbinder, has brought his company from San Francisco's Magic Theatre to the Circle Repertory in his new play "Fool for Love," which he himself has directed, and which will run through June 19th. It is as mysterious and unsettling—now you see it, now you don't—as spare and, incidentally, as funny as anything he has ever done. I cannot remember being taken aback more often, at so many unpredictable moments, and I'll try, in describing it, to spoil as few of the surprises as possible. The action takes place in a motel room in California, at the edge of the Mojave Desert. A young woman, utterly dejected, is sitting on the edge of the bed, her head in her hands and her long hair streaming over her arms. She is called May, and across the room, sitting on a chair and looking at her, is Eddie. Watching them from a porch outside the room sits the Old Man, with a bottle of liquor. Eddie tries to talk to May but gets no reply; he tentatively walks over to her, touches her neck, and strokes her hair. She grabs his legs and refuses to let go. When he shakes free, she speaks her first words to him: "You smell. I don't need you." She accuses him of trying to erase her, and then threatens to kill him and the rich woman he has been living with. He protests that he has driven more than two thousand miles to find her, crying much of the way because he missed her so. "How many times have you done this to me?" she asks him. They stare at each other and then start to make love, but she hurts him and he falls to the floor. "You're a stunt man," she says, and exits into an adjoining bathroom. The Old Man speaks for the first time: "I thought you were supposed to be a fantasist," he says to Eddie, whereas he himself is a realist. Pointing to a nonexistent picture on a blank wall and then describing it, he remarks, "That's realism." For a while, I thought the Old Man was meant to be the dramatist's alter ego, the spinner of the plot, for he never takes his eyes off the action within the room, and he comments on it from time to time, but later in the play another possibility presents itself. A fourth character, who appears about two-thirds of the way through, is a hapless young fellow named Martin, who arrives to take May to the movies and becomes, poor soul, the butt of Eddie's funniest jokes and business. A fifth character, who does not appear, is the rich woman, who drives what we are told is her huge black Mercedes-Benz back and forth in front of the motel, shining the bright headlights into the room. ("How crazy is she?" May asks. "Pretty crazy," says Eddie.)

In "Fool for Love," Mr. Shepard, his extraordinary imagination in charge, probes as deeply into the two lovers and rings as many changes on them as he did with the brothers of "True West." Like the brothers, May and Eddie lie and love and fight and struggle for command, with no victory in sight. There is a subterranean plot, and there are several of this dramatist's incomparable monologues (well, comparable perhaps to Harold Pinter's). In "Fool for Love," no inanimate objects fly through the air, as they did in "Curse of the Starving Class" and "Buried Child" and "True West," but Ed Harris, the splendid actor who plays Eddie, certainly does. Stunt man indeed—he caroms off the walls and into the corners, chases Martin around the room, and ends up hardly the worse for wear. (At the preview I saw, Mr. Harris was wearing an inconsequential bandage around one hand, which impeded him not at all.) As May, Kathy Baker is just as good, though less athletic, and Dennis Ludlow and Will Marchetti are fine, too, as Martin and the Old Man. Mr. Shepard is the most deeply serious humorist of the American theatre, and a poet with no use whatever for the "poetic." He brings fresh news of love, here and now, in all its potency and deviousness and foolishness, and of many other matters as well. —EDITH OLIVER



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Thalia

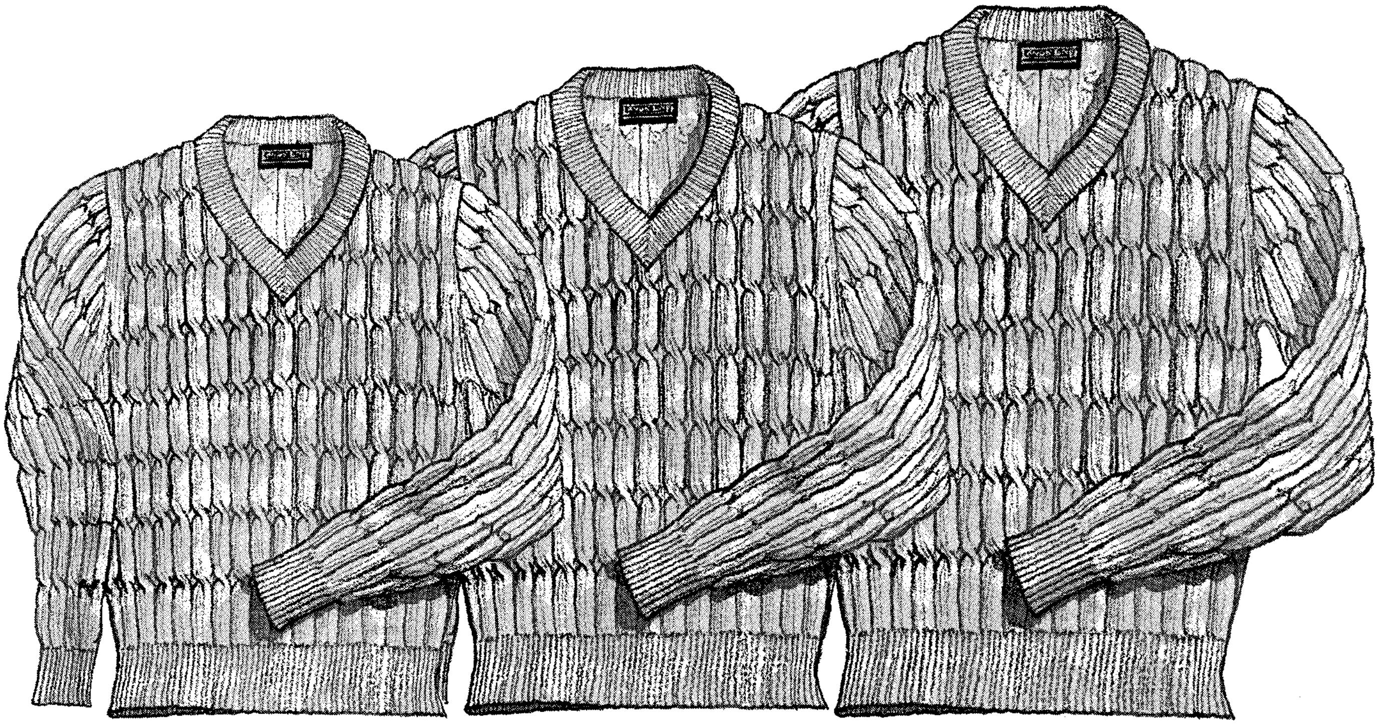
COMEDY, the great comedian Carlo Goldoni said, "was created to correct vice and to ridicule bad customs": it is a moral art, and when it aims merely to entertain people it loses its power of moving their hearts. Marc Blitzstein's sharp, moving, unfaded comic opera "The Cradle Will Rock," first produced in 1937, when Roosevelt was trying to shape a juster American society, fulfills Goldoni's prescription. Paradoxically, musicians' and actors' unions sought to stop the première of the pro-union opera, but despite them it was given, as Edith Oliver related in these pages two weeks ago. Blitzstein had composed the piece with small-orchestra accompaniment, and the City Opera did it that way in 1960. Most productions have been piano-accompanied: the première; Leonard Bernstein's Cambridge presentation in 1939; a 1964 revival recorded on CRI; the Lyric Theatre of New York production five years ago; and, most recently, John Houseman's revival at the American Place Theatre, with alumni of his Acting Company. Let me second Miss Oliver's praise of the fervent, spirited performances in the last, and hope that a revival of Blitzstein's "No for an Answer" is on the way.

GOETHE's much-set singspiel "Jery und Bätely," first seen in Weimar in 1780, is a warmhearted but rather heavy-handed little comedy. Scribe's reworking of it for Adolphe Adam, as "Le Chalet," first seen at the Opéra-Comique in 1834, is elegant, sparkling, and a trifle slick. Donizetti's reworking of "Le Chalet" as "Betly," first seen in Naples in 1836, is the most lovable version of all. Donizetti wrote both the words and the music. His comedies—although one might not guess it from the farcical, sitting-on-a-pork-pie productions we often suffer—are based on wise, loving observation of human behavior. He treats his characters tenderly. When the plot inflicts touches of unkindness on them—as that of "Don Pasquale" does—his music seems to regret it, and he is eager to soothe the hurt as swiftly as possible. Verdi, in D'Annunzio's famous phrase, "wept and loved for all of us." So did Donizetti, and in his comedies he smiled for us as well.

Betly is a delightful Swiss miss perhaps just a little too proud of her neat, pretty cottage and a little too fond of her independence. By a stratagem, she is induced to share her life with young Daniele, who loves her dearly: her brother Max, unseen by her since childhood, returns and pretends to be a rough, menacing soldier; Daniele risks his life in defense of Betly and her cottage, and wins her heart. Donizetti was at the height of his powers when he composed the piece—just after "Lucia" and that noble tragedy "Belisario." The music bubbles out—tender, touching, irresistibly attractive, exquisitely fashioned. "Betly," which had not been staged in New York since 1861, was revived in April by the Opera Shop of the Vineyard Theatre, at full length but on a tiny scale: the three principals (musical cousins to Adina, Nemorino, and Belcore in "L'Elisir"), a chorus of four, and the orchestra a quintet of piano and four winds. There were alternating casts. Mine had a deft Betly, Iris Hiskey; an ardent Daniele, David Kellett; and a spirited, confident Max, Gary Giardina, to be faulted only for singing louder than he needed to. In the Vineyard, a sixty-five-seater, there is no call to force the volume. Apt scenery, by Sally Locke; neat stage direction, by Joseph LoSchiavo; lively musical direction, by Scott Thompson, maestro al cembalo. It was perverse to perform the piece in Italian. Would a Vineyard drama company do "The Cherry Orchard" in Russian, "Ghosts" in Norwegian?

"Henry, are we really rich or do we just _sound_ *rich?"*

MUCH New York opera is played in theatres too large (the Met, the State Theatre) or too small. "Cradle" in the American Place and the scaled-down "Betly" in the Vineyard were good fits, but Boito's extremely grand grand opera "Nerone" had to be shoehorned into the Amato Opera's hundred-seat house on the Bowery. "Nerone," left incomplete at Boito's death, in 1918, and first performed (without the final act) at La Scala in 1924,



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(Except Alaska and Hawaii call 608-935-2788) had its American première last year, when Eve Queler and the Opera Orchestra of New York gave a concert performance in Carnegie Hall, and its American stage première last month, in the Amato production. Anthony Amato is an adept at suggesting grandeur in intimate surroundings, and his “Nerone,” richly and skillfully designed by Richard Cerullo, was impressive. Spectacle is partly a matter of proportion. This show had a cast of seventy, pouring on to pack every inch of the theatre in the first-act finale. To achieve a comparable cast-to-audience ratio, a Met “Nerone” would need a cast of well over two thousand.

Boito’s libretto is more interesting than his music. The piece was sung in a well-fashioned English translation by Lucy Weed. The grandiose score, which calls for six lutes, and antique Roman trumpets, was sketched in by piano and a few wind instruments (“ensemble” would be an inappropriate word). Mr. Amato conducted, and sang any dropped cues. Different casts assemble for each of the ten performances, the last of which is on June 12th. (One takes pot luck at Amato. Distinguished singers—among them Mignon Dunn and Neil Shicoff—made early appearances there.) In my “Nerone” cast, Rene De La Garza, a baritone I expect to hear again, was a gleaming, potent Simon Magus. Lynn Dolce was a passionate Asteria, and Katherine Enders a pure-toned Rubria. Alan Fischer, in the title role, was appropriately wild-eyed of aspect and ringing of voice.

The Carnegie and the Amato performances were complementary. The former did justice to the music. The latter suggested how Boito’s ambitious vision—his attempt at a larger “Troyens,” a “Götterdämmerung” of imperial splendor—might work in the theatre. Amato included a presentation of the uncomposed final act, one of the strangest scenes in opera: while Rome blazes to destruction all around, Nero—pursued by his own Furies, confusing the spectre of Clytemnestra with that of his murdered mother, Agrippina—in his private theatre plays Orestes in a version of the “Eumenides” invaded by his victims and by the Kundry-like Asteria. It ends not with acquittal but with condemnation. The scene was partly spoken, partly set to music found in Boito’s sketches or repeated from earlier in the opera. And it is needed to bring Boito’s astounding drama of history and myth, actuality and illusion, eroticism and religious passions, philosophy and psychology to its resolution.

CARNEGIE HALL’s series of Rossini operas with Marilyn Horne as hero came to a close last week with a glittering “Tancredi.” Six years ago in Houston and five years ago in Carnegie, Miss Horne was a vocally brilliant Tancred, singing the music with matchless energy, accuracy, and bravura. To that brilliance she has added a new command of the words and the moods. She began, it’s true, in slightly brazen voice; it was well suited to the fanfares (“Ecco le trombe”) of her martial duet with the tenor. In the later scenes, her timbre became warmer, more beautiful, and more varied in its emotional colors: it was exciting to hear someone complete mistress of a difficult role, able to do whatever she wanted with the notes and the phrases. Lella Cuberli, an American prima donna admired in Europe and admired in San Francisco (Donna Elvira) and Philadelphia (Anaï in Rossini’s “Moïse”), made her New York début as the heroine, Amenaide. Her true, precise singing, the even, unforced flow of her voice through all its range, its agility, its pure focus, and its agreeable tone were acclaimed. Her manner is attractively modest, and during ovations she remained “in character.” She is a sensitive artist.

Opera has its inescapably absurd side. There is something ridiculous in the spectacle of a hall of grownup people enraptured by a portly gentleman who throws wide his arms and cries a high C at them. That may be an unkind way to write of Chris Merritt, the Argirio. He has a tenor at once burly and fluent. He’s like a Siegmund who can take in his stride the intricacies of Count Almaviva’s music in the “Barber.” Effortlessly and in full voice he sailed up to high D’s and E-flats. But he had no dramatic presence, no fantasy, no charm of musical manner. The subaltern roles were taken by Rose Taylor and Patricia Schuman (Isaura and Roggiero, who have an uninteresting aria apiece), and Justino Díaz (Orbazzano, who has no aria). *Arie di sorbetto* give the principals a break, but in Carnegie Hall one can hardly slip out for a sherbet during them. Ralf Weikert was a trim little conductor, responsive to the finely pointed instrumental writing (which was well played by members of the American Symphony), and a careful accompanist. But, I felt, he lacked

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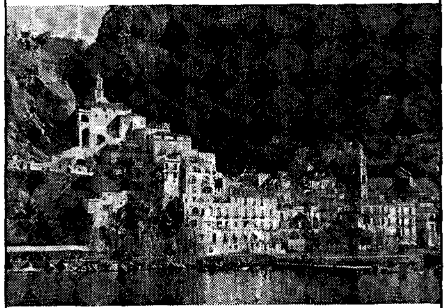

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true Rossinian verve—the sense of revelling, along with his cast, in the composer's exuberant inventions.

The Carnegie series had opened with "La Donna del Lago," one of Rossini's most romantic operas, and continued with "Semiramide," the towering crown of his Italian compositions. "Tancredi," the early opera that established his fame, is hardly their equal. The *candeur virginale* that Stendhal praised wears thin after repeated exposure. Perhaps I've just heard the piece too often. The dramaturgy is static. A simple sentence from the heroine ("That compromising letter was written to you, dear Tancred, not to our enemy Solamir") could clear up the misunderstanding that gives rise to these floods of decorative music. Miss Horne sang the "tragic" finale that Rossini devised for a Ferrara production but then discarded. It's a surprising, audacious piece: a string-accompanied recitative, and a "cavatina" of broken parlando utterances, punctuated by string chords, as Tancred dies. (At this performance, the light in the hall faded to a glow on Miss Horne while she sang it.) Philip Gossett—who uncovered the music a few years ago (it had remained with the heirs of Luigi Lechi, author of its text and lover of Adelaide Malanotte, the first Tancred) and recomposed the forty-seven measures of lost recitative needed to introduce it—feels that "the tragic conclusion elevates the drama and banishes the insipid happy ending." The progressions, as David Hamilton has observed, recall the melodrama of Beethoven's "Egmont." (Both that and the "Fidelio" melodrama could have been known to Rossini in vocal score.) Gossett declares that "one feels in the presence of the Gluckian ideal." Nevertheless, the artificially sustained tensions of the florid opera are perhaps more fittingly released by the brilliant, if rather trivial, trio of Rossini's original finale. Miss Horne, Miss Cuberli, and Mr. Weikert are to record "Tancredi." It will be good if their set includes both endings.

Carnegie's "opera festival" next season is devoted to opéra comique: Offenbach's "La Périchole," Massenet's "Chérubin," and Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," with Frederica von Stade in the title role of each.

BERLIOZ'S "Benvenuto Cellini," an opera not yet staged in New York (Sarah Caldwell gave the American stage première in Boston eight years ago, with Jon Vickers in the title

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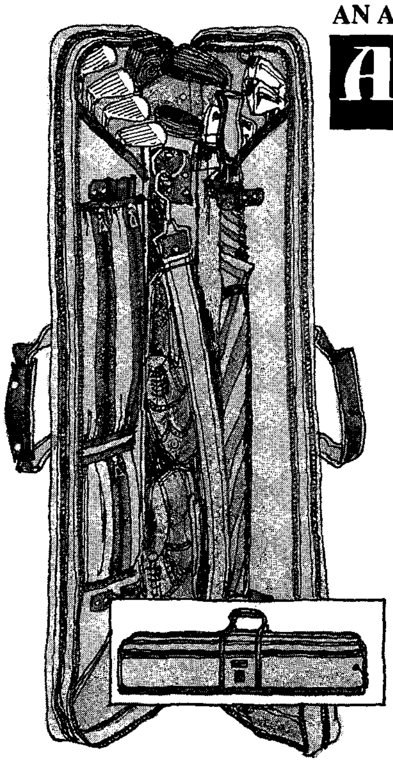

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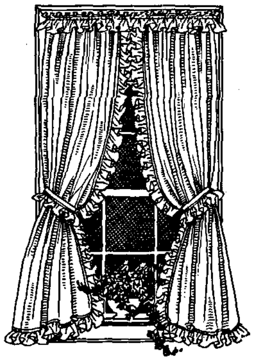

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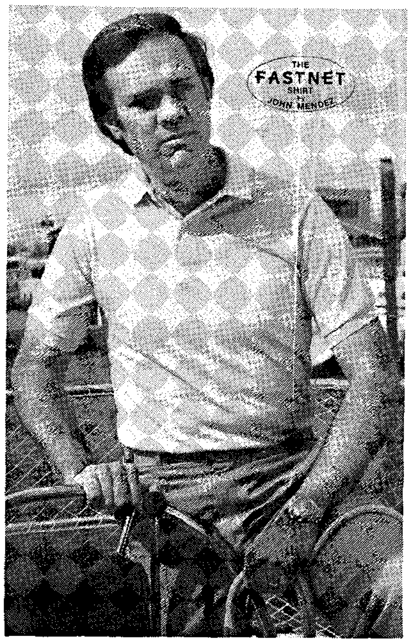
role), had a concert performance in Carnegie last month, done by Miss Queler and the Opera Orchestra. Berlioz began the work as a grand opera, recast it as an opéra comique, then completed it as a grand opera again, with comic elements, for its first production, at the Opéra in 1838. There were further reworkings, by Liszt, by Bülow, and by Berlioz himself, for subsequent productions. (These occasioned Wagner's famous remarks "Is this artificial remodelling of old ideas real artistic creativeness? . . . Children! Make something new, new, and once again new!") Miss Queler returned to Berlioz's 1838 version, which is more exuberant and shapely than the reworkings. Nicolai Gedda, whom I first heard sing Cellini twenty-two years ago, sang it again, with vigor unabated, with a clarion high C and a sweet high D. (There is nothing absurd about the ardent high notes of a Berlioz hero.) Mariella Devia was an accurate and stylish Teresa. Two Frenchmen, Marc Vento as Balducci and Jean-Philippe Lafont as Fieramosca, were lively and entertaining. Donald Gramm was a wonderfully suave and polished Clement VII. Miss Queler's conducting was a shade tighter, a shade less exciting, than it usually is. But it was a good evening.

THE Montreal Symphony, on a visit to Carnegie, performed Act II of Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Dalila," with Jessye Norman a majestic and commanding heroine and James McCracken in ardent voice as Samson. Miss Norman would be better still if she cultivated a fuller legato and emulated the voluptuous portamento of the famous French Delilahs. The program began with Berlioz's "Corsaire" overture and ended with "The Rite of Spring." Conductors who not only conduct but actually dance out the "Rite" on the podium usually inspire mistrust, but Charles Dutoit's interpretation, if choreographically somewhat flamboyant, was musically exciting. The Montreal woodwinds have tangy, individual timbres. The brasses are narrow, focussed, and fiery—pungent without being blatant. The kettledrummer was crisp but overenthusiastic. The strings are full-toned, athletic, and exact. Montreal has a fine orchestra.

SOME years ago, Daniel Barenboim recorded Berlioz's Te Deum (on Columbia) in the Church of Saint-Eu-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stache, where Berlioz first performed it. The long echoes as the initial chords, alternating from orchestra and organ, roll through the building are impressive. Berlioz himself was delighted with the sound of his music in Saint-Eustache but remarked that the "Tibi omnes" and the "Judex crederis" would have benefitted from acoustics less resonant. The recording confirms his observation. St. John the Divine, where a choir of seventy and an orchestra of seventy performed the Te Deum last week, under Richard Westenburg, is a building even more resonant. Last year, Berlioz's Requiem sounded splendid there. This year, once that first solemn dialogue was done, there was more mush than majesty. And the balance seemed awry. Were the forces differently placed? The orchestra drowned the chorus, and the organ dwarfed the orchestra. Carroll Freeman, the tenor soloist, sang down into his score instead of letting his voice soar into the loftiness. The Te Deum was preceded by Richard Strauss's "Deutsche Motette," a sustained stretch of choral virtuosity, converted by the cathedral acoustics into vague washes of glowing sound.

—ANDREW PORTER

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While Hoover critics contend that they would have requested an inquiry of the institution irrespective of its political leanings, Alfonse Juilland, a professor of French and Italian who drafted the second petition, concluded: "Whomever believes that belongs in Disneyland." Or in Washington, perhaps.—*The Times.*

Let's hear from the professors of English.

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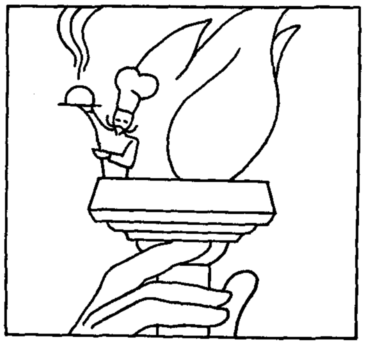

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DANCING

Reflections on Glass

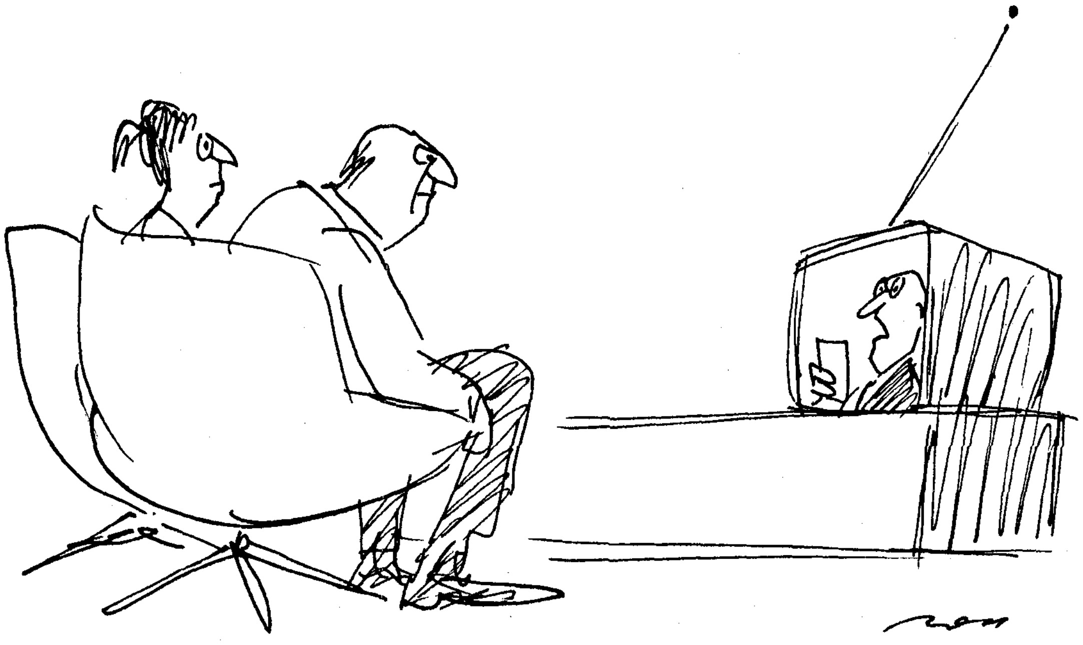
ONE of the commandments of choreography is that there shall be dances to music by Philip Glass. The primordial simplicity of Glass's music makes choreographers want to construct clean statements in space and time. Yet there's also a neutrality: the music has the capacity to reflect whatever the choreographer wants to do. Lucinda Childs' dances to Glass were austere and diagrammatic, seemingly a mirror of Glass's own methods of composition. Andrew DeGroat, who devised the bulk of the dances for "Einstein on the Beach," drew on the misterioso as well as the purely formal qualities in the score. Kathryn Posin set the same music as a hard-edged Dadaist drama. And the chain of possibilities—narrow but densely woven—is extended by the combinations and permutations that Glass keeps introducing as organic developments of his style.

In some of these developments, the sound is surprisingly conventional, with only a hairline separating the Glassian-organic from the non-Glassian-idiomatic. Such moments give us a glimpse of the obviousness in Glass's formulations and go some way toward explaining why, as John Rockwell says in "All American Music," "people *like* this music." Glass not only reduces the process of composition to essentials; he also expands the process of enjoyment by playing up those trance-inducing elements in music which our teachers warned us about. The way to listen to Glass is to go with the flow, and when you do, the happy hallucination you get is that the music is yours, not his. This must, at any rate, be the experience that choreographers have when they start to deal with Glass's rhythmic units, which are numbing in their cubelike infinite progression. In his latest work for New York City Ballet, Jerome Robbins uses a Glass score; he even uses a modicum of the minimalism associated with Glass choreographers such as Childs and DeGroat. The stage is hung with a plain beige sheet, lined like graph paper; most of the dancers wear practice dress and jazz shoes. It all has the look of some new, pristine adventure, yet what Jerome Robbins comes up with is a Jerome Robbins ballet. Exactly what the music ordered.

"Glass Pieces" is in three parts. The first two are built on selections from the CBS record "Glassworks;" the third uses the opening instrumental section of the opera "Akhnaton," as yet unrecorded. As a Glass sampler, the pieces are well chosen. They give us hard- and soft-core Glass. But they also give us his strengths and weaknesses. "Rubric," laying down deep chords of steam-whistle-like sound over a burbling, pulsating accompaniment, is followed both on the record and in the ballet by "Façades," a smooth and serene intertwining of two melodies, one wavering, one steady. "Rubric" and "Façades" are the most seductive tracks on "Glassworks," and for Robbins they work together as classic audience psychology—stir 'em up, quiet 'em down. "Rubric" has radical heat and energy, while "Façades" lingers on the borderline of convention. The pounding drums of the "Akhnaton" excerpt, to my ear, cross that borderline and end deep in jungle-movie-soundtrack territory. And the extended finale that Robbins has devised is the weak part of the ballet. He doesn't give in to the convention—he can't, because of the peculiarly restraining rhythm—yet he's uncomfortable with the alternative, which is to pretend that Glass is being as pure as he is in "Rubric."

Like the rhythm of rock, Glassian rhythm is static; as movement, it takes you everywhere and nowhere. Its sensibility is Eastern; its mode is ritualistic. To a Western romantic like Robbins, rhythm is abstract or anecdotal. He succeeds in making anecdotes of "Rubric" and "Façades": he tells us the story of the music. "Rubric" opens pell-mell with a nondescript horde of dancers walking—barrelling—around the stage in various directions. Into this rush-hour mêlée drop two ballet dancers (assemblé descent), to be lost in the swarm, then recovered in time for a brief pas de deux in conventional ballet syntax. The horde returns, and two more aliens arrive, clad like the other two in Milliskin tights and toe shoes. The four of them are together in a double duet, then the horde fills the stage again. The filling and emptying of the stage, the arrival of the aliens (three pairs in all), their disappearances and reappearances—all this fits perfectly with the alternating strands in the music. The traffic pattern occurs four times, with slight variations each time; by the last repeat we see quite clearly that the process could go on forever, at which point everything stops and the scene blacks out.

Choreographers of Glass's generation (he was born in 1937) don't try to explain the peculiarities of his music—they just accept


"President Reagan threw up his hands today and said, 'Gosh, what's the world coming to!'"

them. Older choreographers may see the music's strangeness as a subject in itself. For Robbins, the fact that the music is sunk in a ritualistic mode means that a story can be constructed about it—a story that seems to tell us something of the impervious, aimless rushing about we do in our lives, never stopping to notice the wonders in our midst. In "Façades," the ritual is again double-stranded. One melody oscillates like the path of a moonbeam on the surface of a lake, and the other melody spans it in slowly shifting single-note progressions carried by the high winds. Robbins translates the slow melody into a floating, rather mindlessly beautiful pas de deux for Maria Calegari and Bart Cook, while the all but motionless oscillation becomes a line of shadowy figures inching along in profile at the back of the stage: the piddling continuity, as it were, of daily life. Robbins doesn't ever mix the two motivic strands (though Glass does); his pas de deux could have been done for any other ballet. But then his point is that the wonderful events in life are different in kind from the ordinary events. They may interpenetrate, as in "Rubric," but custom prevents us from seeing this. In "Façades," beauty is enclosed in an entirely secret realm. Calegari and Cook at one point run to the line of figures and break through it; it goes on as if they'd never touched it. Yet it's the humdrum background, not the ravishing foreground, that one wants to watch. Robbins' minimalistic choreography includes about a dozen steps, all as tiny as the inchworm shuffle that gradually carries the line off, and the way the minutiae accumulate, with a sidestep or a kneel or a pause added for every repetition of the sequence, makes a hypnotic spectacle. In "Akhnaton," Robbins' motifs spread beyond the two parallel strands he's worked with up to now, and he again fills the stage, this time with prancing contingents of boys and girls. You can feel him trying to break out into abstract rhythm. All that happens is a series of devices for modulating and containing the force of Glass's rhythm; Robbins never does succeed in inflecting it.

As dance music, Glass's compositions call up ancient associations not only with Oriental (specifically, Indian) ritual dance but with old ballets like "La Bayadère." It is also head music, and, as such, conspicuously a product of the sixties, that era of drug-incited revelations and rock ecstasy. The

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hallucinogenic power of Glass's music is directly attributed by Rockwell to the sixties drug culture; what marijuana revealed, he says, was a "new way of hearing things," which "profoundly affected the way we made, heard, and judged all music." None of this matters or has to matter to Robbins and his Glass ballet. The fact that a choreographer of his stature chose to involve himself just now with Glass's music set me pondering the whole Glass phenomenon. And "La Bayadère," revived once more this season by American Ballet Theatre, seemed a more than ever relevant link to that phenomenon and to the consciousness of that generation. Philip Glass and "La Bayadère" have both transcended the sixties, of course. With his own ensemble, Glass performs in high-decibel rock clubs and is a major figure on the art-rock scene as well as on the concert and opera scene. It seems to me that as a composer for dancers he has done something very like what Delibes (in "La Source") and Minkus (in "La Bayadère") did—namely, filter the ethos of the East through popular Western idioms. For Delibes and Minkus, the idiom was the waltz, as intoxicating in its day as rock was in the sixties. "La Bayadère," set in India, describes the travails of a Hindu temple dancer. She dies, and her Nirvana is (as Ted Shawn would have predicted) in three-quarter time. It is also a paradise of grand-scale minimalism. This vision of infinity, the "Kingdom of the Shades," is beheld by the hero in an opium trance. A key element in the choreography is ritual repetition, which also marks the work of Glass and his colleagues in music, theatre, and dance. It only remains for "La Bayadère," a work of capital significance in ballet, to take its place on the fever chart of the American sixties. That was the decade and the climate of its Western début and first Western revival, and the repercussions are still being felt. —ARLENE CROCE

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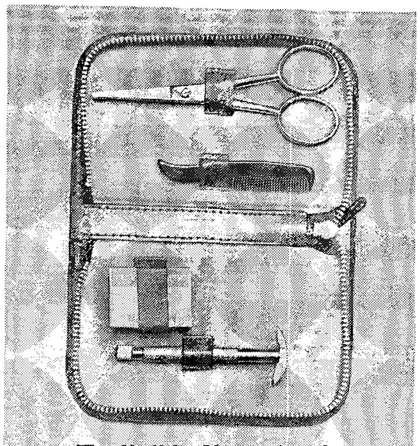

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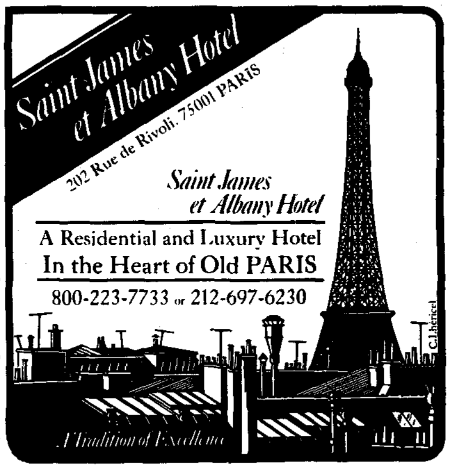

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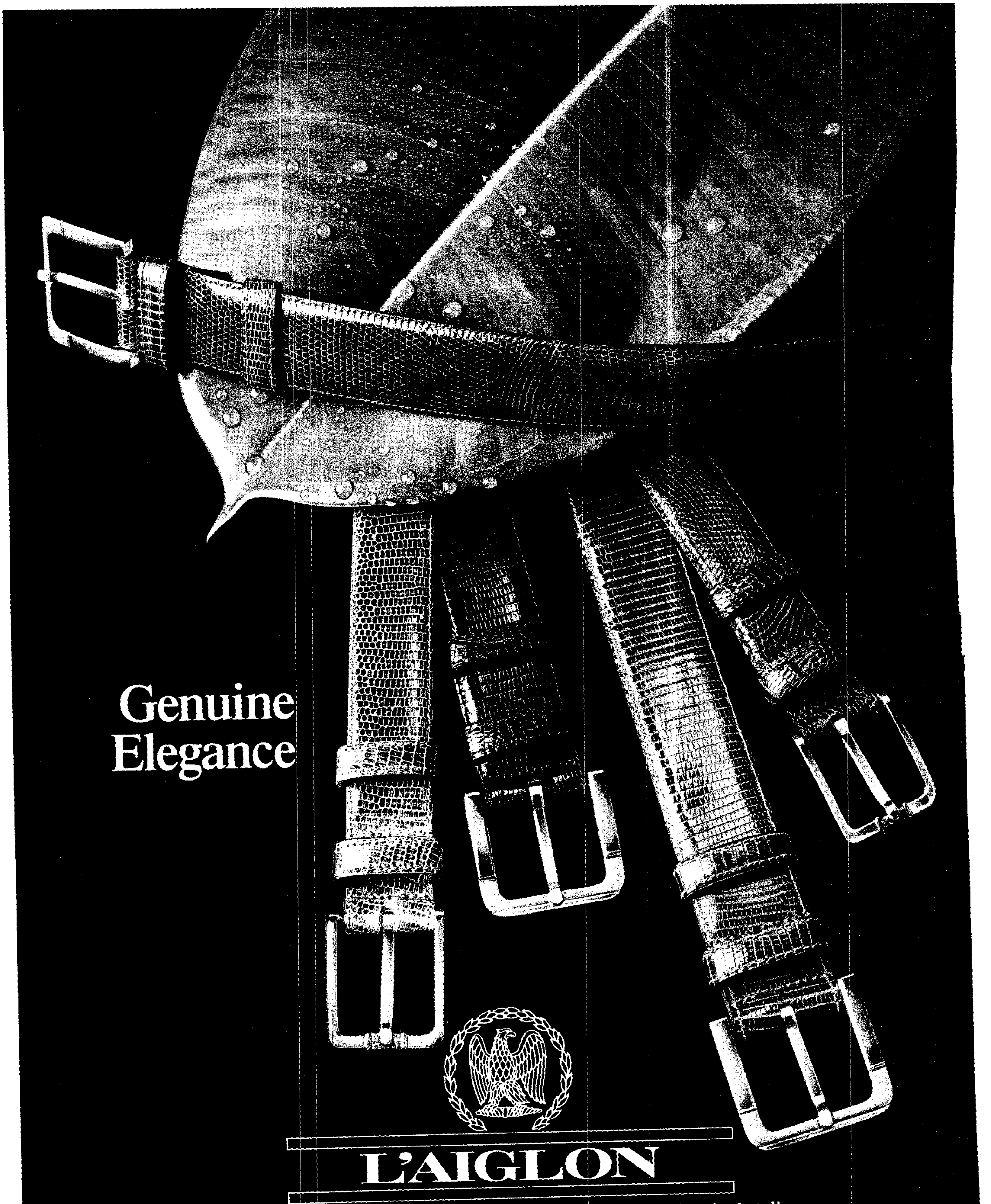

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JAZZ

Earl Hines

EARL HINES, who died late in April, at the age of seventy-nine, was a bravura performer. Solidly built, with a big, square face and big, square hands, he moved constantly at the keyboard, swaying back and orth and feinting from side to side, his elbows pumping and his legs out like ski poles. He had a blackmith's touch (he could untune a reshly tuned piano in ten minutes), and he issued a steady, overlaying tream of grunts and exclamations. His face moved between joy and pain —the eyes half shut, the gleaming eeth clenched, the lower lip in a permanent, breathing pout. No one knows exactly where his cornucopic style came from. For a long time, it was said that he had taken it from Louis Armstrong when the two first worked together in Chicago in the twenties—that he played "trumpet-style" piano. But Hines' playing seems to have been pretty much formed by the time he arrived in Chicago, in 1924. (He disavowed Armstrong's influence, and ordinarily this could be discounted, since many jazz musicians are devious about who their early models are. Hines, though, was not a devious man.) What took place between Hines and Armstrong takes place between any gifted young collaborators—intense mutual admiration. Hines' solos were full of exultation. In his right hand he used single-note melodic passages, octave chords, winding arpeggios, and gentle, quick phrase-ending tremolos, which were like little vibratos. (Hines eventually discarded these tremolos, but they can still be heard in the playing of Jess Stacy, one of his earliest admirers.) His left hand was made up of tenths, offbeat chords, patches of oompah, and sudden single notes. Sometimes a single-note melodic line was carried from his right hand to his left and back. Hines liked to shake things up. He would break the tempo unexpectedly and fashion wild arrhythmic passages, in which he might scatter right-hand chords all over the upper keyboard, opposing them in the left hand with bucking, irregular single notes. The effect was more intense than counterpoint, because the two bodies of sound warred. These rhythmic squalls passed as abruptly as they came, leaving the water as unhurried and blue as before. Hines had other dramatic devices. He would fling clusters of notes out of his high register, filling the air with needles of sound. Or he would go into an octave tremolo in his right hand and keep it going for ten or twenty choruses, and then, the audience exhausted and waiting for his hand to fall off, he would stop, smile brilliantly, and retire the number with a modest sotto-voce coda. The pianist Dick Wellstood once wrote aptly of Hines:

> For all the complexity in his playing, Hines exercises fairly simple harmonic vocabulary, and in any event his peculiar stuttering rhythmic sense gives his phrasing such force as to make harmonic analysis almost meaningless. The dissonances he uses are more the result of his fascination with the overtone of the piano than of any concern with elaborate harmonic substitutions. Accented single notes making the upper strings ring, or open fifths or octaves sounded a tone or semi-tone apart (either will do) at opposite ends of the keyboard are to him among the most beautiful of sounds. His is the music of change, based on the rhythms of the body in a graceful way unique to the older jazz players.

Hines invented a new way to play jazz piano. Before him, the music had been dominated by stride pianists (James P. Johnson, Willie the Lion Smith, Luckey Roberts, Fats Waller) and by blues pianists (Pine Top Smith, Jimmy Yancey, Cripple Clarence Lofton, Charlie Spand). The stride pianists had taken ragtime piano and put a four-four engine in it, and the blues pianists had invented a deceptively

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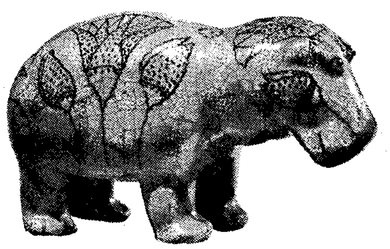

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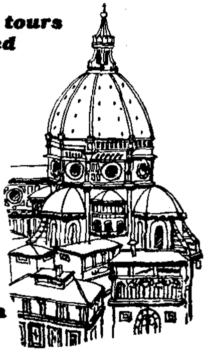

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simple, almost onomatopoeic music full of weather and trains and unrequited love. Hines moved into the uncharted territory between these attacks and became the first modern jazz pianist. His playing, framed by his hot big band, was broadcast almost nightly in the thirties from the Grand Terrace ballroom in Chicago, and it permeated the country—particularly the Midwest and the Southwest. Not many young pianists escaped his influence. Here are some who learned from him, directly or indirectly: Joe Sullivan, Teddy Wilson, Nat Cole, Mary Lou Williams, Count Basie, Jess Stacy, Mel Powell, Nellie Lutcher, Billy Kyle, Dave Bowman, Garnet Clark, Gene Schroeder, Clyde Hart, Countess Johnson, Eddie Heywood, Erroll Garner, Dick Wellstood, Art Tatum, and Lennie Tristano. And Hines' blood, thinning but unmistakable, can be followed down through Bud Powell and Bill Evans to Fred Hersch.

Few long careers ascend steadily, and Hines' was no exception. After the adventurous days of the twenties, he put together his big band, and it lasted twenty years. It was both a cushion for his playing and a school for exceptional young musicians and singers, among them Budd Johnson, Omer Simeon, Darnell Howard, Alvin Burroughs, Ray Nance, Trummy Young, Freddie Webster, Benny Harris, Bennie Green, Shadow Wilson, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Ivie Anderson, Billy Eckstine, and Sarah Vaughan. Hines had talent-scout ears. Then, in 1948, having been a general for almost as long as he could remember, he stepped back into the ranks and became a sideman with Louis Armstrong's All Stars, which included Barney Bigard, Jack Teagarden, and Sidney Catlett. He stayed four uneasy years, and settled on the West Coast, where he worked in assorted Dixieland bands. By the early sixties, he had fallen into despair and confusion, and he was ready to quit music and open a shop with his wife. But his old friend Stanley Dance, the English jazz critic, kept after him, and in the winter of 1964 Hines came East for the first time in ten years and gave two concerts at the Little Theatre, on West Forty-fourth Street. The reviews and the ensuing publicity got his great wheels going again, and within a year or so he was working steadily, often as a soloist, and he went on working, from one end of the world to the other, almost to the day he died.

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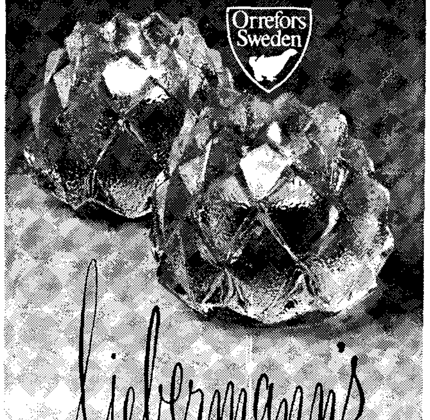

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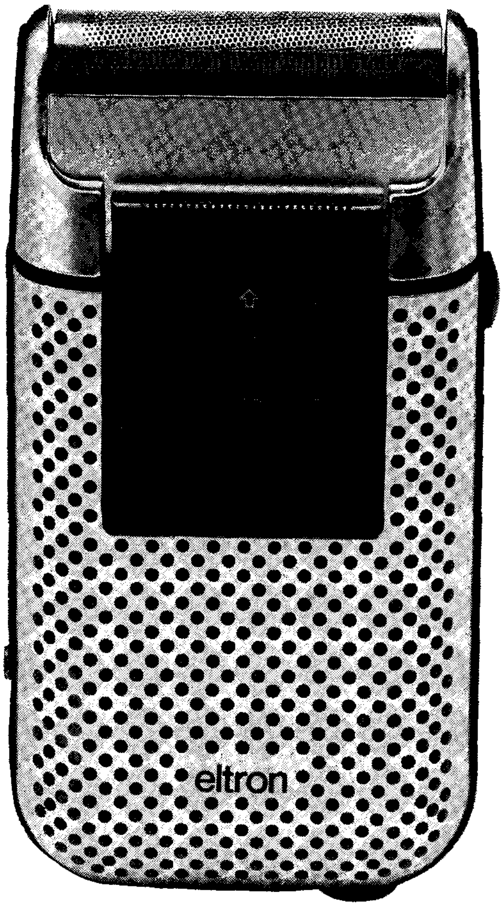
Most jazz musicians find a style and stay within it, safe and unchanging. But after Hines' renaissance his playing gradually became more prolix, and his old one-chorus solos grew into Jamesian exercises. Each chorus became an elaboration of the previous chorus, and two or three notes did the work of one. Hines seemed to want to engulf his listeners. But he could still knock you out with an upper-register explosion or with three or four stuttering notes at the start of a bridge.

Hines' philosophy was rigorous and old-fashioned. He was one of the last of the great jazz showmen. He believed that a performer's primary task is to please his audience. He once said with satisfaction, "I never considered myself a piano soloist. I was happy just to take my little eight bars and get off. It's the public that's pushed me out and made me a soloist." (This was not strictly true, of course. He was an exceptional, even a radical, jazz soloist by the time he was twenty-two—long before he had any public to speak of.) He kept fit, dressed well, smiled a lot, spoke graciously to his audiences, and invariably played as hard as he knew how. (Flat-stomached and muscular his whole life, Hines used to throw a medicine ball with Joe Louis in the thirties, and he often did exercises to strengthen his fingers.) He didn't believe in taking his troubles onstage or in burdening others. "The greatest thing to draw wrinkles in a man's face is worry," he said in the sixties after his fortunes had changed. "Why should I be unhappy and pull down my face and drag my feet and make everybody around me feel that way, too? By being what you are, something always comes up. Sunshine always opens out."

PECK KELLEY, the legendary Texas pianist, who died in his eighties in 1981, turns out to have been another Earl Hines admirer. Kelley became a legend because he was praised by the likes of John Hammond, Jack Teagarden, Pee Wee Russell, and Harry James; because he refused all entreaties to leave Texas (he was born in Houston); and because he refused to make records. He was a Texas recluse who died, as far as we Yankees knew, preserved in silence. Not so. On two successive Sunday afternoons in June of 1957, Dick Shannon, a Benny Goodman clarinettist and a longtime Kelley admirer, persuaded the pianist to go down to the studios of radio station KPRC, in Houston, and play a lit-



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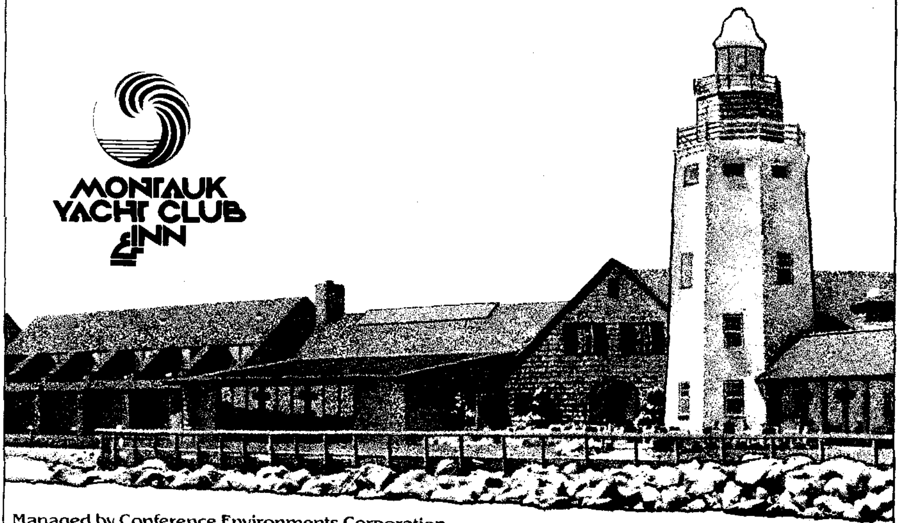

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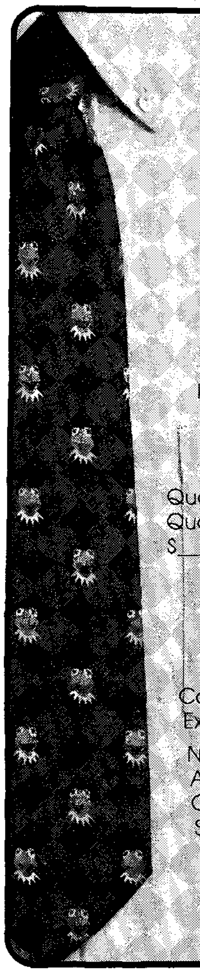

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tle on what was said to be the best piano in town. He also persuaded Kelley to play with the tapes running. Kelley enjoyed the sessions, and he even enjoyed listening to the tapes in later years, but he refused to have them released. His playing at all into a tape recorder, though, set him going in the direction of the public arena, and Milt Gabler, of Commodore Records, has finished the trip for him. Gabler has released fourteen numbers from those two afternoons as "Peck Kelley Jam." (Also on hand were two guitarists, a bassist, and a drummer.) The album reveals Kelley as technically adroit, harmonically rich, inclined to rhapsody, and rather staid. He sounds as if he had listened to the old radio pianist Lee Sims in the twenties, to Earl Hines in the thirties, and to Art Tatum (who grew up on Sims and Hines) in the forties. Beyond that, he doesn't swing much, and when a number goes on too long he runs out of improvisational gas. But if Kelley sounded in the twenties and thirties the way he sounds here it would have been a surprise to run across him in some Houston or Galveston tonk. Discovering a professional in an unlikely place automatically makes him seem twice as large as life. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS IN THE NATIONALIST REPUBLIC OF CHINA

[*Synopsis in the China Post of a drama performed in Taipei*]

Once upon a time, as the sun was setting over the Chao Family Village, half-blind Tutor Liu took his pupil through the bare autumn fields to a place where the villagers were gathered around expressing their opinions as to what song they should choose to sing. Finally, he decided to sing a song entitled: "The Judicial Official who tried to gain Immortality."

CONTRARY OPINION

But, on the edge of the crowd there sauntered a disinterested young man looking on: his name was Teng An. He expressed a contrary opinion, saying that he felt it was a mistake to listen to someone else singing a lot of ancient gossip for a whole evening, unless everyone could have a part and participate each in his own role.

So, everyone chose a costume for himself. Only, Teng An could not make up his mind what role he would take on, and so he harbored a resentment because he did not have a definite place in the cast. But, unintentionally, it would seem, he chose a costume belonging to Teng Fang, whom he afterward discovered was a deeply serious and melancholic character. Ten Fang's father had died when he was still small and he went to live with his uncle (father's elder brother) Teng Yu. Unhappily, war broke out and as Teng Yu was

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fleeing he could not manage to care for his two children, so he abandoned his own son Teng Yuan and took his nephew Teng Fang as he continued his flight. Because of this, Teng Fang's life was substituted for that of Teng Yuan. He wondered how he could live so as to recompense this redemptive act.

BUSTLING ACTIVITY

Teng An timorously picked up Teng Fang's costume and entered the arena. The place was bustling with some weird activity as some were reading their books while another deliberately exposed his abdomen to the sun instead; and explained that his knowledge from reading had all been absorbed into his stomach (while they only read their books in a display of vanity). One, Liu Ling had completely bared himself, explaining that heaven and earth were his house, and his house was his trousers. Another, also under the influence of the hallucinatory drug they had all taken, had taken apricots grown in his family garden, and was boring holes into the kernels so that they would never germinate.

Yen, whose delicate hand almost indistinguishable from his jade bracelet, rode in a carriage and acknowledged the homage of the bystanders as he beamed on some and exposed the whites of his eyes in disapproval on others, while crooning a song of comfort to himself.

VIRTUOUS PEOPLE

Teng An could not think how he could act out the role of Teng Fang in such a cast of clever, virtuous people; for while their roles told of superior human virtues, they could depict nothing to compare with the value of a vicarious death such as he desired to express.

After the drug had taken effect, the actors on the stage went into hallucinations. Teng Fang imagined he was being punted along in a boat on Hangcrow West Lake. The water was blown by a brisk breeze and he became wearied by it all, because he maintained that his life was too precious to fritter away eating fairy dates and listening to sprite music; he was just not in his right place.

The drama proceeded as they reached the beach and everyone on the shore happily drank from a wine-cup that gracefully floated by.

REALITY

The drama concluded and Teng An returned from the days of Wei Chin back into reality, with the sad realization that he had not found his place. The arena was empty. Tutor Liu, who was clearing up afterward, casually observed that 'Teng An was one for whom someone had died and he also must be one who gives his life for others.' Since the Creator has granted to every blade of grass a perfect dewdrop of its own, and even each turnip has its very own hole in the ground, so also everyone of us must have his own place in the sun. It is simply required of man that he revere God, love mercy and stand on his own two feet in the place where he has been put; and only then will he discover that that is uniquely his own place.

Tutor Liu continued rumming a song as he munched on some mulberries and disappeared into the distance, leaving Teng An deep in meditation and enlightenment.

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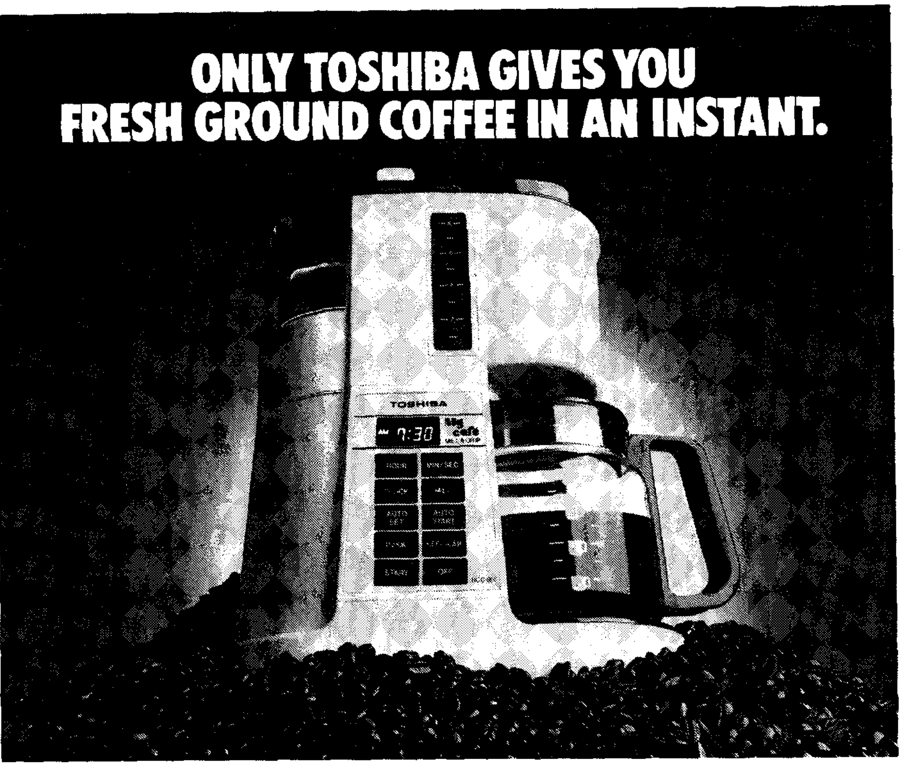

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

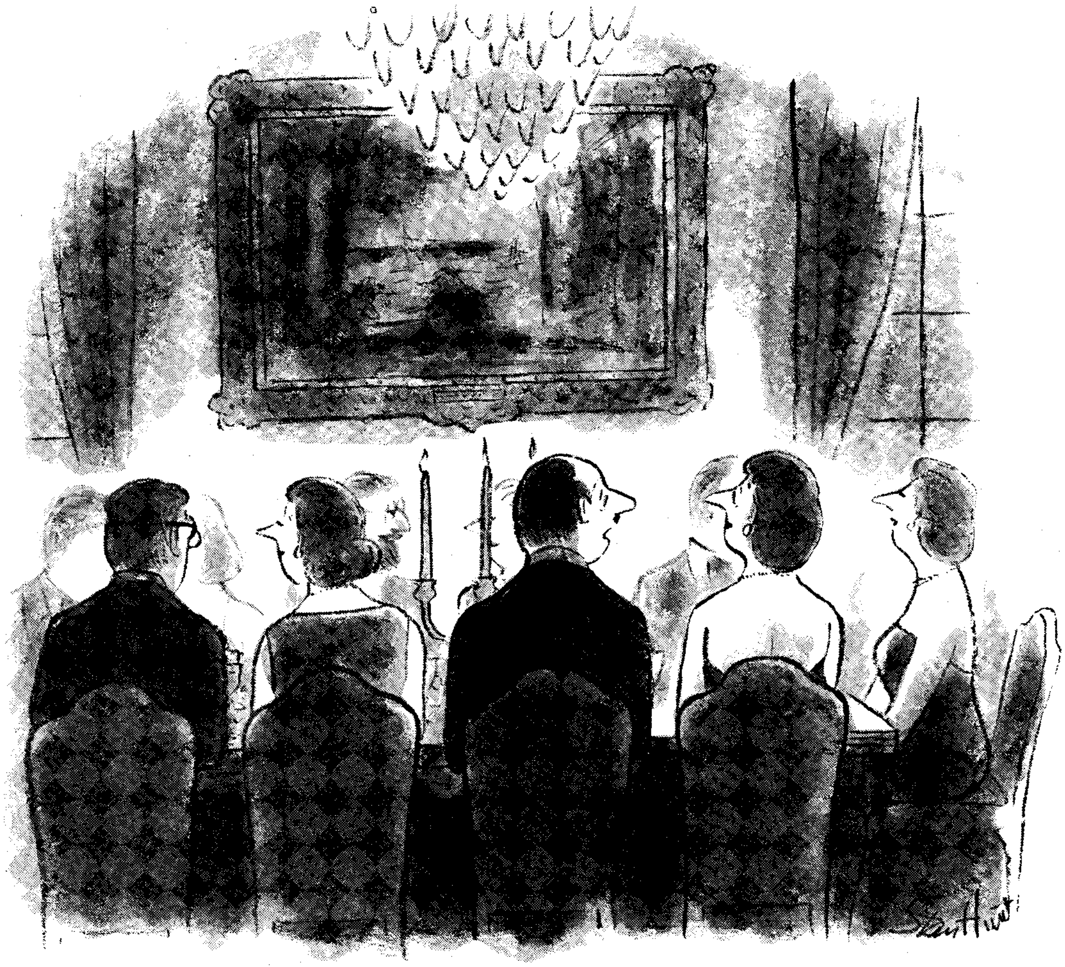
PARIS, MAY 27

MY favorite book by Hugh Trevor-Roper is the one he published in 1976, some thirty years after “The Last Days of Hitler”—the book with which he launched a career as England’s expert on the Third Reich and made the reputation he nearly lost this spring when he authenticated Hitler’s “secret diaries” after an afternoon’s browsing in a Zurich bank vault. It is called “Hermit of Peking,” and it is about a great forger by the name of Edmund Backhouse. Backhouse was much more interesting than any of the people in the Hitler-diaries crowd. He was an English eccentric of textbook specifications—aesthete son of a stingy Quaker banker, eighteen-nineties Oxford homosexual, collector, scholar, secret agent, remittance man in China, confidence man with bogus arms deals and bogus banknote deals on three continents. He claimed to have saved the secret diaries of a dead Manchu courtier, and used them himself in 1910 as the source and centerpiece of a life of the Manchu Empress Dowager Tz’ŭ Hsi. His secret diaries are fakes, but China scholars say they are as interesting a record as we are ever likely to have of Boxer intrigues and the Celestial Empire.

More than thirty years later, Edmund Backhouse wrote an equally inventive life of himself: two pornographic memoirs called “The Dead Past” and “Décadence Mandchoue.” It was Trevor-Roper who authenticated these memoirs, so to speak, as genuine Backhouse inventions. There is a familiar start to the story of the authentication. “In the summer of 1973,” as Trevor-Roper tells it,

> a distinguished Swiss scientist, the director of an international medical institute, wrote to me, in somewhat guarded terms, asking me whether I would receive and, if I thought fit, transmit to the Bodleian Library for preservation there, a substantial work by Backhouse, which had recently come into his hands. In explanation of his request, my correspondent enclosed a history of the document and the written opinions of two distinguished scholars to whom it had been shown. These scholars agreed that it was of great literary and historical value, although it was clear, from their reports, that it was also somewhat obscene. The document was destined for the Bodleian Library as a natural companion to the collection of books and manuscripts already given by the author; but it was thought that it should first be examined by a British historian, and I was thought most appropriate since it was believed that, like Backhouse, I had spent some time in the British Secret Service. I accepted the proposal and since, for some reason, it was thought inconvenient to entrust such a parcel to the post, it was placed ceremoniously in my hands at Basel airport, through which in August 1973, I happened to pass.

Over the next three years, Trevor-Roper wrote his own life of Edmund Backhouse. He discovered, in the course of writing, a true master of deception. How sad, now, to be taken in by the dreary prose of a Stuttgart souvenir dealer writing for money or politics or revenge but certainly not for any of Backhouse’s mad private satisfactions. Maybe Trevor-Roper was still under the spell of Backhouse when he flew to Zurich this spring for Rupert Murdoch, who owns the *Times* newspapers of London and was buying the English rights to Hitler’s diaries from the magazine *Stern*. Maybe he was under the spell of his own authority—not just as a Regius Professor of Modern History but as a kind of professor emeritus of the forgeries of the Celestial Empire. Maybe, after a few hours at the bank, he began to think of the notebooks he was reading as something solid and reliable, like the bank itself, or the country. The charm of Switzerland is that it reassures, it gives a correctness to clandestinity. The charm of English historians, I suppose, is that they expect correctness from a German weekly peddling Nazi memorabilia abroad and



“Gee, it’s too bad you got stuck with me. I’m a real pain in the neck.”

scrapping for its share of a beer-and-potatoes public at home.

PEOPLE in Paris treated the Hitler diaries as a kind of happening, and walked away when they got bored. Parisians are worried about a lot right now, and clumsy foreign forgeries are not a priority. There have been student strikes and sit-ins—some of them orchestrated by the right, a few of them spontaneous—for weeks. Farmers are out blocking the access roads for Common Market produce. The country's *petits commerçants* have already shut down for an afternoon to protest Socialist costs and Socialist taxes and what they call the "Socialist franc," which has dropped in value to the point that there are literally no profits with which to pay those costs and those taxes. The students worry about their future, the farmers about money to buy their fuel and their fertilizer, the shopkeepers about going bankrupt—and François Mitterrand about losing face this weekend at the Williamsburg economic summit, where he has no reason to expect that Ronald Reagan will retrieve the franc with American interest rates. The French prefer to turn to something French for consolation and distraction. There has been more news about, say, the Cannes Film Festival—which has to do with Frenchmen selling themselves a couple of weeks of phony glamour—than about Germans selling phony diaries that were too tedious to read anyway.

In Germany lately, the news has been as much about *Stern* and the publishing business as about the diaries. No German really believes that *Stern's* commitment to the diaries was anything more than a publisher's dream for making a lot of money over a lot of time. *Stern* belongs to a Hamburg company called Gruner & Jahr, which is in the business of producing mass magazines. Gruner & Jahr is controlled by a Gütersloh communications conglomerate (the Germans say *Mediakonzern*) called Bertelsmann, which is in the business of producing everything from cheap books to video discs. From the point of view of people at Gruner & Jahr and at Bertelsmann, *Stern* is one of those products—worth the money it makes them and probably not much more. Its reporters seem to think of themselves as leftists, and its publisher, Henri Nannen, likes to write about peace initiatives and Willy Brandt, but *Stern* itself is what the

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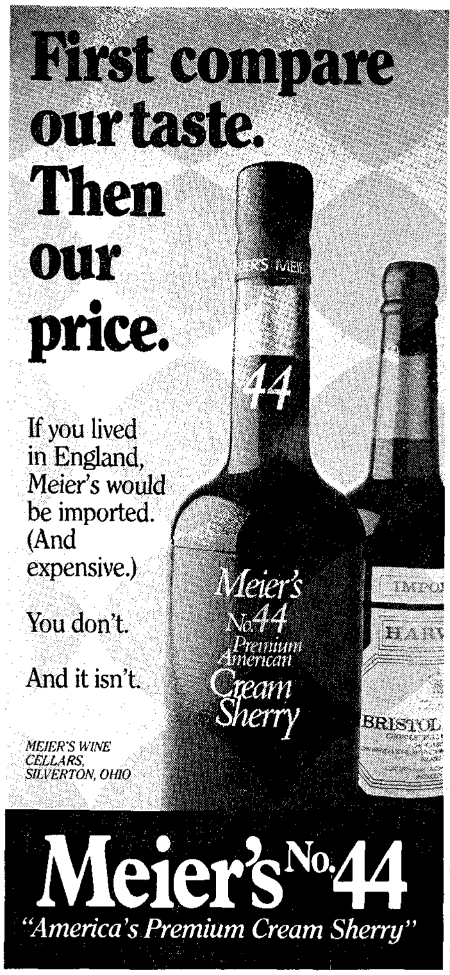
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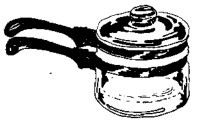
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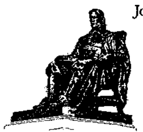
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trade calls a package, and it is put together for a market where the competition is as much pulp like *Quick* and *Bunte* as it is the other German weeklies, *Der Spiegel* and *Die Zeit*. People in Hamburg say that you can read the state of the West German economy on the bodies of the women on *Stern's* covers. When times are good, *Stern* gets serious with its covers and takes up causes. When times are bad, *Stern* is apt to put naked women on its covers. When times are exceptionally bad—and circulation can drop, and advertising along with it—those women get rosier and fatter, and even, if the word applies, rather motherly. During 1974, which for practical purposes was the first year of the seventies oil crisis, *Stern* put naked or nearly naked women on twenty-one of its fifty-two covers. Publishing wisdom then was that two things would always sell magazines to Germans worried about money, and those things were girls and Nazis. "The best of all covers," according to a cartoonist who drew one for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* five years ago, was a naked woman wearing a Hitler mask.

Stern lost hundreds of advertising pages over the past year or so. The magazine was under pressure from Gruner & Jahr to get those pages back. When a reporter at *Stern* by the name of Gerd Heidemann produced "evidence" of a stash of Hitler diaries, Gruner & Jahr bought fast, despite the fact that Heidemann was known at *Stern* as a fairly shady character and may have already been in trouble because of problems authenticating stories. *Stern* bought the Hitler diaries for what amounted to nearly four million dollars, but by the time the diaries were discredited it had sold reprint rights to Murdoch's *Sunday Times* and to *Paris-Match*, and its own circulation was up by four hundred thousand copies. Gerd Heidemann courted elderly Nazis for friends. He frequented entrepreneurs of Nazism like Konrad Kujau, the Stuttgart dealer who produced the diaries. He had a wife devoted to the memory of the Führer and his followers, and he was devoted enough to it himself to have sold his house in 1973 to buy Hermann Göring's yacht, for sixty thousand dollars. He was something of a bad joke at *Stern*. Serious reporters avoided him. Now those reporters say that people are avoiding them because of him. In a way, exposing the Hitler diaries was something that exposed them, too, and so they have been sitting-in and

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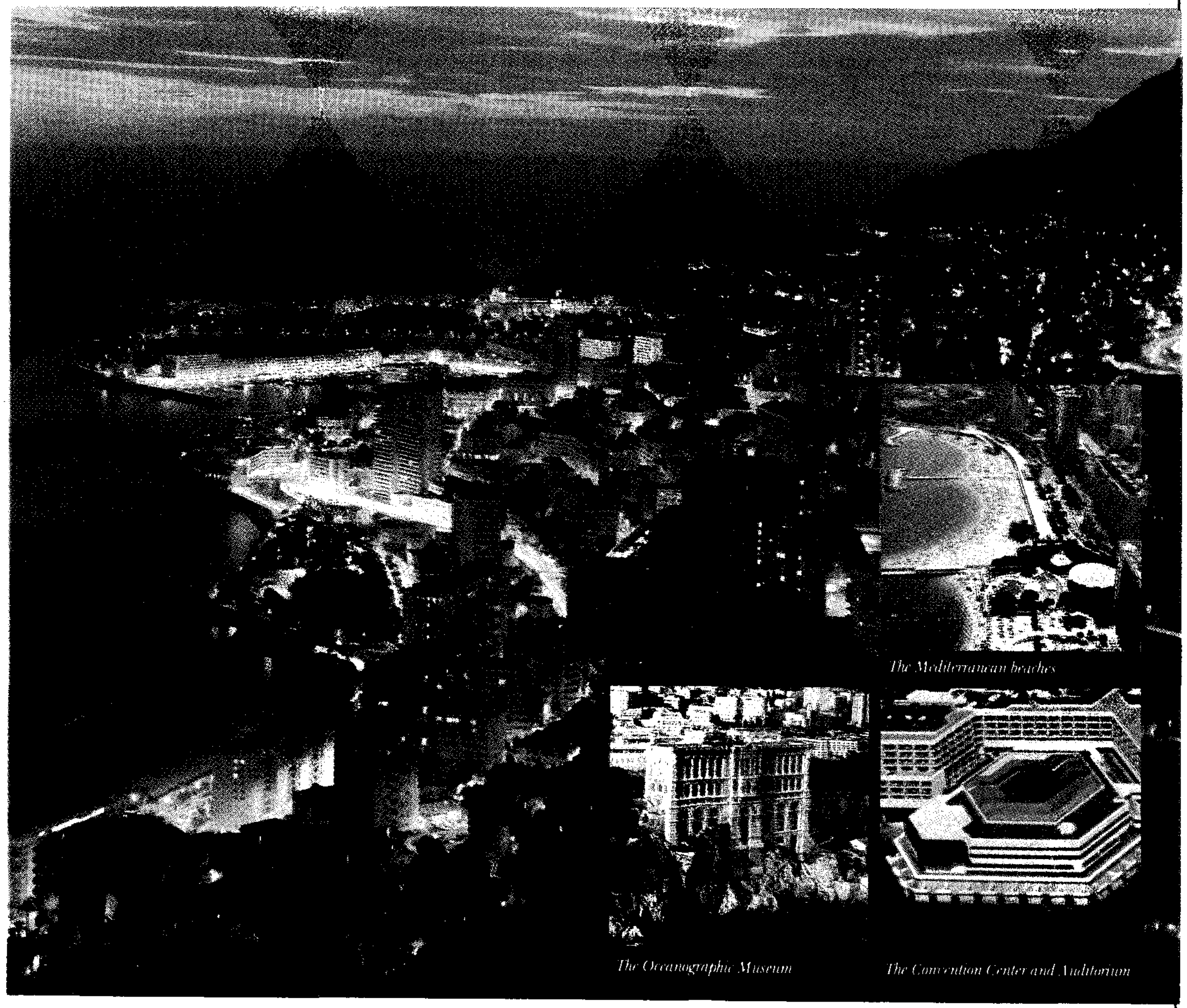

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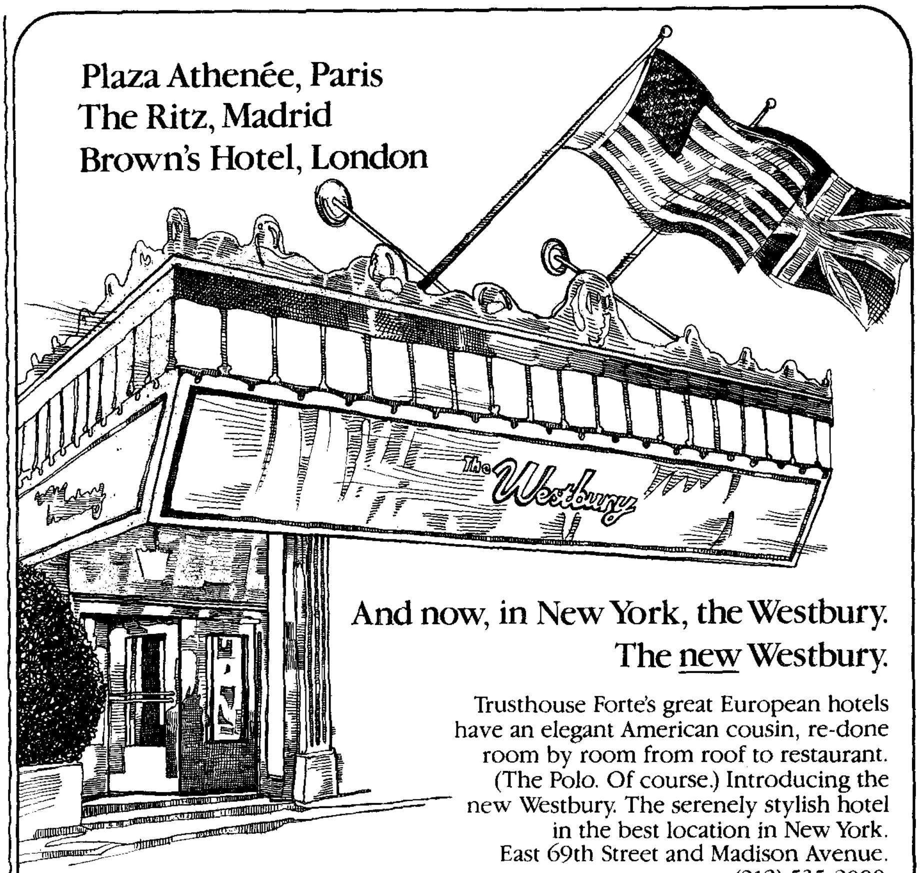
calling meetings, and the best of them are wondering what they were doing at a place like *Stern*, with its cynicism and its slick hard sell, to begin with. They assume that—inasmuch as there was no way to ignore the likelihood that the diaries coming into *Stern* in sacks over the past two years were fakes—their editors had chosen either not to look or not to care. There have been ground rules for detecting forgeries at least since Innocent III decided to crack down on ecclesiastical forgeries; he issued a bull about how to authenticate a papal document. That was almost eight hundred years ago, and a *Stern* reporter I know who looked it up last week says that Pope Innocent would have seen through Heidemann's Hitler diaries in about twenty minutes.

However the diaries were written—by Kujau alone, or by Kujau and a whole team of calligraphers working for him in Stuttgart or even across the border in an East German forgery factory—it was always clear that the imagination was German. Trevor-Roper said that the vault he visited in Zurich held more than sixty Hitler diaries, some four hundred Hitler drawings and paintings, and a third volume of "Mein Kampf," not to mention a couple of Hitler manuscripts on the lives of Frederick the Great and Jesus Christ. Taken together, they are a kind of gruesome homage to what Germans call *Gesamtkunstwerk*, or "total art work." The word was Richard Wagner's, even though the idea of a total art work, and, by implication, a total life work, is pagan and goes back to the Greeks. Wagner wrote about a synthesis of all arts in an "artwork of the future." He was the first official *Gesamtkunstwerker*, the theoretician of a particularly German encyclopedic enthusiasm, and it is clear that Kujau was a secret *Gesamtkunstwerker*—not at all the sort of person to produce one small and perfect artifact when he could unload a whole mixed-media biography. This is why, quite apart from the savagery they recall and the greed they raised in a couple of publishers, there is something comical, something almost kitsch about the Hitler forgeries. The French would say that only a German (or maybe a Mel Brooks) could have invented a fake time capsule in a fictitious hayloft, or a black comedy of a "life" that put *Kristallnacht* and Jesus Christ in a box together in a Swiss bank. The French, of course, tend to prefer the perfect ar-



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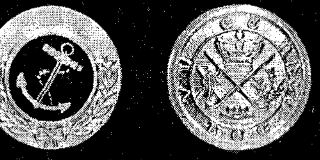

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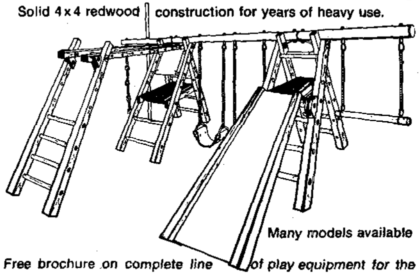

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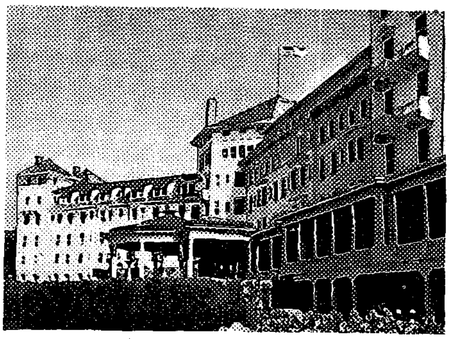
tifact to the *Gesamtkunstwerk*. This has to do with the difference between Frenchmen and Germans (Napoleon, with a country for a stage, was France's only really devoted *Gesamtkunstwerker*) and the difference between French and German forgers. The best French forgeries are miniatures: the five elegant *lettres portugaises* from a seventeenth-century Beja nun to the French officer who had seduced her; the Iroquois pictographs that were published here in 1860 and turned out to be tiny French pornographic drawings.

THERE is a wonderful exhibit travelling through Europe now. It is called "Der Hang zum Gesamtkunstwerk," which, literally translated, means "the inclination toward the total art work." This month, it is in Düsseldorf, and in the fall it will go to Vienna, and then to Berlin and possibly to Brussels, but I saw it early this spring in Zurich, at the Kunsthaus. The man who put it together is Swiss—a forty-nine-year-old art historian named Harald Szeemann, who has worked in Germany and, in fact, was responsible for a landmark Kassel Documenta exposition in 1972. His new show starts in the late eighteenth century and ends with contemporaries like the painter Anselm Kiefer and the filmmaker Hans Jürgen Syberberg, and it is a kind of history—a reflection on the sources and some of the surprises of what might be called the aesthetics of modern totalitarianism. "Der Hang zum Gesamtkunstwerk" is about utopianism and decadence at their most insistent and oppressive. It is less about "art" than about belief in images and in the manipulation of the soul's environment. There are cabalistic computations in the show, and weird celestial inventions, like the Bayreuth pyrophone (the pyrophone is an organ with flames in its pipes), and the handiwork of down-home visionaries, like Ferdinand Cheval, the Drôme mailman who spent his life building onto a shell, pebble, and concrete castle in his yard. Mad King Ludwig is in the show, of course, with *his* castles. There are drawings for the French architect Étienne-Louis Boullée's Temple to Nature and for the Austrian anthroposophist Rudolf Steiner's Goetheanum and for the relentless Totaltheaters of the Bauhaus. There is Wagner's Valhalla, sketched by the Swiss stage designer Adolphe Appia in 1892, and there is even a "Walden"



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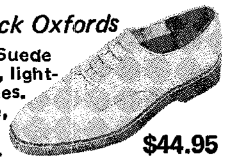

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frontispiece of Henry Thoreau's one-man, cabin-and-vegetable-patch utopia. Gabriele D'Annunzio is around, worshipping himself in the paisley-and-amber corners of Vittoriale. So is Robert Owen, calculating the perfect harmonies for an eighteen-twenties Indiana commune. D'Annunzio and Owen, a hundred years apart, shared this: a belief that one idea, one vision, one meaning could reflect and define and in the end control human experience. They were futurists in their way. Everyone in Szeemann's exhibit is a futurist, from real Futurists, like Marinetti, to movie ideologists of redemption, like D. W. Griffith and Syberberg. Their "total art works" are all works about obsession—big and little triumphs of will. Szeemann's intelligence as a scholar is to have made the demystifying connection between so many painted, printed, filmed, photographed, and constructed "truths." His intelligence as a curator is to have respected their insistence. Visions that achieve themselves are terrifying only by themselves. Taken together, they are just a museumful of *Gesamtkunstwerke*, glaring at each other. They lose their power to intimidate or exclude. They make us smile. In Zurich, people left the Kunsthaus smiling. They were one up on the perfectibility of man. A friend in Zurich told me what a good time he had at the museum discovering that a *Gesamtkunstwerk* was something more in the line of mystics and tyrants and children in sandboxes than of, say, a Matisse or a Leonardo. He claimed there had been no masters to distract him. He was wrong. Szeemann had scattered a few fine ironists of the *Gesamtkunstwerk*—Marcel Duchamp, Francis Picabia, John Cage—through his long white Kunsthaus galleries to keep perception open-ended, and maybe, too, to keep the burghers of Zurich at an appropriate loss.

—JANE KRAMER

◆

The evening's tenderest moment may have been provided by Dinah Shore. Playing Helen Morgan astride a grand piano, she delivered "Bill" with a wistful, melting sincerity.—*Stephen Holden in the Times.*

And an occasional shriek of pain.

◆

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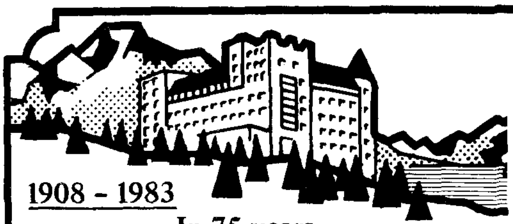

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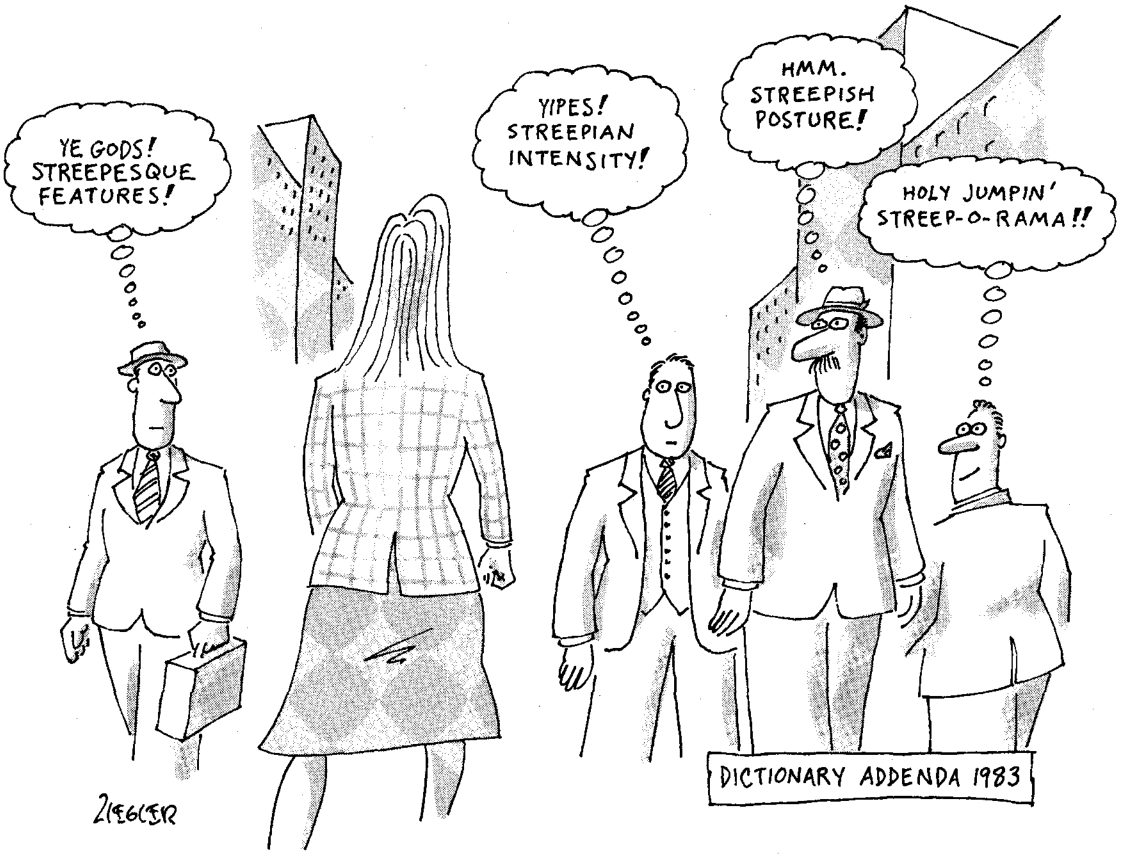
Fathers and Sons and Fathers and Sons

"Descent from Glory: Four Generations of the John Adams Family," by Paul C. Nagel (Oxford; $25), is an intelligent, tactful, and spiritually generous chronicle of a dynasty that gave the United States two Presidents—John Adams (1735-1826), who served from 1797 to 1801, and his son John Quincy Adams (1767-1848), whose term was 1825-29. John Quincy's son Charles Francis Adams (1807-86) ranks among the most important diplomats in American history, for as Minister to Great Britain during the Civil War he restrained that nation's impulse to recognize Confederate independence. Mr. Nagel concludes with Charles Francis's children. They were the first Adams generation to grow up in financial security—indeed, ease—and the first to lack religious faith. The author feels that the Adams epic ends with them because they were the last Adamses who felt it their duty to play a notable part in political life. None did. The most distinguished of them, Henry Adams (1838-1918), attained his eminence in literature.

Mr. Nagel's study is based on family papers recently opened to scholars. His book encompasses the obscure Adamses whose failed lives were peculiarly sorrowful to a family that entertained enormous expectations of all its children. He tells us that Charles Francis preserved the family documents in the hope that the tribulations his grandparents, his parents, and he himself had found unspeakably painful would in time be known and spoken of. He believed that the public Adamses would be better appreciated if Americans learned of the "deep groans within"—sufferings provoked by politics, and deep wounds caused by family calamities. Those calamities, he felt, were the family's sacrifices to public service, arising from physical separations and personal and political uncertainties. Among the children of John Adams and his wife, Abigail Smith, the eldest, Abigail (1765-1813), married, with their encouragement, a man who turned out to be a wastrel; at her death, she bequeathed her penniless children to her family. Charles (1770-1800) married a sister of his wastrel brother-in-law, misinvested family funds, and died of alcoholism, leaving his widow and children to the Adamses. Thomas Boylston Adams (1772-1832) became an alcoholic, whose last child, still dependent on the family, died in 1903. Of John and Abigail's offspring, only John Quincy Adams evoked pride. He married, not very harmoniously, Louisa Catherine Johnson. Their first son, George Washington Adams (1801-29), an alcoholic, committed suicide; the next son, John Adams II (1803-34), was expelled from college, failed in business, and died of illness aggravated by intemperance, leaving his widow and daughters to the family. In that generation, Charles Francis alone escaped. Partly because the Adamses' public lives had helped wreck their personal finances and it had fallen to Charles Francis to keep them from bankruptcy, and partly because he rebelled against the two-generation pattern of public note and private disorganization, he organized his early life around business, and conscientiously dedicated time to his children and his wife, Abigail Brooks. His fatherly care may have spared his children the serious afflictions of his brothers and uncles, yet the fourth generation's achievements (always excepting Henry's prose) were unspectacular. They divide into blusterers—an unhappily married daughter, Louisa (1831-70), a failed railroad magnate, Charles Francis II (1835-1915), and an unpopular essayist, Brooks (1848-1927)—and whisperers: a private gentleman, John Quincy II (1833-94), Henry, and a proper Bostonian matron, Mary (1845-1928). Except for Mary, they were vociferously competitive with one another, and offered one another little emotional support; indeed, they often intensified one another's unhappiness, sometimes by sheer misunderstanding. The lifelong rivalry among them recalls relations within the James family; Henry James and Henry Adams, who knew each other, are alike in the gentle but evasive way they dealt with their clans.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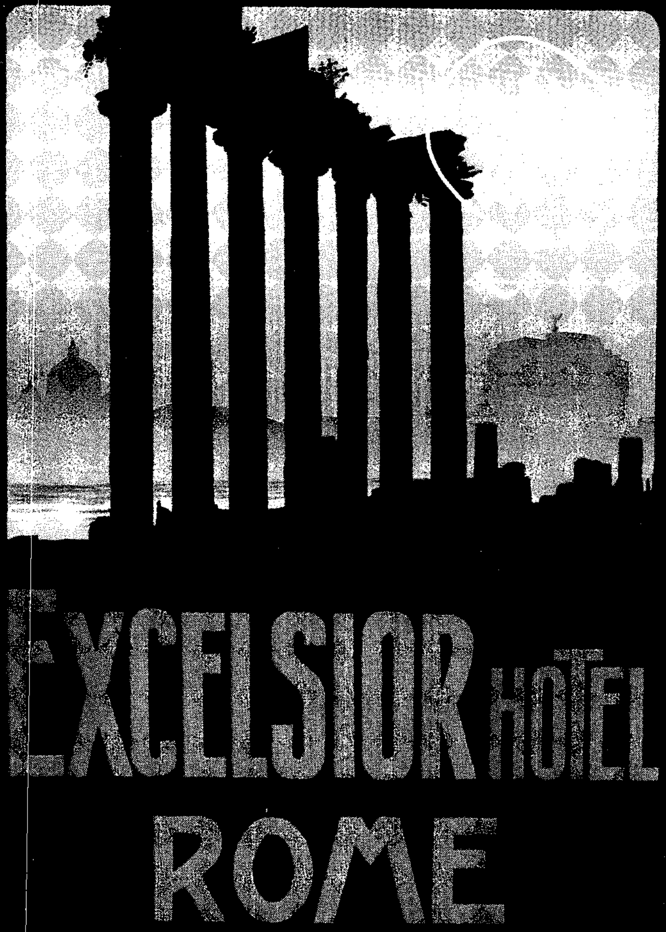

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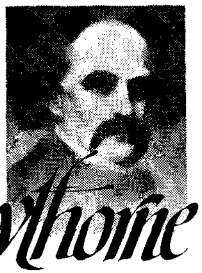

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maudlin, Mr. Nagel recounts these destinies as far as possible as the Adamses experienced them. Although there is evidence of pathology, he almost never introduces modern terms. He does describe young George Washington Adams as "hyperactive"—a diagnosis that might also apply to Charles Francis's obstreperous daughter Louisa—but for the most part he allows the articulate Adamses to describe their own problems. John and Abigail were an emotionally unified couple who knew long periods of separation from each other and from their children between the time he left Massachusetts to attend the First Continental Congress, in Philadelphia, in 1774, and his retirement from political life, in 1801; they ascribed their sons' failures to sinfulness or to weakness of will (which they equated with sin), and felt shame as well as grief. A generation later, their daughter-in-law Louisa, a gentle and affectionate woman, felt not only shame and grief but guilt for her children's troubles. When she and her husband went to St. Petersburg, in 1809, where he served as Minister to Russia, they left their two older sons in New England, very much against her wishes, and the family was not reunited until 1815. In later years, Louisa seems to have felt that this childhood separation was one reason for her sons' sad fates as men. She admonished Charles Francis not to let himself be "brow beaten" by his father. Charles Francis, recalling that his great-uncle William Smith, Abigail Adams' brother, was an alcoholic, believed that that "vice" was hereditary. The Adamses also had a streak of extravagance, and Mr. Nagel's description of Charles Francis's battle to teach economy to his father, John Quincy, recalls the opening chapters of Jane Austen's "Persuasion," in which a spendthrift baronet's daughter tries to show her father how to retrench. There are echoes of other nineteenth-century novels in the Adamses' tale. None of their dependent poor relations was as pertinaciously hostile as Balzac's Cousine Bette, but the Adamses' incorporation of their sons' widows into their household brought little gratitude. Before Charles' widow left the Adams fireside to live with a married daughter, she told her in-laws that she had loathed her years in the family home at Quincy. In the next generation, the relict of John Adams II was peculiarly unfortunate: she

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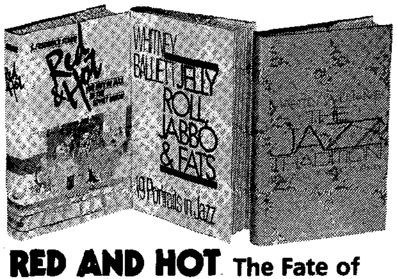

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went from Quincy to the household of *her* married daughter, but her daughter died and her son-in-law evicted her. A feminist argument is implicit in Mr. Nagel's account of these women of no historical importance who lived in a society that trained half its members to economic dependence on the other.

This volume might be called a gift of realism that can enhance our judgment of public men and their families, and perhaps of ourselves and our neighbors. Few Americans, of course, have perfect private lives, and scarcely any family lacks an embarrassing relative. (In 1781, George Washington's mother—addled or malicious—humiliated the General by applying to the Virginia Assembly for financial relief, which she did not need.) Clans include the sick and the well, the lucky and the unlucky, the sad and the merry, and eminence is no protection against misfortune. Possibly the Adamses' experience will help us differentiate between scandal and tragedy, as we remember that what is now history was once gossip. Mr. Nagel's work may also help us to greater realism about the nature of political men. Despite John's protestations of love for hearth and home and Quincy farmland, he was unable to withstand what he termed the call of duty; and John Quincy found private life intolerably flat. Nothing involved them as deeply as political activity, yet both were ambivalent about ambition—distrustful of themselves, as they were of everybody else. Both suffered intensely at what they felt to be unmerited rejection—neither won a second term—yet they scarcely realized that they themselves went through the world with a disposition to reject: to regard places and people and events with disapprobation. It may be that the Adamses' tendency to suspect evil stemmed from Puritan roots, yet John Adams' personal theology was at least as heterodox as the beliefs of the New England-born Benjamin Franklin and of Thomas Jefferson—men with whom he quarrelled, and whose natures, by contrast, highlight his censoriousness. They did not panic, as he did, at the corruptions and temptations of Europe. Possibly because of their greater interest in the sciences of the day, their minds were more disposed to inquiry—to finding out what something was before attempting to decide whether it was good or bad. Or it may be that a rosy disposition is a gift of nature. John Quincy, who was familiar with the

The Posh Way to See
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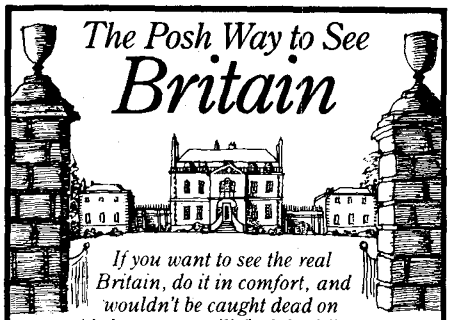

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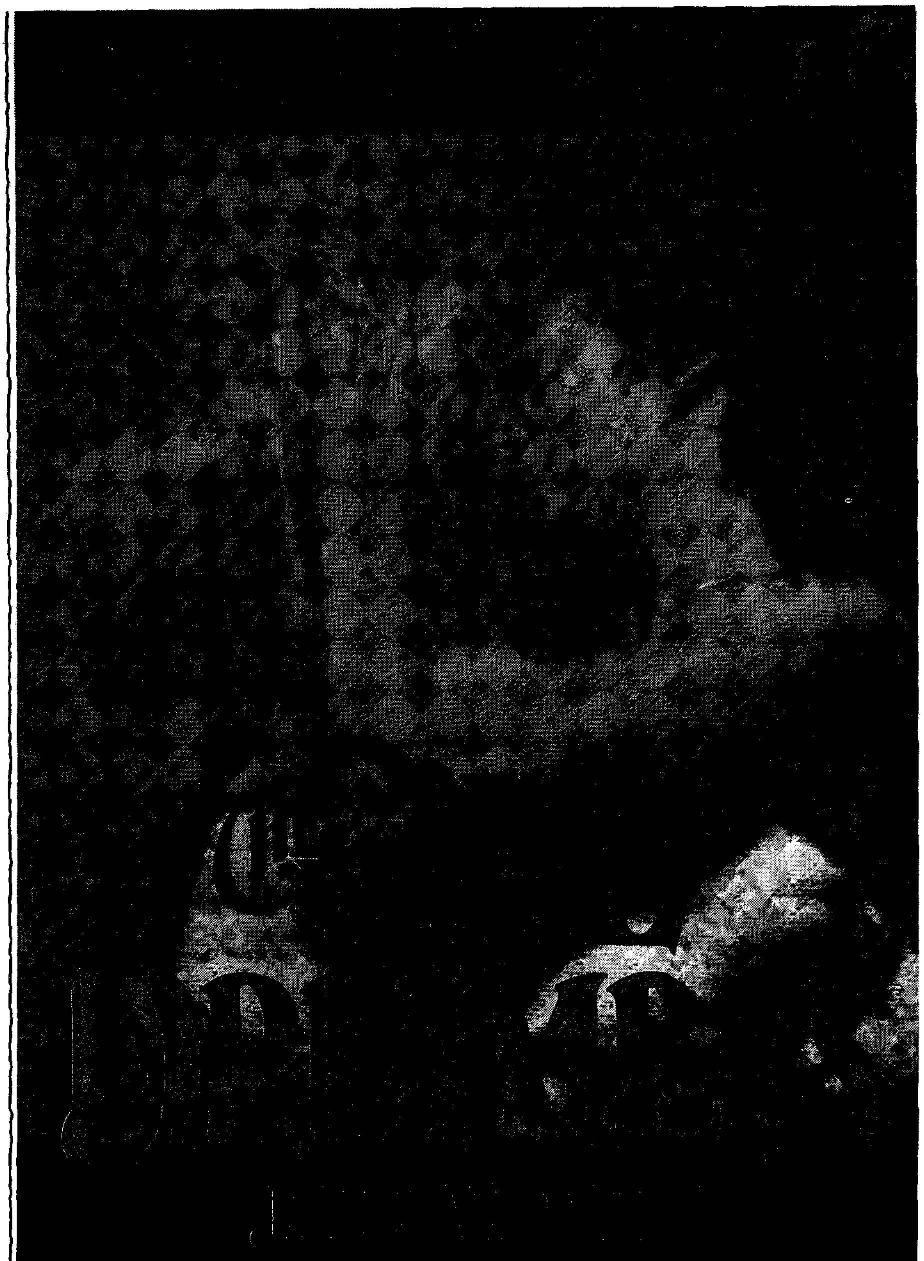
great world from boyhood, did not feel as anxious as his father about the temptations of capital cities; but he could bedevil himself anywhere at any moment he was not working, with the result that, to his wife's great dismay, he evinced in company an absence of charm so weighty that it became a presence. The Presidential Adamses wanted more love and approval from strangers than they could elicit, and so seem to have been better fitted for private life; yet, as Charles Francis recognized, both had a political urge akin to being stagestruck. Politics was a vocation, or perhaps a mania or an addiction—not a trade or a game. I suspect that this has been true of many of our public figures since the Republic was founded.

Mr. Nagel's chain of Adams generations enables us to observe a clan and its members repeatedly facing a challenge common to most citizens in our history—that of being born and trained in one era and growing up to work as adults in another. The changes and the resulting challenges were partly of the Adamses' own making. John, a provincial colonial, helped bring about and win a revolution that changed the country in ways that made his and his son's political careers more difficult, while John Quincy's great services to the anti-slavery movement foreshadowed another war, and his grandsons, products of pre-Civil War America, lived on into a postwar society in which they felt ill at ease. In local matters as well, the Adamses transformed their surroundings. John made a policy of buying up all the land that had ever belonged to the family whenever it came on the market, so the Adamses were land-poor until Charles Francis took hold and worked at building up—as we should say, "developing"—Quincy and its surroundings. Thanks to his efforts, the town became a commercial and manufacturing center, with a railroad running through the Adams property. In his old age, he longed for "the wild, careless, simple features of the landscape . . . in the days of my youth," and his children, one by one, began to leave the ancestral setting. Mr. Nagel comments that Charles Francis II, who had imagined himself sympathetic to economic expansion, sold his Quincy house, "rebelling at a metamorphosis he chose not to analyze." Brooks took on the role of curator—rescuing, restoring, and residing in the "Old House," which John Adams had bought in 1788. The



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book closes with Brooks' death. The Adams home became a museum. "Museum" has overtones of finality, but Mr. Nagel's book is not like a retrospective exhibition; the vitality it unfolds and its density of human experience appear part of a continuing process by which Americans grow up to live in times for which they are not prepared, surmount trials they do not expect, and build cities and abandon them, their daily labors making scenery and history. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WHERE I USED TO PLAY ON THE GREEN, by Glyn Hughes (Gollancz/David & Charles; $14.95). A grimly fascinating depiction of the purgative, joyless Methodism that swept across Yorkshire in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when melancholia was already all the rage. One of the first Methodist preachers (he played John the Baptist to John Wesley's Christ) was a guilt-stricken widower named (appropriately) William Grimshaw. After moving into the Haworth parsonage, in 1742, he had the church stripped of all its decorations and treated with brimstone, and then he gave his congregation a tongue-lashing from the pulpit. ("The smell of brimstone lingering in the church made them think they were already in Hell.") Grimshaw is at the center of this well-researched novel (the author's first, and the winner, in 1982, of two British prizes for fiction), but Mr. Hughes also describes other evangelists, who took to traipsing from village to village; most of them threatened sinners (anyone who joked, danced, or whistled) with an eternity as infernal as the here and now was beginning to look. These were also the Industrial Revolution's formative years, when children worked day and night in the coal mines and in the valleys where thousands of mills were built. (The title is taken from William Blake's "Songs of Experience.") In an epilogue, Mr. Hughes carries the story forward to the arrival at Haworth, in 1820, of the Brontë family. The daughters pay a visit to an old man who can see from his window one of the mills that are coating the heather with soot. " 'There were fairies down in that valley when I were a lad, but the Methodists killed them,' he said."

DANCER WITH ONE LEG, by Stephen Dobyns (Dutton; $13.95). Francis Lazard is a lieutenant in the Boston Fire Department who suffered a severe leg injury several years before we meet him, and is now attached to the Arson Squad. Lazard is a demoniac fireman, a man of absolute integrity possessed by his job. We find him here, recently separated from his wife, involved in the investigation of a fire in which two firemen were killed. The fire was unquestionably arsonous; the firemen were killed when their hose failed because of vandalistic damage to the fire hydrant; the warehouse is owned by the husband of a cousin of Lazard. We watch this obsessed man driving himself to avenge the dead firemen, to round up the vandals, to track down the arsonists, to determine the truth about his cousin-in-law, and we see him destroyed by the faults of his virtues. This is a stirring genre novel, a muscular novel of high intelligence, and a painful portrait of a tragic hero.

PRINCIPIA MARTINDALE, by Edward Swift (Harper & Row; $14.95). "The author wishes to thank Sister Louise Owens for permission to quote her song, 'The Holy Ghost Will Set Your Feet A-Dancing,' and Singspiration, a division of Zonderhaven Corporation, for permission to quote 'It Took a Miracle.' " With this acknowledgment, Mr. Swift introduces his deadpan and very funny "Comedy in Three Acts" (as the subtitle has it). The first act begins in 1957. Principia Martindale is the most inspirational freshman that Hillister Baptist College, in New Bethel, Texas, has ever witnessed. A prologue, set in Fort Worth in 1973, has already introduced a local character (the kind that everyone has seen and tries to avoid) addicted to coloring books. Why he talks all the time (while he colors) about Principia Martindale comes to light in the second act, which is set in Judson, Texas (pop. 15). There, in the summer of 1957, he is living on tamales and beer and off Judson's miraculous screen door—its miraculous image of Jesus, touched up with some paint, attracts busloads of the halt and the lame—when Principia turns up, raring to begin her Vacation Bible School. Principia aims to "baptize the living daylights" out of her charges, but before long her sense of mission expands ("God wants his holy city here," she declares, "and He wants it now"), and so (in the third act) does Judson, along with the author's Swiftian imagination.

GENERAL

THE OXFORD BOOK OF DEATH, edited by D. J. Enright (Oxford; $19.95). The subject of death brings out the best in writers great and small, as this selection, made by the British poet D. J. Enright, evinces. Since death is the province of everyone, his choices of poems and prose passages are not confined to the literary but include the observations of scientists, sages, and ordinary mortals, and they make his main point for him: that although death may be ultimately indefinable, it has generated, across time and languages, many-facetted reactions, from the comic to the sombre. To each of the book's fourteen sections—from The Hour of Death, Mourning, and Hereafters all the way to Epitaphs, Requiems, and Last Words—he has provided succinct introductions, and the selections themselves are often surprising as well as affecting. The collection is an inspired departure from the usual literary mapping of Oxford anthologies, and only the most flint-hearted of readers could fail to be absorbed, illumined, and even cheered by it.

DISTANT WATER: THE FATE OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC FISHERMAN, by William W. Warner (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $17.95). In April, 1976, the United States enacted legislation that extended its fishing sovereignty two hundred miles offshore, touching off what came to be known as "the great sea grab"—an effort by numerous coastal nations to establish exclusive zones for fishing or mineral resources, or, usually, both. Now, Mr. Warner tells us, "the leviathan ships once hailed as fishing technology's greatest leap forward are proving too costly to operate under the low quotas assigned them by coastal states around the world;" these so-called factory trawlers—known to some as "the ultimate fishing machines" and to others as "the vacuum cleaners of the sea"—have become the dinosaurs of the maritime world, "unable to adapt to the changing environment of world fishing they themselves did so much to create." Mr. Warner writes movingly of men and the sea; in 1977 he won a

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LORELEI TWO: MY LIFE WITH CONRAD AIKEN, by Clarissa M. Lorenz (Georgia; $19.95). In his autobiography, Conrad Aiken called his three wives Lorelei One, Lorelei Two, and Lorelei Three. Lorelei Two, born in Milwaukee in 1899, was a twenty-seven-year-old free-lance journalist in Boston when she met Aiken; the occasion was an interview with the poet and novelist, who was on a visit to the United States from his home in England. The two fell in love, and although Aiken, ten years older than she, was married and the father of three children, they started living together while he sought a divorce; they married in 1930, and went to live in a seventeenth-century house in Sussex. This book is the story of their life until 1936, when they separated for good (hers) and she sailed home to America. It is an unhappy account of marriage to a writer who was also a psychotic, an alcoholic, and a passionate woman-hater, but it is without self-pity and is enlivened by the author's humor and her reminiscences of friendships with such literary and artistic people as Malcolm Lowry, John Gould Fletcher, Dame Laura Knight, and E. F. Benson. It portrays Aiken at the most fruitful period of his career; during their time together he wrote "Blue Voyage," "Ushant," and some of his best poetry and short stories.

OUR MARVELOUS NATIVE TONGUE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, by Robert Claiborne (Times Books; $17.25). This entertaining history not only tells readers how the English language evolved but introduces such sober linguistic topics as grammar and phonetics. Mr. Claiborne explains that we know that the Indo-European family of languages was first spoken by peoples who had the

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rudiments of agriculture, because its vocabulary includes words for farm implements and animals. We know, too, that they were inlanders, for as they moved apart geographically they borrowed words for and about salt water from other languages. (However, when Mr. Claiborne tells us that nobody knows where the word "dog" comes from we begin to grasp how many mysteries are buried in prehistory.) The Anglo-Saxons borrowed Latin words after being converted to Christianity, and French words after the Norman Conquest. English-speakers were surrounded by Celtic-speakers from the beginning, but very few Celtic words were taken into English, because there was little the Welsh, Scots, or Irish had or knew that the English felt they needed a word for. In contrast, the Dutch, with whom the English traded, supplied many words, including "skipper" and "smuggler." Mr. Claiborne shows how the invention of printing has affected the language, and records up-to-the-minute variations in Cockney and pidgin.

THE CANAL DU MIDI, by Odile de Roquette-Buisson, translated from the French by Julian Guest, with photographs by Christian Sarramon (Thames & Hudson; $29.95). The once-renowned Canal du Midi, which linked the Atlantic, at Bordeaux, to the Mediterranean, at Narbonne, by way of Toulouse and Carcassonne, was conceived by a tax collector named Pierre Paul Riquet, was twenty years in the making, and was completed in 1681. Although it is still navigable, its days of commercial glory ended in the early years of this century, and apart from a few old-timers its voyagers are now vacationers in small pleasure craft. Odile de Roquette-Buisson, an authoritative enthusiast, gives us the vigorous history of the canal (replete with reproductions of the early engineering drawings), and Christian Sarramon covers the present—the beautiful locks, the even more beautiful seventeenth-century lock houses, the placid stretches of tree-shaded water, the surrounding countryside in every season, and boats by the score—in a hundred-odd large color photographs. It is a first-rate collaboration.

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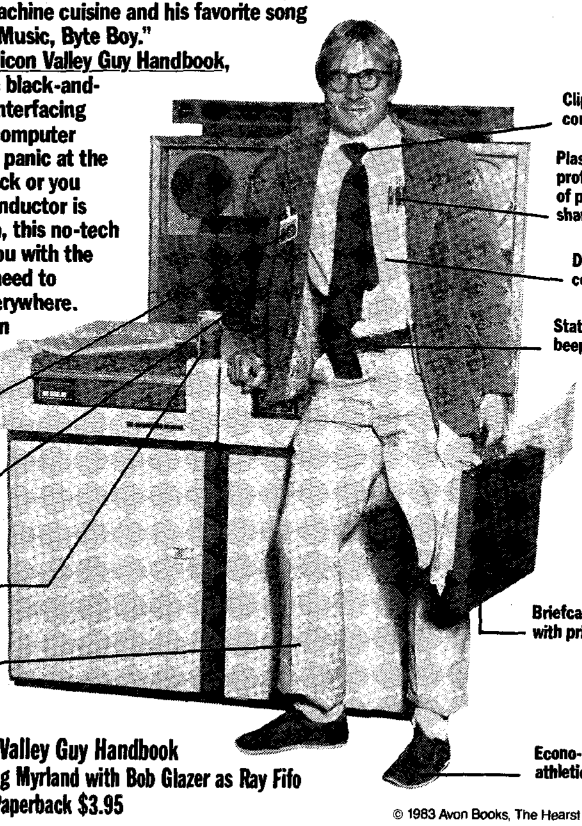
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Viking ($15.75). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GOODBYE GOLIATH, by Elliott Chaze (Scribners; $11.95). A bunch of good, down-home fun—featuring Kiel St. James, the city editor of the Catherine (Ala.) *Call*—about the murder of the general manager (stabbed with a dead-letter spike), who was hated by everybody on the paper. A lot of the fun takes place in bed (St. James is one of those men whom women pounce on, and all the women here are savage pouncers), but there is also much flavorful redneck talk, not all of it obscene: "Hoss, you got no patience, you know? It's your main fault. I don't see how a man like you ever gets his toenails cut." There is plenty of excitement, too.

THE PAPERS OF TONY VEITCH, by William McIlvanney (Pantheon; $12.95). The tearaways of Glasgow and their masters are very hard men ("When he wis wee, he wis showin' old women *half-way* across the road"), but Detective Inspector Jack Laidlaw is harder—harder and dedicated and compassionate and honorable and moral. This makes him a formidable enemy of the underworld, of course, but it also makes him a fine and admirable figure of fiction. In this, his second appearance, he is confronted (and affronted) by the fatal poisoning of an old wino ("The wine he gave me wisny wine"), by the murder of a gangster thug, and by the unlikely suicide of a rich young university student with a taste for low life, and it is most enjoyable to watch him at work.

•

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[*From the Fort Lauderdale News*]

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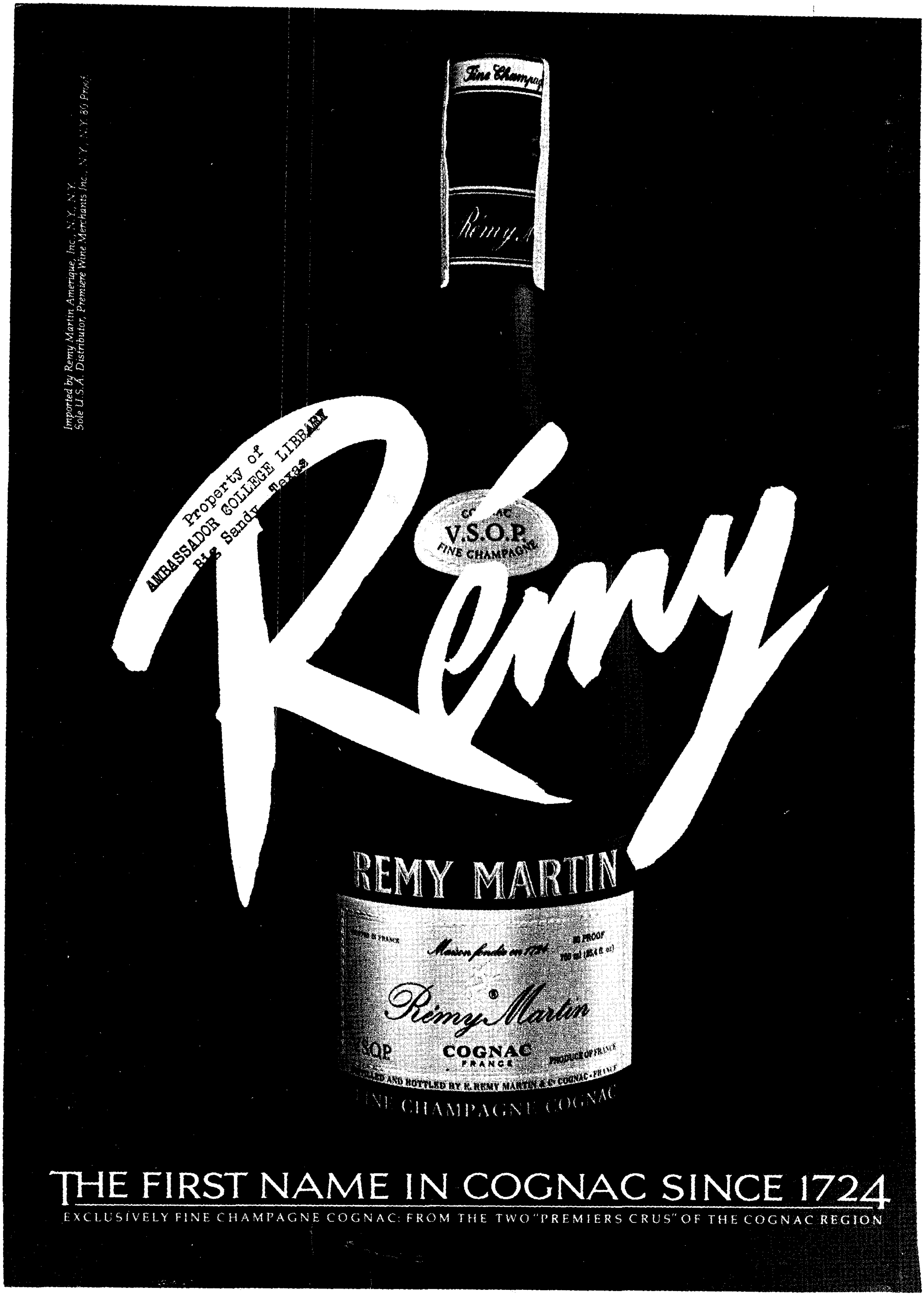
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